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THE ATLANTIC has long been fortunate in enlisting the services of writers living west of the Rocky Mountains. Ever since Bret Harte's earlier stories revealed the rich literary material to be found upon the Pacific Coast, this magazine has constantly utilized the prose and verse produced in California. We believe that its readers will now welcome an issue made up very largely of contributions from present residents of that state. While the themes of these contributions are by no means merely local, it seems to us that the representative work of California writers possesses certain characteristic qualities which will impress themselves upon readers interested in the literary development of the various sections of our country. — THE EDITORS.

THE LITERARY DEVELOPMENT OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Two distinct periods of activity have marked the literary development of the Pacific Coast. The first may be said to have made itself most manifest during the years when California was essentially a gold-producing region, when Bret Harte began his contributions to the world's enduring fiction, and Joaquin Miller added a new and refreshing note to American song. To be more exact, the year 1868 witnessed the dawn of California literature, — a dawn of radiant promise which paled and faded into a brief day that closed ominously.

The second period of literary growth, which I am asked to consider especially, and which to the present hour has gradually increased in strength, began with the completion of the transcontinental railroads, when the vast tide of immigration, flowing westward, had changed the states bordering on the Pacific from a mining region to one of commerce and agriculture. The time that elapsed during this transformation defines clearly these two periods of literary development, the latter having assumed within the past decade its greatest activity. The reason for this is at once apparent when we consider that the intense materialism which character-

ized the "boom" days was by no means conducive to art in any of its various forms. The passing of the golden era with its glamour of romance, and the subsequent speculative excitement caused by the advent of homeseekers from the Eastern and Middle states, was naturally a time of literary quietude. The old West, which had ever been separated from the world at large by mountain barriers and desolate wastes, and which could only be reached by a wearisome ocean journey, or by that more perilous route taken by the "prairie schooner," was giving place to the new. Social conditions were necessarily altered. The primitive customs characteristic of the pioneers were brought into sharp contrast with those of the more cultured fortune-hunters from the commercial centres of the East. The natural touched elbows with the artificial. Formality was often greeted by what to it appeared a disregard for good manners only pardonable in the barbarous. The conventional and the conservative were forced to mingle with the informal and the radical. Metropolitan life joined with that of the border; the one being influenced by the other. Thus to-day the Pacific slope presents a social struc-

ture, the architecture of which must prove of striking psychological interest because of its bewildering complexity.

It would be highly difficult to convey even a slight idea of the wild turmoil that prevailed throughout the Far West during its rapid transition from a comparative wilderness to the prosperous commonwealth of the present day. Only those who participated in the fierce scramble for corner lots can fully comprehend the feverish conditions which existed on the western side of the continent during the days of its mushroom growth. It was a mad rush for wealth. Such a frantic struggle of tossed and tumbled humanity! Here the man of meagre purse felt that he could at last grasp the hand of Opportunity, and he was dazzled by dreams of sudden riches. From Puget Sound to San Diego, the Pacific Coast was one vast whirlpool of speculative frenzy. Hundreds of eager men gathered about some land company's office at the midnight hour, that they might secure on the following morning the choicest lots in the newly platted town site or addition, were not an unusual spectacle, or one that partook of literary significance. Shrewd investors made their fortunes. The newcomer, who may have been forced to borrow a few dollars on his arrival, not infrequently became a millionaire within a year. Almost fabulous tales are told of riches gained in a single day or hour. Speculation was the one thought on which the minds of men were centred, and which amounted to a veritable mania, — an all-pervading passion. It was a form of gambling but a shade higher than that with which we most commonly associate the name. Neither old nor young escaped its allurements. The erstwhile conservative citizen of staid old New England soon found himself infected with the prevailing fever, and was drawn almost unconsciously into that vortex of greed that sooner or later must bring wreck and ruin.

The inflation of values beyond all rea-

son brought the inevitable crash. In the vernacular of the real estate gambler, "the boom busted." This meant a great deal to the people who had sought their fortunes west of the Rockies. It meant loss of home, bankruptcy, shattered hope, despair, even suicide. The growth of the country in a material sense, though temporarily retarded, assumed a normal condition, as any growth should be to be healthful, and it has remained so, with few exceptions, to the present time.

Although we may realize something of the rapid strides made by modern civilization, it seems hardly possible that a brief quarter of a century could bring about the great change that has taken place along the shores of the Pacific. Within this period alone huge forests have been felled, and in their stead strong young cities have arisen as if by magic. Where the rattlesnake lay undisturbed on the California hills the paved streets now echo to the clamorous tongue of Trade, and in matchless harbors, where but two decades past only the canoe of the Indian was seen, great steamships cast anchor from the ports of the world.

What has been accomplished in the way of material progress must of necessity precede the higher growth, yet this is decidedly averse to the creation of a literary atmosphere. The air, so intensely permeated with plots, plans, and wily schemes, did not inspire the thought which survives brick blocks, and which is the ultimate test of a people's greatness. When materialism reaches such a stage as to completely dwarf the spiritual faculties, the eyes of men are seldom lifted to the stars.

With the collapse of inflated values the inhabitants of the new West found time to look about them and contemplate their surroundings. Now that their minds were diverted from speculations in real estate they awoke to the necessity of progression in ways other than those to which they had heretofore de-

voted themselves. With the majority it was a time of serious, sober reflection. While the suddenness of the fall had left the people somewhat dazed, and their castles in air had mysteriously dissolved, it was not in the spirit of the race to be long cast down. Actuated by higher ideals, they sought the soil and legitimate business pursuits. The school and the home were no longer ignored. Public libraries were established, and almost every hamlet that had given up hope of rivaling San Francisco in commercial supremacy showed its wisdom by forming a reading circle or a literary society. The steady growth of the Women's Clubs throughout the Pacific states during the last ten years has had a most beneficent effect upon moral and intellectual advancement. Then, too, during the calm that followed after the stress of the boom days, when enterprise made sure of its footing, and the social fabric became more closely woven, the impressive character of the country's scenic grandeur appealed to those whose eyes had been fixed upon false gods. When they walked no longer in the blinding glare of a golden idol that had impaired their spiritual vision, they beheld the beauty and majesty of the world about them. To this peculiar and growing sensitiveness to the subtle influences of Nature, combined with increased educational advantages, may be attributed the present literary activity which is attracting attention to the Pacific Coast.

With the bulk of population on the western seaboard confined to the limits of California, it is only to be expected that this state should now, as in its earlier history, show the most interest in the fine arts; and in literature, at least, produce such efforts as to establish its claim to serious consideration.

Doubtless were we to confine within still narrower geographical limits that section in which this literary activity is most apparent, we should find its borders

not far outside the metropolis of the Pacific and close to the Bay of San Francisco. In and about this centre of population the pulse of Western literature beats more strongly than in the newer cities to the north and south. The State University located at Berkeley and Stanford University at Palo Alto, both adjacent to the Golden Gate, have proved most potent factors in creating a literary spirit, something, too, that has been fostered by the daily press of San Francisco and by periodicals essentially devoted to its development. A steadily increasing membership in the various libraries also indicates the general trend of thought. In fact, the reading habit among Californians is particularly significant. In the crowded ferries plying to and fro between San Francisco and other adjacent ports, and on the local trains as well, one may observe both young and old absorbed in the contents of books and magazines. Tourists frequently comment upon the extent to which this custom prevails. It serves, if nothing more, to soften the materialistic picture presented by the city Bret Harte once thought possessed of "hard high lust and cunning greed." But the San Francisco of to-day manifests interest in matters aside from finance. While she displays such commercial energy that a far voyager like Kipling is convinced of her absolute madness in this respect, she nevertheless shows a deep concern for those things tending toward the elevation of her people. It is this provincial pride that causes many San Franciscans, and the inhabitants of the state in general, to feel that the later stories of California life by the lamented creator of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* are apt to convey to the reading world an impression altogether at variance with conditions as they exist to-day. The average Californian resents the imputation that he has a disregard for culture. He may be independent, abrupt of speech, devoid of many of the formalities of an older civili-

zation, scornful of family traditions or hereditary distinctions, — traits characteristic of the typical Westerner, — but he denies with emphasis that he is dominated by any of the instincts of the barbarian. He is always confident of his ability to think and act for himself regardless of the experience of others, nor does he feel that because certain forms of expression governed the language of the past that he should conform to them now, and deem the ancient masterpieces of literature the only models of excellence for his time and generation. While realizing full well his ignorance of the historic shrines of art and letters, he feels that the beauty and sublimity of the world of Nature is likewise ennobling, and affords him glorious compensation.

To what extent climatic conditions and natural scenery may influence thought is entirely problematic. True it is, however, that these have produced an individual type of American on the Pacific slope. This type is clearly exemplified by no small part of the literary output of the region.

In a land where the weather is invariably mild, the inhabitants are permitted that intimacy with Nature not accorded those of a country subject to extremes of heat and cold. The people of the west shore find themselves in the sunshine of the great out of doors the major portion of the year. Thus, whether or not they be particularly observant, this close association with natural scenery leads to a sensitive and emotional organism that most frequently finds expression in the form of verse, the abundant production of which by Californians is becoming more and more apparent to the editorial observation.

While the states bordering on the Pacific are similar in many respects, they possess marked differences as regards landscape, climate, and natural resources. The Northwest and the Southwest are radically opposite. The one, wooded and mountainous, has a heavy rainfall

and a rank vegetation, while the other is mainly a drought-haunted desert of cacti and shifting sands. Yet each arouses the emotions of a sensitive soul, the former by the splendor of its wintry peaks and magnificent inland waters, the latter because of the awful loneliness of its desolate and seemingly infinite levels. We find this feeling inspired by the desert expressed in the memorable line, —

“God must have made thee in His anger, and forgot,”

written by Madge Morris, and in the virile verses of Sharlot Hall, a true daughter of the “land of little rain,” which Mary Austin so graphically describes, and to which the writings of Charles F. Lummis have called especial attention. This veritable wonderland, with its prehistoric ruins and solitary mesas, will without doubt figure more prominently in the nation's literature henceforth. These pictures of the burning deserts of the Southwest are in sharp contrast to those of the north Pacific, a section that has recently become more familiar to the reader of current fiction through the work of Eva Emery Dye and of Ella Higginson, the first a writer of historical romance, dealing with old Oregon and the days of Lewis and Clark, the latter a close observer of life and landscape in western Washington. Mrs. Higginson's verse and prose attest her passionate love of the evergreen hills of Puget Sound, — the “land of the snow pearls,” of solemn forests and dove-gray skies. Her portrayal of Northwest civilization with its patient, hard-worked rancher, and its illiterate type of womanhood that aspires to social prominence, conveys a very definite idea of certain phases of life in this picturesque corner of the Union.

Between these two sections of country, so extremely different in climate and topography, lies that portion of the western seaboard, which, though entirely distinct in many ways, combines the pronounced natural features of both, and

which has been properly designated "our American Italy." California presents a more varied landscape than either Oregon or Washington. Its diversity is not only noted by the tourist, but is obvious, as well, to the reader familiar with its literature. In general, natural objects are sharply defined because of the remarkable clearness of the atmosphere, and while in average altitudes the climate is mild and equable it is by no means enervating. Mental and physical indolence, with which we are wont to associate tropical surroundings, are not induced by California's balmy air and yellow sunshine. Its inhabitants are permitted a breadth of view not accorded the dwellers in more rigorous climes. Professor Josiah Royce, a former Californian whose name has long been identified with Western letters, asserts that one derives from these wide views a sense of power and independence, a statement which seems most rational, and to which I should add a broader mental horoscope as well. It has often been said that Nature in California is on a big scale. Compared with the portraits drawn of her in the literature of New England she may sometimes appear in the pictures of various lyrical craftsmen of the Pacific Coast as a strangely fanciful creature who strives to shock conventional taste by a variety and gaudiness of coloring, — a passion for lavish display. Especially is this true of the nature poems of Joaquin Miller, which have been frequently considered too highly colored and extravagant to afford an adequate conception of western landscape, yet which seem vividly realistic descriptions to one whose eyes have rested upon its scenic splendor. It is an easy matter for the California writer to become overflorid where Nature herself speaks in the language of color.

While different phases of its life and landscape are depicted in the work of its authors, and we are given accurately drawn pictures of varying localities, it

would be unfair to say that any one of these sectional studies is typical of the state as a whole, or affords more than a mere glimpse of its vast domain. Naturally the crowning glory of its scenic magnificence — those "minarets of snow," the Sierras — are best known to song and story through the poetry of Miller and the fiction of Harte, though a latter-day Thoreau, Mr. John Muir, has given voice to their wild freedom. Alone and unarmed he has explored these sublime and solitary heights, companioned with bird and beast, and under a roof of stars, been rocked to sleep in the swaying top of an ancient pine. Who shall say that these mountains of California, which have already given such strength and picturesqueness to American literature, may not be cherished in time to come for their literary traditions as are the Alps, and the peaks of Scotland? We have several Mont Blancs on this side of the continent, and Coleridges shall surely arise to sing their glory.

The romance of early Spanish life, like the delicate fragrance of a trampled flower, lingers about the crumbling, ivy-clad walls of the missions, — that dreamy, pastoral life in which mingled Old World gayety and Arcadian simplicity. Its delineation will in all probability receive hereafter from the writers of the West something of the consideration it so justly deserves. Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, whose name is held in deepest reverence by the people of California, among whom she passed the last days of her life, was the first to put this picturesque period of Spanish occupation into romantic fiction. She wrote with a noble purpose, and won the deep gratitude of a rapidly vanishing race. Of late the Franciscan brotherhood has found a most sympathetic historian in the poet Charles Warren Stoddard, who, together with Harte, Miller, Sill, Mulford, and others, was a notable figure in a once brilliant coterie. Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, a native Californian, has also depicted the manners and customs of the

"splendid, idle forties," giving a vividness and dramatic strength to her characterization that savors less of romance than of reality. The social side of modern Western life has of late engaged the attention of Mrs. Atherton. Its complex nature offers a subject of keen interest to the literary vivisectionist. The growing tendency toward conservatism and conformity to the established usages of polite society, caused by the rapidly increasing population from the Eastern states, conflicts sharply with the bold independence and pronounced unconventionality of the pioneer period. This opposition must necessarily afford such contrast and variety in social life as to make it a thoroughly absorbing study to the analytical mind. The spirit of this struggle is voiced in many of the poems of Edward Rowland Sill, who at the time of his death was associated with the University of California. He has expressed more keenly than any other of the Pacific Coast poets the friction existing between these two contending factions, — between "shrewd conservatism and bold radicalism."

Perhaps no portion of the state has found more adequate literary expression than the half-arid though wonderfully productive valley of the San Joaquin. Here agricultural and corporate interests have clashed fiercely, affecting the social and domestic happiness of the region, and affording an abundance of excellent material such as was first made use of by Mr. Bailey Millard in one of his most striking short stories entitled *A Notch in a Principality*, and afterwards by the late Frank Norris, whose novel *The Octopus* voices the protest of the wheat-grower against the demands of the railway. The conditions surrounding the farmers of the San Joaquin presented a phase of the industrial struggle which appealed keenly to a nature like that of Norris. He was a man of deep human sympathy, and in his untimely death American literature suffered a great loss.

The creator of *McTeague* and of *Moran* of the *Lady Letty* was one of several writers who have been connected in a greater or less degree with San Francisco journalism, from which, as elsewhere, there is a gradual drift into the more inviting field of authorship, and which has proved since the reportorial career of Mark Twain a convenient if not always pleasant stepping-stone to literary achievement.

Mr. George Hamlin Fitch, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, and Mr. Bailey Millard, all associated with representative journals of San Francisco, have done much to encourage a distinctively Western literature, and, moreover, have helped to create public interest in the work of local writers. These literary editors, each of whom recognizes the province of the critic and never mistakes it for that of the cynic, have hailed new talent with something of the delight of the prospector who suddenly discovers a gold nugget. If secrets should be revealed concerning the advent of several well-known Californians into the realm of letters, doubtless others aside from Mr. Edwin Markham, to whom recognition came tardily though with deserving heartiness, might confess their great indebtedness to certain appreciative reviewers of the San Francisco press. The literary spirit now so evident in the metropolis of the Pacific has been stimulated through the efforts of a few men of this journalistic school. Among them is Mr. W. C. Morrow, author of several novels and numerous short stories, who, though no longer actively engaged in newspaper work, is accomplishing much for the literature of California, to the promotion of which he now devotes himself entirely.

Miss Millicent Shinn, whose name is familiar to all students of American verse, is another who exerted no small influence in this respect during her editorship of the Coast's best known monthly publication. In the beginning of the present period of literary growth she lent

such practical assistance and gave such kindly advice to more than one young writer among the magazine's contributors as to enhance beyond question the quality of much of the literary work produced in California to-day.

Monthly periodicals in the West have received from the first rather meagre support, save those wholly devoted to the interests of trade. The effort to combine commercialism and literature within the same covers has invariably proved unsatisfactory in all ways. Though financial loss has usually attended these magazine ventures, success is not wholly a matter of dollars and cents, as they have served to encourage local talent, and have also helped to stimulate, though within narrow bounds to be sure, that interest in the higher things of life which results in broader ideals and more wholesome thought. One, at least, of these short-lived publications contributed not a little to its editor's success, as can be vouched for by that quaintly artistic humorist Mr. Gelett Burgess.

The moral and mental force of men like Benjamin Ide Wheeler and David Starr Jordan, presidents of the two foremost universities west of the Rockies, is impressing itself upon the life of the entire Pacific slope, and to this ennobling influence may be attributed no small degree of its intellectual activity at the present hour.

From the ranks of the teachers in both public and private schools have arisen several men and women whose work in the various branches of literature has met with the warm appreciation of the world at large and of California in particular. One of the most recent of these to win distinction in an exceedingly difficult field was the late Miss Virna Woods, whose poetic drama *Horatius*, played by an eminent American tragedian, was most cordially received by that portion of the public which cares for high class dramatic productions.

The name of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin also suggests itself in connection with the schools of the Coast. The author of *Timothy's Quest*, though not a native Westerner, spent some years of her early life in San Francisco, before seeking the more encouraging literary atmosphere of the East. It was while engaged here in kindergarten work, in which she won not the least of her success, that Mrs. Wiggin first began to write. Though rather a student of human nature in general than a delineator of sectional character, there is withal a delightful flavor of the breezy West to be found in her story *A Summer in a Cañon*.

As long as there remains the love of beauty in the human soul, so long will the glory of California scenery, and that of the whole Pacific Coast, prove a source of inspiration to the poetic mind. Descriptive verse has been from the beginning a marked feature of the literature of this region. In fact, the term "landscape poets" may be properly applied to this bevy of song-birds which seemed to the late Maurice Thompson to have taken "complete possession of the entire Western seaboard." Suffice to say, that if a volume of verse were written by a Californian which reflected nothing of the state's scenic beauty or its warmth of color, it would not only come as a surprise to most reviewers, but the loyalty of the poet might be seriously questioned. From the pages of Miller, Harte, Sill, Markham, Madge Morris, and Cheney there breathes the fragrance of the aromatic pine boughs of Sierras' solitudes, while the more recent of the tuneful throng — Urmy, Millard, Keeler, Lillian Shuey, and others — lift their voices in praise of Nature's handiwork, singing of "sky-loving buttes" and "veteran redwoods." In her *Songs from the Golden Gate* Ina D. Coolbrith pictures with rare delicacy of touch the typical features of California landscape, which also forms a background for the

fiction of Margaret Collier Graham, Flora H. Loughead, and for the greater portion of the work produced by the state's rather formidable list of prose writers. While all this display of local color may seem too apparent an effort on the part of Californians to place upon their work the stamp of a definite locality, and may be considered by some a cheap form of art, it is this very sensitiveness to the beauty and grandeur with which Nature has clothed the West that offers the greatest promise of its rapid literary advancement, — a sensitiveness, moreover, that will become more and more acute with the cultivation of the higher faculties through increasing educational growth.

The provincial spirit has dominated the nation's literature since its earliest history. Sectional studies have been possible only in a country of such immensity where conditions are not merely subject to constant change, but where they differ so radically with varying localities. Yet each of these delineations of the many phases of our complex life and character contributes something to our literature as a whole. As to the nature of California's future offerings, I may best point to one who illustrates the growing tendency of the West toward breadth and vigor in fiction, — Mr. Jack London. This enthusiastic young Californian, whose imagination was set aglow by civilization's conquest of Alaskan wilds, and whose study window looks down upon the waters of San Francisco Bay, has exhibited a freshness and spontaneity of expression, a freedom from academic precision and restraint, that give to his pictures the quality of work done at first hand. The creative ability displayed by Mr. London is a most encouraging sign, indicative of the prevalent desire among the majority of Western writers to avoid what the author of *The Son of the Wolf* defines as "the musty grip of the Past," — to get clean away from ancient restrictions and stereotyped forms. "I do not

want to write literature; I want to write life," said Frank Norris early in his career, voicing the sentiment of those who prefer to look at the world through their own eyes, rather than to accept with faith the views of men whose crumbling tombs mark the highway of the centuries.

To what extent the splendor and majesty of the West may favor the growth of a peculiarly distinctive literature is altogether speculative, but if we are to be guided in our forecast by the history of other lands, we may assume with some degree of certainty that this beauty and sublimity of landscape will ultimately make itself manifest in a greater breadth of canvas, a bolder stroke, and in the more varied and brilliant coloring of a lavish brush. To select first-hand material, and to fashion it after his own pattern, rather than after that of the conventional size, which requires a certain technical finish, and concerns itself with the details of workmanship, will be the aim of the artist of the future. The tendency of California writers is toward ruggedness and strength, and if the work of either London or Norris may offer a significant hint of what the coming novelist of the West will strive to attain, I should say first of all — force and originality, the art of prose expression that shall not be a weak imitation of those mouldy, yet revered models of antiquity known as the classics.

The West is rich in literary material. There are mountain ranges comparatively unexplored, which aboriginal tradition veils in haunting mystery. The struggles, trials, and heroism of the early pioneers have scarcely been touched upon, and what dramatic strength and picturesqueness is contained in this old-time life of the border! And there exists to-day throughout the length and breadth of the Pacific Coast a peculiarly fascinating freedom not easily comprehended by those who have known nothing but the restraints of an older and more conven-

tional civilization. This will leave its impress upon the literary production of the region. As the lands of the olive and the vine have ever figured prominently in the history of Old World letters, it is not unreasonable to expect that California, with her tropical sun and gorgeous coloring, will add lustre to the literature of America. Perhaps I have dwelt too strongly upon scenic grandeur as a factor of literary growth, but vast forests,

icy summits, sombre cañons, and beetling cliffs must stimulate the imaginative powers, and lead to creative effort. What has been accomplished thus far by the writers mentioned surely offers glorious promise of future achievement, — of work, if I may be so bold as to prophesy, that shall draw its freshness and color from California's sun-clad hills, and its strength and beauty from the white radiance of her eternal peaks.

Herbert Bashford.

SARGENT'S SILVA.

THE fourteenth volume of the *Silva of North America*,¹ just published, brings a great book, begun about twenty years ago, to a happy conclusion. The first volume, after eight or ten years of preparation, was issued in 1890, and the work has made steady, enthusiastic progress to the end. It is a description of all the trees that are known to grow naturally in North America, exclusive of Mexico, 585 in number, illustrated by 740 magnificent plates. A truly great book on a great subject by a master, marked by perfect uniformity of treatment in all its parts, well proportioned, evenly balanced, like a broad spreading oak standing in sunshine alone. Though scientific, it is in the best sense popular and thoroughly readable, telling almost everything an intelligent reader or traveler would naturally wish to know about our forests and trees, and a great deal besides that he would never be likely to think of. So full and lifelike are the descriptions and illustrations that tree-lovers, however slight their training, are enabled to identify all the trees, learn their distribution, productions, uses, and something of their relatives throughout the world, what kind of forests they make, which are most desirable for parks

and homes, and which lend themselves most effectively to the wants of the farmer, forester, and landscape gardener.

And, fortunately, the work was completed just when the need of it was the greatest. After centuries of criminal waste and destruction, our forests are beginning to be appreciated, not only as timber and cover for the fountains of irrigating streams, but for higher uses also. Therefore trees are being studied as never before, and knowledge concerning them is called for by an ever widening circle of workers and beauty lovers.

The author, Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, has proved himself the man for the work. With singleness of aim and sustaining enthusiasm, he was also blest with wealth and power of dogged application, of putting things through, getting things done. While all his surroundings were drawing him toward a life of fine pleasure, and the cultivation of the family fortune, he chose to live laborious days in God's forests, studying, cultivating the whole continent as his garden. Into this glorious field he set forth rejoicing, making ways everywhere, consuming obstacles, never counting the cost. All his studies were bent toward this

¹ *The Silva of North America*. By CHARLES SPRAGUE SARGENT. Illustrated by CHARLES

EDWARD FAXON. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1890-1902. 14 vols.

book, and with unflagging industry for the last twenty years he has labored to make it complete, traveling, studying, writing, determined to see every tree on the continent, known or unknown, growing with its companions in its own native home. And, with few exceptions, he has thus seen them all, most of them in the different seasons of the year, in leaf, and flower, and fruit, or disrobed at rest in winter. His task seemed endless, but glowing enthusiasm carried him on. Flitting from side to side of the continent, he was now in Florida, now in Canada, California, Alaska; traveling thousands of miles every year, mostly by rail of course, but long distances by canoe or sailboat on the Florida coast, through swamps, along lagoons, and from one palmy island to another, jolting in wagons or on horseback over the plains and deserts and mountain chains of the West, now tracing the ways of early adventurers, to identify the trees they first described, now exploring untrodden wildernesses, like *Charity* enduring all things, — weather, hunger, squalor, hardships, the extent and variety of which only those who from time to time were his companions can begin to appreciate. While trees were waving and fluttering about him, telling their stories, all else was forgotten. Love made everything light. He thought nothing of crossing the continent to study a single tree in its varied forms, as influenced by soil, climate, companions, etc. Several trips were made to Florida to find a certain species of *Palm* in flower and fruit. Practically the whole book is based on personal investigation and study in the field, though a great deal of herbarium and library work was done both in our own and in foreign countries, in searching for and studying type specimens of our trees and their early literature, in trying to clear up confused nomenclature.

At the first glance through the book, every one must admire the fullness and beauty of the plates. They were made

in Paris, from drawings from life, by Faxon, the foremost botanical artist in America. They show a branchlet of each species, with leaves, flowers, and fruit, almost all of natural size, and sections of leaves, seeds, fruit, stamens, pistils, etc., enlarged. And these are so tellingly drawn and arranged, any one with the slightest smattering of botany is enabled to identify each tree, even without referring to the text. The descriptions, however, seem rather dry and encyclopædic until we get used to them.

When the first volume was published, it was believed that all our trees could be described in twelve volumes, but during the progress of the work new discoveries caused an overflow into a thirteenth and again into a fourteenth. A fourteen-volume, three-hundred-and-fifty-dollar book on botany may well seem formidable to common mortals, but it is not oversized or dear for the country it covers, — all the forests of America and sketches of the lives of the adventurous explorers and naturalists who first saw and described them, and sketches of all the main features of the scenery. If any tree-book deserves to be big, this one — a continent among island books, a *Sequoia* among firs and pines — does. And though accustomed to read the trees themselves, not written descriptions of them, I have read it through twice, as if it were a novel, and wished it were longer. The technical parts are scientific enough, and dry enough for the taste and uses of the most exacting botanist. These dry parts, however, are comparatively small, like mere patches of gravel or sand in a fertile wilderness, and you soon learn to see the living trees through the midst of them, waving and swirling in the weather. The first page of most of the descriptions is fairly loaded with synonyms, and however useful they may be in the present condition of the leafy science, one cannot help begrudging the extravagant amount of good wood pulp and type they consume, and the labor spent

in digging and dragging the dead ones out of their graves. Some poor trees seem to have more names than branches. Instead of bestowing so much considerate hospitality on these rapidly increasing name-cairns, and proudly putting them on show in the best places throughout the book, they might, with advantage to readers, have been shoved together back of the index, as a sort of terminal moraine, for the use of systematists, or bravely omitted altogether. Linnæus consigned many names to oblivion, and surely in these busy days we may begin to expect the arrival of another master, able to help us to forget what must be forgotten.

Though joyfully welcoming each new tree, Professor Sargent never gave way to the prevailing tendency to exaggerate the number of species, by exalting the value of trifling, shifting, accidental characters; while his masterly terminology renders the definition of the main characters sharp and clear to every mind.

On the vexed question of nomenclature there will of course be no lack of conflicting opinion, for the subject is naturally full of it. Most botanists, however, will probably agree with the author. Some may even thank him for the clearings he has laboriously made through perplexing tangles, though such work is usually anything but thankful. Good rules are often followed without any allowance for changes called for in the progress of the science. To the law of Priority, the author, with most scientific botanists, bows down to the ground, or even a little way into it at times, to the astonishment of spectators standing aside in the groves. Prior names founded on ignorance are held fast and defended against those founded on knowledge. Names that are blunders pure and simple, absurdities, barbarisms of every sort, are maintained for the sake of stability, as if anything or any place in this whirling, on-rushing flood of a world can ever be sufficiently stable for nomenclatorial

Babels. Common mortals, as well as name-dealers, should be considered; for names have to be read and spoken, and jaws and feelings may needlessly be hurt by mongrel, craggy, unpronounceable names in mixed languages, calling sweet, fragrant trees fœtid, or white, black, on account of the namers having seen and smelled only decaying specimens. The law of Priority doubtless tends to keep down the growth of unmanageable nomenclatorial confusion. But in some cases, a too rigid adherence to the letter, instead of to the spirit of the law, prolongs the existence of error, and causes more confusion than it cures; as is strikingly illustrated by the name given to the very first tree described in the book, the noblest of our Magnolias. Linnæus, from specimens of the "deliciously fragrant" flowers, probably in a decaying condition after their long voyage across the sea, named it, in the first edition of his *Species Plantarum*, *Magnolia fœtida*, but discovering his mistake, he took occasion to correct it in a later edition, by changing the name to *Magnolia grandiflora*, by which good name the tree has been known throughout the world for nearly one hundred and forty years. But because the Priority law for species, by general consent of botanists, begins at the date of publication of the first edition, the dead fœtid name, buried by Linnæus himself, is now raised to replace the living one, thus breaking the heart of the law in arithmetical obedience to the letter of it, and causing more confusion in a year than is likely to be put down in a century. Still Stability, Fixity at any price is the cry; and we are gravely told that there is nothing in names anyhow, or ought to be nothing, for sense in scientific names is a confounded bother; while at the same time, the naturalists of every country are trying to put as much as possible into them, and loading them down with meaning. On the other hand, when the difficulties under which nomenclators labor are considered, — the clashing of laws and

their various interpretations, the imperfection of the material on which genera and species are often founded, and the immensity of the number of plant people, — we may well wonder that the present condition of botanical nomenclature is so good. Nevertheless, like everything else, it must grow better with the advancement of knowledge. The world moves, botany and all; blunders will be corrected, crooked names made straight, rough ones smooth, for neither in heaven nor on earth can error be made immortal. These questions, however, soon cease from troubling, for turning over the broad blossoming pages, we quickly find ourselves in the heart of the forests.

Most of our trees were known or partly known and described before this work was commenced. But these descriptions, besides being short and technical, were scattered in many books beyond reach of the general reader. The first book on our trees, as indicated by Professor Sargent, is Marshall's *Arbustum Americanum*, published in Philadelphia in 1785, which includes an account of 277 trees and shrubs. The next was published in Göttingen in 1787, by F. A. J. von Wangenheim, a Hessian officer in the employ of England, who fought for the king in the war of the Revolution, and with good German thrift and industry found time between battles to study about 168 of our trees and shrubs, chiefly with reference to their value for introduction into the forests of Germany.

Next came André Michaux's classical work, *Histoire de Chênes de l'Amerique*, published in Paris in 1801, in which twenty species of our eastern Oaks are systematically described and figured.

On many of Michaux's adventurous excursions through the eastern wildernesses during his thirteen years' residence in America as botanical agent for the French government he was accompanied by his son, F. A. Michaux, who afterward wrote the best book on North American trees that had yet appeared.

It was published in Paris in 1810, includes descriptions of 155 trees founded on his own observations in the forests, and is illustrated with beautifully colored plates.

This magnificent work, covering only the trees found east of the Mississippi River and in some parts of western Louisiana, was supplemented in 1842 by three volumes from the pen of the celebrated naturalist, Thomas Nuttall.

A second edition of Nuttall's Supplement was issued with the third reprint of Michaux's *Sylva* under the general title of *The Sylva of North America*, the only illustrated descriptive work on North American trees in general which preceded the present *Silva*.

The above mentioned works and others of less note which followed them covered only sections of the country great or small, like patches of sunlight on a cloudy landscape, while the present work sheds light on nearly all the trees of the continent alike.

"Many years ago," says Professor Sargent, "when I first realized the difficulty of obtaining any true knowledge of the trees of this country, I formed the plan of writing a *Silva* which should contain an account of all the species that grow spontaneously in the forests of North America. The books which had been written on this subject related only to the trees of comparatively limited regions, and therefore presented no general or systematic view of the composition of our forests. Such works as existed were long out of date, too, and included none of the information collected by recent explorers and observers, and no account whatever of the trees discovered in late years west of the Mississippi River.

"Many of our trees have never been fully described. All that can be learned about them from books is contained in a few words of purely technical description of little value to the general reader; and these descriptions are widely scattered in American and foreign libraries beyond

the reach of the general reader. . . . Books, however, are only guides towards obtaining a knowledge of trees. To be understood they must be studied in the forest; and therefore, since the plan of writing this Silva was formed, I have examined the trees of America growing in their native homes from Canada to the banks of the Rio Grande and the mountains of Arizona, and from British Columbia to the islands of southern Florida. I have watched many of them in the gardens of this country and in those of Europe, and there are now hardly half a dozen of the trees which will be described in this work which I have not seen in a living state."

Through every forest of the country he leads you, and from the very first you feel you are following a sure guide with eyes seeing to the heart of things, overcoming difficulties with the ease of strength, clearing, explaining, composing, systematizing, pointing out every tree in a good steady light. And what a glorious multitude they are!

The masterly descriptions of the genera include an estimate of all the known species, with general views of the principal forests of the world. Thus in the description of *Pinus* we learn that about seventy species can now be distinguished.

"The genus is widely distributed through the northern hemisphere from the Arctic Circle to the West Indies and the highlands of Central America in the New World, and in the Old World to the Canary Islands, which are inhabited by one endemic species, northern Africa, Burma, and the Philippine Islands, where one species occurs, and to the mountains of the Indian Archipelago where a single species crosses the equator. The principal centres of distribution of *Pinus* are the western United States, where twenty-one species are recognized, the eastern United States, where thirteen species grow, and the highlands of Mexico, which are often covered with grand forests of Pine trees.

Five species are found in the regions bordering the Mediterranean, and constitute great forests on the mountains of Central Europe and the plains of northern Europe and Asia. In southern Asia the genus is comparatively ill represented in number of species, although on some of the outer ranges of the Himalayas the forests are largely composed of Pine trees. It is widely distributed with a few species through eastern continental Asia, and Pine trees are common in all the elevated regions of Japan.

"Among the Pines of North America one species braves the arctic winter, and Pine trees are found at the timber line on all our high mountains, maintaining a foothold where no other tree can live; they bear uninjured the fiercest ocean gales, and flourish in the arid valleys of the interior, where neither cold nor drought is able to check their vigor.

"The type is an ancient one. Represented by a few species in the cretaceous flora of North America and Europe, it became abundant in the Miocene period, when at least one hundred species of Pines are believed to have existed.

"The most valuable timber trees of the genus are the eastern American *Pinus echinata*, the western American *Pinus Lambertiana*, *Pinus ponderosa*, and *Pinus monticola*, the tropical American *Pinus heterophylla*, *Pinus sylvestris* of northern Europe and Asia, *Pinus laricio* of southern Europe, the Himalayan *Pinus Nepalensis*, and the eastern Asiatic *Pinus Thunbergii* and *Pinus densiflora*. The seeds of several species are important articles of human food, the best being produced by the Nut Pines of western North America, by *Pinus Pinea* of the Mediterranean region, *Pinus Cembra* of Europe and Asia, and *Pinus Gerardiana* of northwestern India. Pine wool, a coarse fibre manufactured from the leaves of *Pinus laricio*, *Pinus sylvestris*, and other European species, is used to stuff mattresses and cushions, and, woven with animal wool, is made into hos-

pital and military blankets and into underclothing which is believed to possess valuable medicinal properties. In some of the countries of northern Europe the inner bark and branchlets of *Pinus sylvestris* are used to feed cattle and hogs, or in time of famine the bark serves as human food.

"*Pinus Thunbergii*, the Kura-matsu or Black Pine of Japan, inhabits northern China and Corea. In Japan it is extremely rare except in cultivation, if it ever grows naturally, but has been extensively planted, and appears as a tree frequently eighty feet in height, with a trunk three feet in diameter. . . . It is with this tree that the plantations on the sandy coast plains of Japan are chiefly made; it shades many of the principal highways of the country, and is used to cover arbors with its artificially elongated branches, or to hang over the sides of moated walls; it is to be seen in every garden . . . and by the Japanese is the most revered of all trees." And it is interesting in this connection, now that forestry is just beginning to be studied and practiced in our own country, to learn that "the planting of Pines and other conifers for the production of timber has been practiced in Japan for at least twelve hundred years, and the wood used in the empire is nearly all obtained from planted forests which cover sandy coast plains and other lands unfit for the production of agricultural crops.

"*Pinus Cembra* inhabits the mountains of Central Europe, where, mingled on the lower slopes with the upper Spruces and Firs, it ascends above the Mountain Pine and the Larch, and with Alders, Rhododendrons, and alpine Willows forms scattered groves along the timber line; . . . it is common in northern Russia and in Siberia, where it sometimes forms pure forests of great extent. . . . The seeds are used as food, and oil employed as food and for illuminating purposes is pressed from them in Europe.

"*Pinus Roxburghii* often forms open

forests on the outer ranges of the Himalayas, where it is distributed from Afghanistan to Bhutan at elevations of from 1500 to 6000 feet above the sea. *Pinus Nepalensis*, the Himalayan representative of that group of five-leaved Pines of which the North American *Pinus Strobus* and *Pinus Lambertiana* are the best known members, inhabits mountain slopes from Afghanistan to Bhutan between elevations of 5000 and 12,500 feet above the sea, where it is scattered through forests of deciduous-leaved trees, or is mixed with other conifers, or sometimes covers considerable areas nearly to the exclusion of all other trees.

"*Pinus Gerardiana* has stout cones from six to nine inches in length, and cylindrical seeds an inch long. It inhabits the arid inner valleys of north-western India, growing usually at altitudes varying from 5800 feet to 12,000 feet above the sea, often on dry, steep, rocky slopes; and, although gregarious, it does not generally form pure forests. The seeds are so valuable for food that the trees are rarely cut, and the hard, resinous, dark, yellow-brown wood is little used.

"*Pinus Pinaster*, usually called the Maritime Pine, is a tree sixty or seventy feet in height, with a stout and often more or less inclined or crooked trunk, covered with very deeply fissured dark bark, a dense, round-topped head, stout, rigid, dark green leaves in clusters of two, and from five to eight inches in length, and large, ovoid, cylindrical, lustrous, dark brown cones borne in whorls in close many-coned clusters. It inhabits sandy plains, generally near the coast in western and southern France, Spain, and Portugal, Corsica, Italy, Dalmatia, Greece, and Algeria, and has been largely planted to protect the shifting sands of the coast dunes, and to cover the Landes of southwestern France. These plantations, commenced by Bremondier in 1789, now extend over at least three hundred square miles, and stretch along the shore of the

Bay of Biscay from the Gironde to the Adour.

"The little round-topped *Pinus Halepensis* is distributed from Portugal and northern Africa to Syria, Arabia, and Asia Minor. On the Taurus it ascends to elevations of 3500 feet above the sea, and here, in Greece, on the rocky hills of Attica, on the shores of the Gulf of Lepanto, and on the islands of the Archipelago, and on the mountains of southern Spain, it forms great open forests."

The species are described in the same large, far-seeing way. Here are a few characteristic paragraphs from the eastern White Pine:—

"A tree usually growing under favorable conditions to a height of 250 feet, with a trunk six feet in diameter, and with long, stout, tapering, horizontal, durable roots, clothed with thick, gray bark covered by irregular, rectangular plate-like scales, and in old age often rising above the ground near the tree into low buttresses, and furnished with a few long, tough, pliable, wand-like rootlets. During its youth the branches of the White Pine are slender and horizontal, or slightly ascending, and are arranged in regular whorls, usually with five branches in a whorl, clothing the stem to the ground for many years, or until destroyed by the absence of light, and forming a broad, open, conical head. When the tree, uncrowded by others, enjoys an abundance of light and air, the lower branches often grow to a large size, the trunk remains short and becomes much thickened at the base, and the breadth of the picturesque open head often equals the height of the stem; but as the White Pine grows naturally in the forest, the lower branches die at the end of a few years, and the trunks grow tall and straight, bearing branches only near the top. When it is pressed upon by trees of equal height, the branches remain short and form a narrow head; but when the White Pine, which is the tallest inhabitant of the forests of northeastern

America, rises above the surrounding trees, the lateral branches lengthen, sweep upward in long, graceful curves, the upper ones ascending, and form a broad, open, irregular head.

"The most valuable timber tree of northwestern America, *Pinus Strobus*, has played a conspicuous part in the material development of the United States and Canada. Great fleets of vessels and long railroads have been built to transport the lumber sawed from its mighty trunks; and men have grown rich by destroying it, building cities to supply the needs of their traffic, and seeing them languish as the forests disappear.

"Fifty years ago the pineries of Maine and Lower Canada, of northern New York, of Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, contained stores of White Pine which were believed to be inexhaustible; but the best has already been cut, and the great trees which were once the pride of the northern forest no longer exist.

"The most beautiful Pine tree of eastern America; our silvan scenery owes the peculiar charm which distinguishes it from that of all other parts of the world to the wide-spreading, dark green crowns of the White Pine, raised on stately shafts high above the level of the forest roof, and breaking the monotony of its sky-line."

The following is one of the many interesting footnotes relating to this tree:—

"The Pine-Tree challengeth the next place, and that sort which is called Board-pine is the principal; it is a stately large Tree, very tall, and sometimes two or three fathom about: of the body the English make large Canows of 20 foot long, and two foot and a half over, hollowing of them with an Adds, and shaping of the outside like a Boat. Some conceive that the wood called Gopher in Scripture, of which Noah made the Ark, was no other than Pine, Gen. 6, 14. The bark thereof is good for Ulcers in tender persons that refuse sharp medicines. The inner

bark of young board-pine cut small and stamp and boiled in a Gallon of water is a very sovereign medicine for burn or scald, washing the sore with some of the decoction, and then laying on the bark stamp very soft: or for frozen limbs, to take out the fire and to heal them, take the bark of Board-pine-Tree, cut it small and stamp it and boil it in a gallon of water to Gelly, wash the sore with the liquor, stamp the bark again till it be very soft and bind it on. The Turpentine is excellent to heal wounds and cuts, and hath all the properties of Venice Turpentine, the Rosen is as good as Frankincense, and the power of the dried leaves generateth flesh; the distilled water of the green Cones taketh away wrinkles in the face being laid on with Clothes.”¹

Like the White Pine, the famous Long-leaved Pine of the Southern states, towering in stately beauty above forests of Palmetto and Live Oak, is rapidly passing away. “Invaded from every direction by the axe, a prey to fires which weaken the mature trees, destroy tender saplings and young seedlings, and impoverish the soil, wasted by the pasturage of domestic animals, and destroyed for the doubtful profits of the turpentine industry, the forests of Long-leaved Pines, more valuable in their easy access than any other pine forests in the world, appear hopelessly doomed to lose their commercial importance at no distant day.”

Of the grand *Pinus ponderosa* of the west side of the continent, the strongest and the second in size and nobleness of port of the world's Pines, Professor Sargent says: “Possessed of a constitution which enables it to endure great variations of climate and to flourish on the well-watered slopes of the California mountains, on torrid lava beds, in the dry interior valleys of the north, and on the sun-baked mesas of the south, and to push

out boldly over the plains, where no other tree can exist, the advance guard of the Pacific forest, *Pinus ponderosa* is the most widely distributed tree of western North America. Exceeded in size by the Sugar Pine of the Sierra Nevada, it surpasses all its race in the majesty of its port and the splendor of its vitality; and, an emblem of strength, it appears as enduring as the rocks, above which it raises its noble shafts and stately crowns.”

The following paragraphs are from the description of the glorious Sugar Pine, the King of all the Pines in the world:—

“A tree usually from 200 to 220 feet in height with a trunk six or eight or occasionally ten or twelve feet in diameter. During the first fifty years of its life the slender branches, arranged in remote regular whorls, frequently clothe the tapering stem to the ground and form an open pyramid; later some of the specialized branches near the top of the tree grow more rapidly than the others, and, becoming fruitful, bend with the weight of the great cones; and long before the tree has reached maturity many of the upper branches lengthen faster than the lower ones, which eventually die from absence of light, and the tall, massive trunk is surmounted with an open flat-topped crown, frequently sixty or seventy feet across, of comparatively slender branches sweeping outward and downward in graceful curves.

“The Sugar Pine, the noblest of its race, surpassing all other Pine-trees in girth and length of stem, tosses its mighty branches, bending under the weight of its long, graceful pointed cones, far above the silvan roof, and with its companion, the great Sequoia, glorifies those Sierra forests that surpass in majesty all forests of coniferous trees.”

Among the copious footnotes, references, critical remarks, biographical sketches of the discoverers of genera and species, and of the tree-lovers for whom they were named, there is a great variety of curious and interesting informa-

¹ Josselyn, Account of Two Voyages to New England, p. 64.

tion drawn from early writings. Here is a note from Kalm's Travels which brings an old day back into light of magical vividness:—

"Crab-Trees are a species of wild apple-trees, which grow in the woods and glades, but especially on little hillocks, near rivers. In New Jersey the tree is rather scarce; but in Pennsylvania it is plentiful. Some people had planted a single tree of this kind near their farms, on account of the fine smells which its flowers afford. It had begun to open some of its flowers about a day or two ago; however, most of them were not yet open. They are exactly like the blossoms of the common apple-trees, except that the colour is a little more reddish in the Crab-trees; though some kinds of the cultivated trees have flowers which are very nearly as red; but the smell distinguishes them plainly; for the wild trees have a very pleasant smell, somewhat like the rasp-berry. The apples, or crabs, are small, sour, and unfit for anything but to make vinegar of. They lie under the trees all the winter, and acquire a yellow colour. They seldom begin to rot before spring comes on. The Crab-trees opened their flowers only yesterday and to-day; whereas, the cultivated apple-trees, which are brought from Europe, had already lost their flowers."

The strange and peculiar mode of growth of the Mangrove tree and the shell-fish which clustered on its stems attracted the attention of some of the earliest travelers who landed on the shores of the New World, and it is mentioned in many of their narratives.

"Store of oysters (grew) upon the branches of the trees, and were very salt and well tasted. All their oysters grow upon those boughs and sprais, and not on the ground."¹

"The Mangrove is a tree of such note,

¹ Walter Raleigh, Discoverie of the Large Rich and Beautiful Empire of Guiana, Hakluyt, Voyages, ed. Evans, iv. p. 120.

as she must not be forgotten, for, though she be not of the tall and lusty sort of trees, yet she is of great extent; for there drops from her limbs a Kinde of Gum which hangs together one drop after another, til it touch the ground, and then takes root and makes an addition to the tree. So that if all these may be said to be one of the same tree, we may say that a Mangrove tree may very well hide a troop of Horse."²

Most readers will be surprised to learn how important a tree the *Diospyros* (Persimmon) is. About one hundred and sixty species are now known. "In Japan it is the universally cultivated fruit-tree; it is found in every garden and by every cottage, and in the early autumn, when the trees are covered with their lustrous leaves and brilliant fruit, they form the most striking feature of the rural landscape, and are not equaled in beauty by any fruit-tree of cold temperate climates."

In our own forests there are only two species.

"They have a plomb which they call pessemmins, like to a medler, in England, but of a deeper tawnie colour; they grow on a most high tree. When they are not fully ripe, they are harsh and choakie, and furre in a man's mouth like allam, howbeit, being taken fully ripe, yt is a reasonable pleasant fruit, somewhat lushious. I have seene our people put them into their baked and sodden puddings; there be whose tast allows them to be as pretious as the English apricock; I confesse it is a good kind of horse plomb."³

About six hundred species of *Ficus* (Fig trees) are known to botanists, two of which, *Ficus aurea* and *Ficus populnea*, are inhabitants of our tropical Florida forests:—

"What is probably the largest speci-

² Richard Ligon, A true and exact History of the Island of Barbados, p. 72.

³ The Historie of Travaile into Virginia Britannia, ed. Major, p. 118.

men of *Ficus aurea* in the United States grows on a wooded hummock, locally known as The Hunting-Ground, about ten miles west of the mouth of the Miami River and close to the shores of Bay Biscayne. This remarkable tree covers about a quarter of an acre of ground with its numerous distinct stems formed from roots developed from the branches of the original trunk, and its dense wide crown of foliage.

"The noble tree in front of the United States barracks on Key West, which is an object of interest to all visitors to the Island, is of this species."

Hicoria is peculiarly a North American genus; all the twelve species, except one in Mexico, are our own:—

"No other trees give greater dignity and character to the forests of eastern North America or surpass the Hickories in vigor and beauty of appearance."

"Hicory Nuts have very hard Shells, but excellent sweet Kernels, with which, in a plentiful Year, the old Hogs, that can crack them, fatten themselves, and make excellent Pork. These Nuts are gotten, in great Quantities, by the Savages, and laid up for Stores, of which they make several Dishes and Banquets. One of these I cannot forbear mentioning; it is this: They take these Nuts, and break them very small betwixt two Stones, till the Shells and Kernels are indifferent small; And this Powder you are presented withal in their Cabins, in little wooden Dishes; the Kernel dissolves in your Mouth, and the Shell is spit out. This tastes as well as any Almond. Another Dish is the Soup which they make of these Nuts, beaten, and put into Venison-Broth, which dissolves the Nut, and thickens, whilst the Shell precipitates, and remains at the bottom. This Broth tastes very rich."¹

"I have seen above an hundred bushels of these nuts belonging to one family."²

The Oak volume, filled from begin-

ning to end with the tough all-enduring race, is the largest of the fourteen, and in it the author is seen at his best.

Nearly three hundred species of Oak have been described, fifty-two of which dwell in our own forests.

Of his favorite White Oak Professor Sargent says: "The great size that it attains in good soil, its vigor, longevity, and stately habit, the tender tints of its vernal leaves when the sunlight plays among them, the cheerfulness of its lustrous summer green and the splendor of its autumnal colors, make the White Oak one of the noblest and most beautiful trees of the American forest; and some of the venerable broad-branched individuals growing on the hills of New England and of the Middle States realize, more than any other American tree, that ideal of strength and durability of which the Oak has been the symbol in all ages and throughout all civilized countries."

The great White Oak groves of the Central Valley of California surpass all other Oak woods of the world in wide, serene, romantic beauty:—

"Since the eyes of the white man first looked upon these natural parks, which surpassed in grandeur of broad effect and in the dignity of their graceful trees all the creations of the landscape gardener's art, fields of wheat have replaced the wild grasses which covered their open glades, and many of their noblest trees have been sacrificed to satisfy the demands of civilization. No other region in North America, however, presents to-day anything that compares with their park-like beauty, the nobility of their individual trees, or the charm of the long vistas stretching beneath them."

"*Quercus* in its different species is known to afford support to a much larger number of insects than any other genus of trees whose insect enemies have been studied, . . . Packard enumerates about four hundred and fifty identified species

¹ Lawson, History of Carolina, p. 98.

² William Bartram, Travels in North America, p. 38.

as living upon Oak-trees in North America exclusive of those found in their decayed wood." Magnificent pasturage for large flocks and herds of very small cattle!

"The American Beech, with its noble habit, its smooth, pale, bluish gray bark and its cheerful foliage, is one of the most beautiful inhabitants of the forests of eastern North America. It is delightful in early spring when the lengthening buds display the closely folded leaves between their delicate, lustrous, brightly tinted scales, and when, a few days later, it is covered with graceful drooping clusters of staminate flowers. The tender green of its vernal leaves enliven the forest when the Oaks and Hickories are but just beginning to awaken from their winter slumbers; and the contrasts of light and shade, as the sun plays through its wide-spreading branches, increase its beauty when it is clothed with the deep green foliage of summer or with its brilliant yellow autumnal garment. But it is in winter, when the color of its bark is brightest, when the structure of its head is plainly seen, and the fine spray of its slender shining branchlets is thrown into clear relief against the sky, that the Beech displays its greatest beauty; and then the charm of this tree is unsurpassed by that of any other inhabitant of the forest or the park."

The following is from Gerard's celebrated Herball: "The kernels or mast within are reported to ease the paine of the kidneies proceeding of the stone if they be eaten, and to cause the grauell and sand the easier to come foorth: with these, mice and squirrels be greatly delighted, who do mightily increase by feeding thereon; swine also be fattened herewith, and certaine other beasts: also deere do feede thereon very greedily. They be likewise pleasant to thrushes and pigeons."

¹ Hooker f. Fl. Antaret. ii. p. 345. See, also, P. Parker King, Narrative of the Surveying

Fagus betuloides "forms the prevailing feature of the scenery of Tierra del Fuego, especially in winter-time, from having persistent evergreen leaves, and from its upper limit being sharply defined and contrasting with the dazzling snow that covers the matted but naked branches of *Fagus antarctica*, which immediately succeeds it."¹

"The glory of the maritime forests of the south, and one of the most valuable and interesting trees of the continent, the Bald Cypress, with its tall massive trunk rising high above waters darkened by the shadows of its great crown draped in streamers of the gray Tillandsia, is an object at once magnificent and mournful."

"The *Cupressus disticha* (Bald Cypress) stands in the first order of North American trees. Its majestic stature is surprising, and on approaching them, we are struck with a kind of awe at beholding the stateliness of the trunk, lifting its cumbrous top towards the skies, and casting a wide shade upon the ground, as a dark intervening cloud, which, for a time, precludes the rays of the sun. The delicacy of its color, and texture of its leaves, exceed everything in vegetation."²

The biographical sketches, of which there are about one hundred and fifty, form an attractive feature of the book, both to roving methodless readers and to students, bringing to view so many joyful old nature-lovers wandering alone through the vast wild woods, men whose names shine like crystals on mountains, — Bartram, Catesby, Kalm, Michaux, Menzies, Mackenzie, Raffinesque, Nuttall, David Douglas, and many a later worthy, dear to the hearts of tree-lovers and trees, blessed Torrey and Gray, Mohr, Engelmann, Parry, Kellogg, etc., who spent their lives studying our plants and helping Nature to scatter them abroad.

Voyages of His Majesty's Ships Adventure and Beagle, i. pp. 22, 37.

² W. Bartram, Travels, p. 88.

With fullness of knowledge the leafy story goes on from section to section, from volume to volume, in easy, orderly development. The descriptions of the species are so full and clear, he must be a careless reader who fails to see the trees through them standing before him in the flesh, alive and communicative. They always begin with a sketch of a representative tree in its prime, showing its height, size of trunk, habit, how it wears its branches, etc. Then the distinguishing characters are described, — the bark, winter buds, branchlets, leaves, flowers, fruit. All these are given in the first paragraph and in the same sequence, so that one knows exactly where to look for them. In the second the geographical distribution of the species is pointed out, the places where it grows in greatest vigor and abundance, the forests it makes, its companions, and how they are associated, etc.

In the third the wood is described, its color, weight, strength, durability, uses, etc. In the fourth what is known of the history of the tree is given, when and by whom it was first discovered or cultivated, its distribution by the agency of man, its value for shade and ornament, timber, fruit, etc.

The closing paragraph consists usually of a general appreciation of the tree, with remarks on its name, homes, etc. Here, for example, is the last paragraph of the description of the Engelmann Spruce (*Picea Engelmanni*):—

"In its specific name, this tree, the fairest of its race, braving the fiercest mountain blasts, the fiery rays of the southern sun, and the Arctic cold of the northern winter, with tall and massive shafts brilliant in color, and graceful, spire-like crowns of soft foliage of tenderest hue, keeps green on a thousand mountain-tops the memory of a good and wise man."

Each species is thus displayed at home and described to the life, whole trees as our fellow inhabitants of the world, and

whole forests instead of fragmentary herbarium specimens, standing out in bold relief, scarce at all obscured either by rhetoric or technical terms, while the great wealth of footnotes is like varied and picturesque underbrush.

The author, too, is seen hard at work, able, indomitable, studiously calm, abstaining from fine writing or display of any sort not essential to the matter in hand, concealing emotion even in the midst of the Indian summer glory when the whole face of the country is aglow with divine enthusiasm. Therefore we get only hints and glimpses of his warm poetic imagination in bright lines which glow here and there in his massive prose like the first spots and patches of autumn-colored leaves in the general summer verdure. Most readers will probably feel that in thus hiding his heart he has in some measure diminished the inspiring value of his book. To those unable to read between the lines some of the descriptions may seem formal and monotonous where the color naturally belonging to them would have made them shine. Had the bright lines outside of the technical parts been doubled or trebled, they could have done no harm any more than light and flowers on mountains, or on the trees themselves.

The author's energizing enthusiasm burning out of sight beneath the cool dignity he wears is well known to his friends, and often brings to mind a hot-hearted volcanic mountain clad with snow.

But "for a' that and a' that," style and methods are quickly lost to view, and, forgetting that we are reading a book, the trees themselves seem to be speaking, saying, "See how tall and beautiful we are, how strong our branches, how leafy and flowery and fruitful. With cooling shadows we guard the fountains, and to all comers spread tents and food," each in turn telling its wonderful story.

In the very beginning we are charmed away into the glorious forests of the

Alleghanies, among the Magnolias, large trees with great, creamy white, fragrant flowers, a foot wide some of them, and with leaves more than two feet long, growing with a host of noble companions where the stream-banks and openings are embossed with Rhododendrons, and *Kalmia* becomes a tree fifty feet high, laden with rich purple flowers. We see the Palms and Pines and Oaks of the South assembled together, forming forests above forests; the giant Sequoias and Pines, silvery Spruces and Firs in glorious array on the mountains of the West; Oaks in the valleys and on the hills rejoicing in their strength; and Poplars and Willows waving and fluttering in lithe, graceful beauty beside lakes and streams from sea to sea.

There is so much large scenery in the book, such strength and steadiness in its broad sweeping currents, however cool at times they may seem, that we are borne smoothly along, hardly realizing that we are not actually out of doors in the woods, traveling unwearied, free as the winds. We fancy we feel the weather, hear the wind in the trees, see them budding and blooming and ripening their fruit, enjoy their fragrance and the light on their leaves and bark, smell the peaty reek of tamarack and cedar swamps, and the balsam of resinous evergreens. Passing from climate to climate enchanted, we are now on sun-baked deserts, now far north on ground ever frozen, now wandering in sunless forests, pushing our way through dense tangled underbrush, vainly trying to find an opening where we can look up and see the trees in full proportion; now climbing an eastern hill overlooking Oaks and Elms, Maples and Hickories, with round bossy heads modeled like cumulous clouds packed together in glorious colors, swelling and dimpling and fading around the horizon. Anon we are on a lofty peak of the Rockies, contemplating a boundless sea of dark conifers innumerable as grass panicles in a meadow, every spire pointing true to the zenith as if

thinking only of the heavens. Turning a page or two, we are in the natural landscape gardens of Dakota, sauntering through sunny flower-painted spaces among Spruces and Yellow Pines; or on the rim of a crater in Arizona, overlooking strange black dwarf woods of Nut Pine and Cedar, or groves of lily-flowered Yucca and Cactus trees.

In another volume we are among the giant trees of the Pacific, wading through tall ferns and Rhododendrons and *Ceanothus* chaparral beneath the Redwoods, wandering among the colossal brown pillars of the Sierra Sequoia, Libocedrus, and Sugar Pine, or far up the gray summit ridges and peaks, walking over the tops of Dwarf Pines beside the glaciers.

Of all the nature-books I have ever read, the *Silva* is the largest and best, everywhere breathing the peace of the wilderness, restful, yet inciting to action, infinitely suggestive and picturesque. How magical is the stillness of its deep lonely woods, how sublime its landscapes, and how wonderful the contrasts displayed to awaken imagination! What sylvan scenery, for example, can be more impressive than the billowy Appalachian forests so often described in these pages, stretching away in boundless exuberance of varied leaf and flower and color; limb meeting limb, overarching, embowering a thousand broad ridges and hills and streams; compared with forests of *Cereus giganteus*, blooming in the tremulous haze of hot deserts, the strange trees but little more than fluted cylindrical trunks, leafless, and almost branchless and motionless, standing apart on bare sun-beaten ground like architectural columns crowned with flowers; or the dark majestic forests of the West compared with those of the North, whose hardy Poplars and Spruces, dwarfing and straggling, push bravely on and on into the frozen realms of silence and mystery.

Think of a forest of Tree-lilies in bloom, not another tree in sight over all the wide desert, the whole top of each tree a

snowy mass of lilies in superb panicles, the trunks so large they are sometimes sawed into lumber! And think of the still stranger forests and timber of *Cereus giganteus*! Who can read of such trees without longing to see them, or of the kingly Sequoias, venerable aborigines carrying the greatest load of years of all living things, Sugar Pine tasseled with cones nearly two feet long, the Silver Fir and Mountain Hemlock in flower and fruit, Douglas Spruce and the giant Arbor Vitæ waving their plumes in the balmy winds of the Pacific, the noble Menzies Arbutus blooming in garden spots beside them, alive with happy, humming, fluttering, feasting insects, — a bee, or butterfly, for every white waxen bell!

And how many other glorious trees come to mind, — the grand Larch of Wyoming and Montana, the Florida

Baniam Tree and Tillandsia-draped Live Oak, Oxydendrum, Taxodium, Liriodendron, Magnolia, Sassafras, Gordonia, Silver Bell Tree, etc., etc. How one's heart beats and eyes brighten but to read their names, and how fast, as we turn the telling pages, they seem to come crowding about us, bowing, waving, shimmering, showering down pollen and petals and fruit, — all the mighty host, rank beyond rank in glorious array, as clearly defined as Pines in rows along snow-laden ridges beheld against a white sky!

And so we might go on wondering, admiring, describing, until this review reached the size of the Silva itself. Let every one read the book, travel, and see for himself, and, while fire and the axe still threaten destruction, make haste to come to the help of these trees, our country's pride and glory.

John Muir.

VOICES OF RAIN.

I.

REST.

THE mountain world is very still to-day,
Shadowed, and hushed, and gray.

All yesterday a mad wind shrieking past
Harried the cañon's silence old and vast,
Lashing the yellow grass in billows deep
Against the parching steep.
Hot glare of sunlight smote the walls that stand
Purple with pines heaven-high on either hand,
Hot glare of sunlight to the splendid blue
Where driven cloud-fleets flew.
Black cedars goaded clung against the edge
Of yonder granite ledge,
And far below where white-chafed waters run
The stinging gravel spun,
Whirled in the gusts that snapped the alder's crest,
And crushed the willows cowering to the west.
But with the night came cloud, and rain, and rest.

Hushed in the peace that held the whole world fast
Morning drew near at last,
With gray soft mist flung close on scur and steep
Above the forest's sleep;
And murmur of a million rain-chords blent
In rhythms of content.
The air is sharp with fragrance strong as wine
From steeping sod and pine,
And yonder where the willow branches sway
A meadow-lark among their green and gray
Watches the clouds, and questions of the day.

There is a little grove beside the hill
Where aspens shake and thrill,
With silver stems beneath their glimmering green
Against the pines' dark screen.
And all day long the rain unceasing weaves
Ripples of light among their tremulous leaves,
And all day long the moss against their feet,
Tufted, and starred, and sweet,
Flashes in flickering splendor with the crown
Of diamond drops swept down.

Through pillared arches of the forest aisles,
Sacred untrodden miles,
The voiceless throngs in this God's temple dim
Bow to the rain's soft hymn;
Walls on whose pile nor axe nor hammer wrought
The Master-builder's thought,
Unchiseled font and granite altar stair
Wait on the wordless prayer.
And overhead against a brooding sky
The priestly pine trees high
With lifted hands invoke on vale and crest
Infinitudes of rest.

II.

CONSOLATION.

Out of the hard-fought years,
Out of the aching grief, the want unfed,
An answer to thy tears
Wakes in the midnight by thy sleepless bed.
An answer very low,
Murmured in muffled cadence, hushed and slow,
Reiterant rhythms still
Rising and falling, soft on roof and sill.
Out of the losing strife,
Out of the desert where old worlds lie dead,
An answer to thy life
Stirs in the starless midnight by thy bed.

Hast thou forgotten God Who gives the rain?
 Plenteous and merciful the long showers pour
 On parching fields where dust and drouth were sore;
 Yet will thine eyes watch out the night again?
 Peace on the shadowed hills and sky is deep;
 Shall not thine heart be comforted with sleep
 As earth is comforted and lulled of pain?
 Before thy prayer the heavens are brazen still,
 Nor yet to cool thy thirst the fountains fill.
 Nevertheless His word shall not be vain.
 What hope had earth, gasping at yesternoon?
 What hope hast thou, whose comfort shall be soon?
 Are ye not in His hands for bliss or bane?
 To-morrow, where the upland fields lay black,
 Thou shalt go forth and look on life come back;
 Harvest shall follow seedtime yet again.
 To-morrow, where thy heart lay withering,
 Fountains of love before His feet shall spring;
 Peace shall repay thee sevenfold for pain.
 Hast thou forgotten God Who gives the rain?

Mabel Earle.

THE LAST ANTELOPE.

THERE were seven notches in the juniper by the Lone Tree Spring for the seven seasons that Little Pete had summered there, feeding his flocks in the hollow of the Ceriso. The first time of coming he had struck his axe into the trunk meaning to make firewood, but thought better of it, and thereafter chipped it in sheer friendliness, as one claps an old acquaintance, for by the time the flock has worked up the treeless windy stretch from the Little Antelope to the Ceriso, even a lone juniper has a friendly look. And Little Pete was a friendly man, though shy of demeanor, so that with the best will in the world for wagging his tongue, he could scarcely pass the time of day with good countenance; the soul of a jolly companion with the front and bearing of one of his own sheep.

He loved his dogs as brothers; he was near akin to the wild things; he

communed with the huddled hills, and held intercourse with the stars, saying things to them in his heart that his tongue stumbled over and refused. He knew his sheep by name, and had respect to signs and seasons; his lips moved softly as he walked, making no sound. Well — what would you? a man must have fellowship in some sort.

Whoso goes a-shepherding in the desert hills comes to be at one with his companions, growing brutish or converting them. Little Pete humanized his sheep. He perceived lovable qualities in them, and differentiated the natures and dispositions of inanimate things.

Not much of this presented itself on slight acquaintance, for in fact he looked to be of rather less account than his own dogs. He was undersized and hairy, and had a roving eye; probably he washed once a year at the shearing as the sheep were washed. About his

body he wore a twist of sheepskin with the wool outward, holding in place the tatters of his clothing. On hot days when he wreathed leaves about his head, and wove him a pent of twigs among the scrub in the middle of his flock, he looked a faun or some wood creature come out of pagan times, though no pagan, as was clearly shown by the medal of the Sacred Heart that hung on his hairy chest, worn open to all weathers. Where he went about sheep camps and shearings, there was sly laughter and tapping of foreheads, but those who kept the tale of his flocks spoke well of him and increased his wage.

Little Pete kept to the same round year by year, breaking away from La Liebre after the spring shearing, south around the foot of Piños, swinging out to the desert in the wake of the quick, strong rains, thence to Little Antelope in July to drink a bottle for *La Quatorze*, and so to the Ceriso by the time the poppy fires were burned quite out and the quail trooped at noon about the tepid pools. The Ceriso is not properly mesa nor valley, but a long healed crater miles wide, rimmed about with the jagged edge of the old cone.

It rises steeply from the tilted mesa, overlooked by Black Mountain, darkly red as the red cattle that graze among the honey-colored hills. These are blunt and rounded, tumbling all down from the great crater and the mesa edge toward the long, dim valley of Little Antelope. Its outward slope is confused with the outlines of the hills, tumuli of blind cones, and the old lava flow that breaks away from it by the west gap and the ravine of the spring; within, its walls are deeply guttered by the torrent of winter rains.

In its cuplike hollow, the sink of its waters, salt and bitter as all pools without an outlet, waxes and wanes within a wide margin of bleaching reeds. Nothing taller shows in all the Ceriso, and the wind among them fills all the hollow with an eerie whispering. One

spring rills down by the gorge of an old flow on the side toward Little Antelope, and, but for the lone juniper that stood by it, there is never a tree until you come to the foot of Black Mountain.

The flock of Little Pete, a maverick strayed from some rodeo, a prospector going up to Black Mountain, and a solitary antelope were all that passed through the Ceriso at any time. The antelope had the best right. He came as of old habit; he had come when the lightfoot herds ranged from here to the sweet, mist-watered cañons of the Coast Range, and the bucks went up to the windy mesas what time the young ran with their mothers, nose to flank. They had ceased before the keen edge of slaughter that defines the frontier of men.

All that a tardy law had saved to the district of Little Antelope was the buck that came up the ravine of the Lone Tree Spring at the set time of the year when Little Pete fed his flock in the Ceriso, and Pete averred that they were glad to see one another. True enough they were each the friendliest thing the other found there, for though the law ran as far as the antelope ranged, there were hill dwellers who took no account of it, namely, the coyotes. They hunted the buck in season and out, bayed him down from the feeding grounds, fended him from the pool, pursued him by relay races, ambushed him in the pitfalls of the black rock.

There were seven coyotes ranging the east side of the Ceriso at the time when Little Pete first struck his axe into the juniper tree, slinking, sly-footed, and evil-eyed. Many an evening the shepherd watched them running lightly in the hollow of the crater, the flash-flash of the antelope's white rump signaling the progress of the chase. But always the buck outran or outwitted them, taking to the high broken ridges where no split foot could follow his seven-leagued bounds. Many a morning Little Pete, tending his cooking pot by a quavering

sagebrush fire, saw the antelope feeding down toward the Lone Tree Spring, and looked his sentiments. The coyotes had spoken theirs all in the night with derisive voices; never was there any love lost between a shepherd and a coyote. The pronghorn's chief recommendation to an acquaintance was that he could outdo them.

After the third summer, Pete began to perceive a reciprocal friendliness in the antelope. Early mornings the shepherd saw him rising from his lair, or came often upon the warm pressed hollow where he had lain within cry of his coyote-scaring fire. When it was mid-day in the misty hollow and the shadows drawn close, stuck tight under the juniper and the sage, they went each to his nooning in his own fashion, but in the half light they drew near together.

Since the beginning of the law the antelope had half forgotten his fear of man. He looked upon the shepherd with steadfastness, he smelled the smell of his garments which was the smell of sheep and the unhandled earth, and the smell of wood smoke was in his hair. They had companionship without speech; they conferred favors silently after the manner of those who understand one another. The antelope led to the best feeding grounds, and Pete kept the sheep from muddying the spring until the buck had drunk. When the coyotes skulked in the scrub by night to deride him, the shepherd mocked them in their own tongue, and promised them the best of his lambs for the killing; but to hear afar off their hunting howl stirred him out of sleep to curse with great heartiness. At such times he thought of the antelope and wished him well.

Beginning with the west gap opposite the Lone Tree Spring about the first of August, Pete would feed all around the broken rim of the crater, up the gulches and down, and clean through the hollow of it in a matter of two months, or if the winter had been a wet one, a little longer, and in seven years the

man and the antelope grew to know each other very well. Where the flock fed the buck fed, keeping farthest from the dogs, and at last he came to lie down with it.

That was after a season of scant rains, when the feed was poor and the antelope's flank grew thin; the rabbits had trooped down to the irrigated lands, and the coyotes, made more keen by hunger, pressed him hard. One of those smoky, yawning days when the sky hugged the earth, and all sound fell back from a woolly atmosphere and broke dully in the scrub, about the usual hour of their running between twilight and mid-afternoon, the coyotes drove the tall buck, winded, desperate, and foredone, to refuge among the silly sheep, where for fear of the dogs and the man the howlers dared not come. He stood at bay there, fronting the shepherd, brought up against a crisis greatly needing the help of speech.

Well — he had nearly as much gift in that matter as Little Pete. Those two silent ones understood each other; some assurance, the warrant of a free given faith, passed between them. The buck lowered his head and eased the sharp throbbing of his ribs; the dogs drew in the scattered flocks; they moved, keeping a little cleared space nearest the buck; he moved with them; he began to feed. Thereafter the heart of Little Pete warmed humanly toward the antelope, and the coyotes began to be very personal in their abuse. That same night they drew off the shepherd's dogs by a ruse and stole two of his lambs.

The same seasons that made the friendliness of the antelope and Little Pete wore the face of the shepherd into a keener likeness to the weathered hills, and the juniper flourishing greenly by the spring bade fair to outlast them both. The line of ploughed lands stretched out mile by mile from the lower valley, and a solitary homesteader built him a cabin at the foot of the Ceriso.

In seven years a coyote may learn

somewhat; those of the Ceriso learned the ways of Little Pete and the antelope. Trust them to have noted, as the years moved, that the buck's flanks were lean and his step less free. Put it that the antelope was old, and that he made truce with the shepherd to hide the failing of his powers; then if he came earlier or stayed later than the flock, it would go hard with him. But as if he knew their mind in the matter, the antelope delayed his coming until the salt pool shrunk to its innermost ring of reeds, and the sun-cured grasses crisped along the slope. It seemed the brute sense waked between him and the man to make each aware of the other's nearness. Often as Little Pete drove in by the west gap he would sight the prongs of the buck rising over the barrier of black rocks at the head of the ravine. Together they passed out of the crater, keeping fellowship as far as the frontier of evergreen oaks. Here Little Pete turned in by the cattle fences to come at La Liebre from the north, and the antelope, avoiding all man-trails, growing daily more remote, passed into the wooded hills on unguessed errands of his own.

Twice the homesteader saw the antelope go up to the Ceriso at that set time of the year. The third summer when he sighted him, a whitish speck moving steadily against the fawn-colored background of the hills, the homesteader took down his rifle and made haste into the crater. At that time his cabin stood on the remotest edge of settlement, and the grip of the law was loosened in so long a reach.

"In the end the coyotes will get him. Better that he fall to me," said the homesteader. But, in fact, he was prompted by the love of mastery, which for the most part moves men into new lands, whose creatures they conceive given over into their hands.

The coyote that kept the watch at the head of the ravine saw him come, and lifted up his voice in the long-drawn dolorous whine that warned the other

watchers in their unseen stations in the scrub. The homesteader heard also, and let a curse softly under his breath, for besides that they might scare his quarry, he coveted the howler's ears, in which the law upheld him. Never a tip nor a tail of one showed above the sage when he had come up into the Ceriso.

The afternoon wore on; the homesteader hid in the reeds, and the coyotes had forgotten him. Away to the left in a windless blur of dust the sheep of Little Pete trailed up toward the crater's rim. The leader, watching by the spring, caught a jack rabbit and was eating it quietly behind the black rock.

In the meantime the last antelope came lightly and securely, by the gully, by the black rock and the lone juniper into the Ceriso. The friendliness of the antelope for Little Pete betrayed him. He came with some sense of home, expecting the flock and protection of man-presence. He strayed witlessly into the open, his ears set to catch the jangle of the bells. What he heard was the snick of the breech bolt as the homesteader threw up the sight of his rifle, and a small demoniac cry that ran from gutter to gutter of the crater rim, impossible to gauge for numbers or distance.

At that moment Little Pete worried the flock up the outward slope where the ruin of the old lava flows gave sharply back the wrangle of the bells. Three weeks he had won up from the Little Antelope, and three by way of the Sand Flat, where there was great scarcity of water, and in all that time none of his kind had hailed him. His heart warmed toward the juniper tree and the antelope whose hoof-prints he found in the white dust of the mesa trail. Men had small respect by Little Pete, women he had no time for: the antelope was the noblest thing he had ever loved. The sheep poured through the gap and spread fan-wise down the gully; behind them Little Pete twirled his staff, and made merry wordless noises in his throat in anticipation of friendliness. "Ehu!" he

cried when he heard the hunting howl, "but they are at their tricks again," and then in English he voiced a volley of broken, inconsequential oaths, for he saw what the howlers were about.

One imputes a sixth sense to that son of a thief misnamed the coyote, to make up for speech, persuasion, concerted movement, in short, the human faculty. How else do they manage the terrible relay races by which they make quarry of the fleetest footed? It was so they plotted the antelope's last running in the Ceriso: two to start the chase from the black rock toward the red scar of a winter torrent, two to leave the mouth of the wash when the first were winded, one to fend the ravine that led up to the broken ridges, one to start out of the scrub at the base of a smooth upward sweep, and, running parallel to it, keep the buck well into the open; all these when their first spurt was done to cross leisurely to new stations to take up another turn. Round they went in the hollow of the crater, velvet-footed and sly even in full chase, and biding their time. It was a good running, but it was almost done when away by the west gap the buck heard the voice of Little Pete raised in adjuration and the friendly blether of the sheep. Thin spirals of dust flared upward from the moving flocks and signaled truce to chase. He broke for it with wide panting bounds and many a missed step picked up with incredible eagerness, the thin rim of his nostrils oozing blood. The coyotes saw and closed in about him, chopping quick and hard. Sharp ears and sharp muzzles cast up at his throat, and were whelmed in a press of gray flanks. One yelped, one went limping from a kick, and one went past him, returning with a spring upon the heaving shoulder, and the man in the reeds beside the bitter water rose up and fired.

All the luck of that day's hunting went to the homesteader, for he had killed an antelope and a coyote with

one shot, and though he had a bad quarter of an hour with a wild and loathly shepherd, who he feared might denounce him to the law, in the end he made off with the last antelope, swung limp and graceless across his shoulder. The coyotes came back to the killing ground when they had watched him safely down the ravine, and were consoled with what they found. As they pulled the body of the dead leader about before they began upon it, they noticed that the homesteader had taken the ears of that also.

Little Pete lay in the grass and wept simply; the tears made pallid traces in the season's grime. He suffered the torture, the question extraordinary of bereavement. If he had not lingered so long in the meadow of Los Robles, if he had moved faster on the Sand Flat trail, — but, in fact, he had come up against the inevitable. He had been breathed upon by that spirit which goes before cities like an exhalation and dries up the gossamer and the dew.

From that day the heart had gone out of the Ceriso. It was a desolate hollow, reddish-hued and dim, with brackish waters, and moreover the feed was poor. His eyes could not forget their trick of roving the valley at all hours; he looked by the rill of the spring for hoof-prints that were not there.

Fronting the west gap there was a spot where he would not feed, where the grass stood up stiff and black with what had dried upon it. He kept the flocks to the ridgy slopes where the limited horizon permitted one to believe the crater was not quite empty. His heart shook in the night to hear the long-drawn hunting howl, and shook again remembering that he had nothing to be fearing for. After three weeks he passed out on the other side and came that way no more. The juniper tree stood greenly by the spring until the homesteader cut it down for firewood. Nothing taller than the rattling reeds stirs in all the hollow of the Ceriso.

Mary Austin.

LIFE AT A MOUNTAIN OBSERVATORY.

TRAVELERS entering the Santa Clara Valley at the foot of San Francisco Bay in California may see from their car windows, on one of the peaks of the Monte Diablo Range to the east, the faint white domes of a famous observatory. There stands the great telescope erected by the will of James Lick, once the most powerful, and still the most effective in the world, his unique tomb and title to immortality in the regard of men.

Forty miles in from the sea, protected from its direct winds by the farther Santa Cruz hills, and lifted above its prevailing fogs, Mount Hamilton has proved the wisdom of its choice as an outpost on the world's frontier. It is rendered accessible from the town of San José by one of the finest mountain roads in America, twenty-eight miles of winding even grade through scenery at all times beautiful, from the orchards and vineyards of the foothills to the barren steeps of the Mountain itself. From the summit sweeps a view that is unsurpassed: the pale white haze of the sea over Monterey; the flashing Point Reyes Light on the headlands far beyond San Francisco; the first white peaks at the Lassen Buttes two hundred miles to the north; thence the magnificent Sierras, circling the east and dipping lower and lower till they meet the cross ranges by Tehachapi in the far southeast, an unbroken arc of perpetual snow exceeding the distance from Boston to Baltimore, and equaling that between Philadelphia and Cleveland.

But it is the equable climate of mid-California that has justified this Mountain's distinction as the site of a great observatory. Lifting far enough above the populous valleys to escape their dust and smoke, it yet avoids the rigors of greater altitudes and their varying extremes. Over it doth a sky like Italy's,

sparing of rain, prodigal of sun, where by night's magic heights of blue grow depths of blackness, and, reach beyond reach, the far stars shine that we cannot number. This untroubled atmosphere has kept the Lick telescope, no longer the largest in the world, still king in its realm, and has drawn to the wilderness a group of men who count the heavens a recompense for the loss of the world, men who are willing to give their lives to the working out of problems that may take a lifetime to solve. For discoveries of sudden or startling facts and phenomena, in which the Lick Observatory has had its share, are usually incidental, things picked up by the way in the prosecution of long inquiries such as only observatories of pure research may undertake. The patient saving of detail, the persistent following of uncertain clues, the applying of mathematical tests, the interpreting of mathematical prophecy, the handling of machinery, the designing of delicate instruments, and the making and the care of them, — all these things make up the astronomer's workaday life, but are hardly guessed by the visitor who is entertained of a Saturday night with a surface view of results and by a look at the stars through the telescopes that James Lick willed should be free to all.

Now and again this visitor, turning from the domes and instruments, craves to know of the human side of life in so remote a community. He counts the half-dozen astronomers and assistants, the three or four fellows just out of the universities, the instrument-makers, machinists, and workmen, the few families that stand for what there is of social life, — thirty adults, perhaps, with a little colony of children, — summing in all less than half a hundred: not a man but is concerned in the service of the Observatory; not a house, not an

implement but is owned by the state. No civic or social machinery, no doctor, no church, no club, — my tourist, looking at the wide skies and the lonely hills, says blankly, "What *do* you do up here?" And my friend — there is no doubt of it — hides pity in his voice as he looks from my broad windows and talks of the things I love in the world. And my butcher boy, when I go to town, commiserates me openly, and my grocer sighs and shakes his head. All this amazed me when first I ran upon it! They do not know how we shut our eyes when we come down from the clean wilderness and ride in over the backyards of their cities; they little think how we choke with the disintegrated refuse that floats in their air; they do not guess how the commonplace streets pall upon one from the heights. Here the air we breathe is undefiled, the water we drink is crystal pure; here is no one aged or poor or sick; here each man does what he most would do, and money is not the goal: these are conditions unique, to be read of in philosophers' dreams.

And when asked what I do up here, being not an astronomer, and when pitted for my loneliness, I look at my Mountain's white domes and clustered dwellings; I count her peaks of famous names, — Huyghens, Kepler, Copernicus, Ptolemy; I think of her hidden cañons, her bird-songs, her gentle wild things, and of many a fern bank and moss-deep glen that has told its tale to me: resources, these, they do not guess, nor can they understand.

For the visitor sees the Mountain in one mood; for him she puts on her summer veil, her winter mask, or a radiant gown at her whim: to us she shows a thousand moods; nor in a year, nor in many years, may we compass her variety. I boast I will know my Wilderness; with one rock of lichens she baffles me. I mount my pony and make the circle of the hills; when I go back they are not the same. For sun and cloud work their ceaseless witchery, and

Nature holds the charm of change in changelessness that is like the fascination of personality. California valleys are one of two things, sun-steeped and still, or incredibly chill under depths of fog. The Mountain may be all things in a day: tempest-swept, lost to sun, to stars, to earth itself, till it breaks into sudden visions of color, light, and vastness, revealing cloud-framed bits of emerald valleys, or of purple peaks, or of steely Bay turned crimson under the setting sun; or wreathing itself in whiteness to stand like a pale nun before the morning.

Dearest of all are the wild ways, and best of all are the wild days. It is one of the mysteries that humanity houses itself when it rains. Never is the smell of outdoors so sweet, never are colors so fine as in wet air. You know not what stuff is in you till you have battled with a tempest. You have never guessed Nature's tenderness till you have felt dropping rain on your face. You have never learned her ineffable peace till you have stood in the wilderness in the encompassing silence of falling snow. Then the wild things lose their fear. "Little things with lovely eyes" look out of the copses and make no move to run away; furry rabbits stop in your path, and golden-crowned sparrows hop about in the pouring rain, and with much bobbing of bright heads elect you to their stout-hearted company.

These are times when I forget I am of the conventional, and have a strenuous creed of golf and tennis to live up to on other days. Yet when the sun shines, down we shall plunge to the foxy links that lure us with high hopes and send us back without them. It is meet that sometimes we should toil; therefore were the Mount Hamilton Links invented and devised. They have furnished exercise for all the men of the staff for five years, — exercise with hoe and scuffle and rake and roller, and still the untamed ground-squirrel collects our balls into the depths of the earth;

still does the heaven-kissing hazard rise at every turn, and tempers and clubs and scores go down before him.

"What is a reasonable score for our links?" I ask of an expert from across the Continent. The Man from Midlothian mops his brow: "Eight hundred!" he says with conviction. I should have inquired before he had climbed "Mount Pisgah" and had fallen into the "Crocodile's Jaw!"

But this is golf; and the game, begun in earnest with the first fall rains, carries its enthusiasts far into spring, when the conquering march of rampant lupines and paint-brush and purple clover sweeps the brassey off the field. Nor at tennis, nor on the links, may the game absorb one utterly. When the hollow ball flies wild, and a player follows after it over the too near edge of a cañon, there again are the enchanting shadows stealing in a way quite new across Mount Day. Beyond the white domes, we know, Copernicus, sharp like a rock in rapids, cuts through the flying mist; far on the blue horizon the snowy Sierras rim the frozen east; while under our eyes in the west lies the shadowed Bay with the ships of the world at anchor. "Through the green" the meadow lark is singing the winter long his Exsultate Deo, while the great hawks in the air at play, rolling over and over, attack, retreat, and circle ever higher till they take their meteor flight into the invisible.

But if the winter so enchants, how does the spring entice! In at the window flutes the rock wren, "See, see, see!" And up in the oaks the ash-throat chuckles, "Look! Look here!" In the Kepler cosses the thrasher chants and trills; by the Joaquin trail the buntings swing like scintillant jewels; while in the shimmering maples the grosbeaks warble an *Elisir d'Amore*, and act it, too, with consummate grace. Oh, we have our Tivolis and our Alcazars! And there are rivalries among the artists, and delicious human come-

dies in feathers, and little fights in the wings; but you would miss the cheap pretense and the tinsel and the paint you pay two dollars a seat to see, O my Critic of the Pitying Voice!

But you will be saying this is far afield. What of the housekeeper and her house that she can no more escape than the snail his shell? She thinks a little further ahead, that is all; she uses a little longer prevision. Even in practical affairs the touch of the unique obtains. We market with the invisible, and we pay with invisible coin. The World that somehow sends us our beef and mutton daily is but a voice at the telephone, and a sense of the uncanny still clings to that elfish toy which has so emancipated us from the time-consuming mails, — the prompt small voice out of the silence that is Humanity's response to our call.

We live in the shadow of the great Observatory: it is very renowned, and we are very proud of it, — and have as little to do with it as possible. "What? You don't study astronomy? You don't work with your husband?" exclaims the shocked enthusiast. Chastened, I explain: If the women have a duty in a place like this, it is to bring variety into its life; to be intelligent concerning all that is being done, and interested of course, and to lend a helping hand when one really can help; but for the rest, to live in different interests and to resist the tendency to narrowness that is inevitable to isolation; in fine, to realize a home in the wilderness, and what we can of the wider culture, — this seems to us a plainer duty than hanging to the skirts of Science.

Yet the Great Telescope dominates us all: it shapes our ends; our talk is as likely to be "shop" as in any circle. The great glass never stands unused when the "seeing" is possible; Sundays, holidays, there is no exception, — not because there is any law to that effect, but because, if he knows that instrument is idle, an astronomer cannot

be kept away from it. The same is true of the whole equipment to an almost equal degree. There are lesser tyrants, and each is the law to the man who uses it. Therefore, when the hostess sends out her invitations for an evening, it is understood, no clouds, no party. Even in winter the mists are fickle, and after a day of gloom, may settle and leave a sky resplendent. Hence social functions are likely to be impromptu, and as the years go on, the charm of the fire-side and the books that so invite grows dearer, without doubt. Indeed, as a dear old German woman once put it, "It is well to be *goot friends mit yourself* on Mount Hamilton."

For there is the time of solitude, the time of the summer regnant, when the astronomers work all of the night and sleep most of the day; when the yellow sun never veils its relentless glare; when the yellow dust settles wide and deep; when the panting birds grow still in the copses; when the smoke of burning forests shuts down on the rim of the hills; when the land is parched, and the streams in the cañons fail. Then the wise woman gets to the seashore, but the obstinate one stays on, and learns what a wonderful thing is the sky at Mount Hamilton's best. Then the nights have a softness that Eastern summers know, without the enervate air. Then the heavens grow familiar, and the stars assume their names, and under their stately passing there is time to think, to feel, and to be one's self.

Then it depends on one's resources,

Gentle Critic, whether one comes to the state of Du Maurier's Bride and Groom who spent three weeks in the wilderness. Then the Bride sighs, "Would n't it be lovely if one of our friends would step in just now?" Says the Bridegroom, "Yes, or even an enemy!" But if the hunger is too much for us we send for you, O Guest, who never so charmed as in these solitudes. And sometimes without our asking, just by way of the gift of the gods, you come, and how various your names and how fragrant your memories! I see you now in review: the thoughtful guest who never lets us know because he means we shall take no trouble, — may he be some time perched twenty-eight miles from a lemon and the Queen step in to tea! There's the enthusiastic guest who has never looked down upon a cloud, — alas that he sometimes happens upon an inside view of one! And the worshipful guest to whom an astronomer is a being not of earth, — may he never outstay his illusion! The zealous guest, too, who perceives all our lacks and would have us a missionary station, adding naïvely, "There must be lots of ministers who would be glad to be entertained a week and give you a sermon!" But last and dearest is the delightful guest who brings a breath of all humanity and gives us speech of the great world. And he perceives that we, too, have our "concerns and duties;" that we, too, are trying to "play the man and perform them with laughter and kind faces." Heaven bless him, and bring him again and often!

Ethel Fountain Hussey.

THE VOICE OF THE SCHOLAR.

THE greatest need of popular government is the University. The greatest need of higher education is Democracy. The scholar and the man must work together. The free man must be a scholar. The scholar must be a man.

It is not the necessary function of Democracy to do anything very well. There is nothing in collective effort which insures right action. Its function is to develop intelligence and patriotism through doing for ourselves all things possible

which concern us individually or collectively. To take responsibility is the surest way to rise to it, but the time may be long and errors may be costly. Courage and willingness do not guarantee success. Exact knowledge and thorough training are essential to right results. In these regards, Democracy is, in the nature of things, deficient. These the University must contribute. Government by the people needs its trained and educated men more than any other kind of government; for while monarchy seeks far and wide for strong men and wise to be used as its tools, strength and wisdom are the daily life of successful Democracy. But Democracy is always prone to undervalue wise men, and imagines vainly that it can get along well enough without their help.

On the other hand the University needs the people. In their wants and their uplifting it finds the best reason for its existence. "The bath of the people," which Lincoln said was good for public men, is essential to the University. It keeps it in touch with life. It holds it to humanity.

Those who regard higher education as a social ornament, valueless except as a badge for the delight of its possessor, and those who regard culture as the private perquisite of the elect few, are alike in the wrong. The presence of men of culture and training raises the value of everything about them. It insures the success of enterprise, the safety of person and property, the contact with righteousness of thought and action which is the mainspring of right thought and right deed in the future.

Moreover if clear thinking with clean living is good for the elect few, it is equally good for the mutable many. Culture not only raises the man above the mass, it turns the masses into men. That the multitude may imagine themselves men before they hold a man's grasp on life is the grievous danger of Democracy. Here again the University plays its part, teaching the relative value of ideals. Under

its criticism men learn that good results are better than good intentions, and that they demand a far higher order of skill and courage.

I heard a man say the other day that the university men were not on his side of a certain question. In fact, he said, the college men are always on the contrary side of every question. This is probably true in the sense he meant; for it is the province of college men to judge intentions and pretenses by ultimate results. When the final end, according to the experience of human wisdom, is sure to be bad, wise men must oppose the beginning. The Universities have many times stood in opposition to the popular feeling of the time, but they have rarely found condemnation in the final verdict of history. Only he who has studied the affairs of men critically, impartially, coldly, can discover the real trend of forces in the movements of to-day. This the University has means to do. It does not carry elections. It has seldom tried to do so, for the results of an election play a very small part in the evolution of Democracy: not to carry elections, but rather to carry wisdom to the people; that is something worth doing. The words of experience which are wasted in the noise of the hustings become potent as the tumult passes by.

The people suffer many ills in our social order, for most of which they only are responsible. Because men are not wise, they know not what to do. In ignorance and weakness they find themselves the sport of Fate, the flotsam of "manifest destiny," the victims of evils that wisdom and virtue instinctively avoid.

Next to knowing what to do is the willingness to believe that some one else possesses this knowledge. Skepticism as to the existence of skill and intolerance toward the possessor of knowledge are common features of Democracy. This is its vulgar side, the disposition to do mean things in a mean way, doubting that there exist any better things or better ways of

doing them. Through this kind of vulgarity, the average American is his own physician, healing himself with drugs of which he does not even know the name. As a result, he suffers half his life from self-inflicted poisoning. The American is his own architect, and for this reason our cities are filled with buildings in which nightmares might house, were it not for their fresh paint and smart ornamentation. The American is his own statesman, following his own impulses, guided by his own prejudices. Thus he fills the land of the free with oppression and injustice. When he can no longer shut his eyes to the misery he has wrought he falls back on his good intentions, casting the blame for his blunders on impersonal destiny.

The sense of personal responsibility and personal adequacy, which Democracy gives, is of vital importance in the development of man. But it has its bad side as well as its good. It is the function of the University to struggle against the bad, day and night, in season and out of season, to convert it into the other. That vulgarity is free to express itself in our system does not exalt vulgarity. In the long run, vulgarity finds its surest cure in freedom.

The people at large even yet do not understand nor value knowledge and power. Only those who know well and see clearly can do well. Knowledge does not flatter or coddle, and men take to that which pleases them. The fact that the majority do not believe in knowledge is the reason why the University must always be in opposition to prevailing sentiment and current action. "When were the good and true ever in the majority?" There are not many of those who speak and write on public affairs who really care for what is just. The interest of most men lies in the success of the "cause." But the cause, whatever it may be, is only an incident in intellectual awakening, a mere episode in social development. It is in the actual truth

that the public weal is bound up. No honest or worthy cause appeals to the self-pity of those it addresses. All calls to the weakness, or vanity, or prejudice, or passion of men are dishonest. All dishonesty results in evil. Virtue that can last rests on growing honesty and growing wisdom. Because the University stands for the free search for truth, its influence must be opposed to that of passion and prejudice. It must be above the heats of the hour, and therefore in some degree antagonistic to them. Thus, those who strive on the sands of the arena find the University distant and cold. This again is its danger, that it shall be cold and distant. Never to "vex at the land's ridiculous miserie" was an old ideal of the University. It is an ideal long cherished in the great Universities of England. But it was never a worthy ideal. To exist for the needs of the people is a mission worthy of Oxford or of Harvard or of Berlin. It is the final, highest function of all the glorious brotherhood of plain life and high thought.

To keep up wisdom among men is the natural function of the University. The need of the times is not of men to die for the right, but of men to live for it. Not of men to oppose popular feeling, nor even to rouse the public conscience. Better than this, is to train the public thought. What we want is not a revival of zeal, not even for the cause of righteousness. It is rather a revival of wisdom. This is followed by no chill nor backsliding, while zeal, however well-meaning, is subject to ebbs and flows.

I heard a very rich man say not long ago that he had no faith in higher education. "Nine college men out of every ten," he said, "build up a wall between themselves and life." By life, he seemed to mean the business of making money. If this be life, the statement may be true; but judged even by this standard, we must believe that the college men who thrust themselves upon his notice were not typical of their kind. Some people

look upon men as useful only as they can use them. The rest are merely competing organisms, poor beggars who ought to be got under ground as soon as possible, to "save the cost of their keep." But it is not true that most college men build up a wall between themselves and life. If true in any individual case, it is because the man was not worth educating, or because the education was itself spurious. For higher education cannot make a man where manhood did not exist before. It can only take a man already created, and raise him to higher effectiveness. Moreover, there are frauds and imitations in education as well as anywhere else, and misfit articles are thrown on the market, cheap, every day. It is said that "our schools which teach young people to talk do not teach them how to live." This would mean that some schools are shams, not giving real education. But it is not by mistakes and misfits that higher education is to be judged. It is by its finished and adapted product. In every walk in life the higher education works to the benefit of humanity. The man who knows one thing well can do it well. His presence in life is a help to his neighbor. He does not enter into competition, but into elevation. He makes the business of living respectable.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for March, 1899, Dr. William DeWitt Hyde has given a striking account of the value of the life-work of a single scholar, the honored President of Harvard.

"No one," says Dr. Hyde, "can begin to measure the gain to civilization and human happiness his services have wrought. . . . His leadership has doubled the rate of educational advance not in Harvard alone, but throughout the United States. He has sought to extend the helping hand of sympathy and appreciation to every struggling capacity in the humblest grammar grade; to stimulate it into joyous blossoming under the sunshine of congenial studies throughout the secondary years; to

bring it to a sturdy and sound maturity in the atmosphere of liberty in college life; and finally, by stern selection and thorough specialization, to gather a harvest of experts in all the higher walks of life, on whose skill, knowledge, integrity, and self-sacrifice their less trained fellows can implicitly rely for higher instruction, professional counsel, and public leadership. In consequence of these comprehensive reforms, we see the first beginnings of a rational and universal church, not separate from existing sects, but permeating all; property rights in all their subtle forms are more secure and well defined; hundreds of persons are alive to-day who under physicians of inferior training would have died long ago; thousands of college students have had quickened within them a keen intellectual interest, an earnest spiritual purpose, a 'personal power in action under responsibility,' who under the old régime would have remained listless and indifferent; tens of thousands of boys and girls in secondary schools can expand their hearts and minds with science and history and the languages of other lands, who but for President Eliot would have been doomed to the monotonous treadmill of formal studies for which they have no aptitude or taste; and, as the years go by, hundreds of thousands of the children of the poor, in the precious tender years before their early drafting into lives of drudgery and toil, in place of the dry husks of superfluous arithmetic, the thrice-threshed straw of unessential grammar, and the innutritious shells of unrememberable geographical details, will get some brief glimpse of the wondrous loveliness of Nature and her laws, some slight touch of inspiration from the words and deeds of the world's wisest and bravest men, to carry with them as a heritage to brighten their future humble homes and gladden all their after-lives. In such 'good measure, pressed down, shaken together, running over,' has there

been given to this great educational reformer, in return for thirty years of generous and steadfast service of his University, his fellow men, his country, and his God, what, in true Puritan simplicity, he calls 'that finest luxury, to do some perpetual good in this world.' "

Not long since one of our writers expressed regret at the numbers of young men sent forth each year from the Universities to swell the educated proletariat of America. His assumption is that each is to scramble for his living, struggling with his competitors, dissatisfied because his ambitions far outrun every possible achievement. The very reverse of this is the fact in America, whatever may be the case elsewhere, as, for instance, in the "bedridden officialism of France." The man of character who is educated aright finds very soon his place in our community. Before he came he may not have been wanted, but once in his position, everybody seems looking for him. The college men of America need no help and no pity from any source. They can take care of themselves, and they can take care of others. To them, as to Emerson, "America means opportunity," and there are more opportunities to-day than ever before to the man who is able to grasp them. But to grasp the greater opportunities, the first essential is not to despise the small ones. An education that turns a man away from any honest work, however humble, that lies in the line of duty, is not sound education. That some education is unsound, and some men are unmanly, in nowise shows that real training does not strengthen real men.

Each year, it is true, makes higher demands. There are not so many things worth having to be had for the simple asking. This is because the nation is growing more critical. It is beginning to demand fitness, not alone mere willingness. The opportunities it has to offer are falling into the hands of trained

men, and these men demand still higher training from those who are to be their successors.

A skilled engineer will not choose as his assistant and successor a man who knows wheels and engines only by rule of thumb. An educated chemist will not make way for a druggist's clerk, nor a graduate of West Point for a politician's parasite, whose military training was gained as elevator boy or as driver of a beer wagon. Training counts alike in all walks of life, in a Democracy not less than in an empire. As the people come to understand the reality of knowledge, so will they learn to appreciate its worth.

Another very rich man doubts the value of college education; at the same time he places the highest estimate on applied chemistry, because through the skill of the chemist employed in his steel manufactory he laid the foundations of his own wealth. But applied chemistry rests on the broader chemistry not yet applied, and is a part of higher knowledge. To train chemists is likewise a part of the higher education. Higher education consists no longer, as many seem to suppose, in writing Latin verses and in reading mythology in Greek. These things have their place, and a great place in the history of culture, but it is to "Greek-minded men and Roman-minded men" that they belong. They form no longer the sole avenue by which the goal of the scholar can be reached.

The keynote of the modern University is its usefulness. Its help is no longer limited to one kind of man or to one kind of ability, cramping or excluding all others. It welcomes "every ray of varied genius to its hospitable halls." It is its highest pride that no man who brings to its classrooms brains and courage is ever turned away unhelped.

Because of this broadening of university ideals, there are ten college students in our country to-day where there was one twenty years ago. For this reason,

the same twenty years have witnessed a marvelous expansion in all Universities where generous ideals have found lodgment.

Where the old notion that all culture runs in a single groove still obtains; where it is attempted to train all men by one process, whatever this process be, there is no growth in numbers, no extension of influence, no sign of greater abundance of life. Just in proportion as constructive individualism in education has been a guiding principle have our Universities grown in numbers and in influence. In this proportion and for this reason have they deserved to grow. For this reason James Bryce declares that of all results of Democracy, the American University offers the largest promise for the future.

The scholar in the true sense is the man or woman for whom the schools have done their best. The scholar knows some one thing thoroughly, and can carry his knowledge into action. With this, he must have such knowledge of related subjects and of human life as will throw this special knowledge into proper perspective. Anything less than this is not scholarship. The man with knowledge and no perspective is a crank, a disturber of the peace, who needs a guardian to make his knowledge useful. The man who has common sense, but no special training, may be a fair citizen, but he can exert little influence that makes for progress. There may be a wisdom not of books, but it can be won by no easy process. To gain wisdom or skill, in school or out, is education. To do anything well requires special knowledge, and this is scholarship whether attained in the University or in the school of life. It is the man who knows that has the right to speak.

That the monarchy needs the University has been recognized ever since culture began. The Universities of Europe were founded by the great kings; the wiser the king the more he felt the need

of scholars as his helpers. So Alfred founded Oxford, and Charlemagne the University of Paris, while the founder of the University of Berlin well deserved the name of "Great," even though it were for nothing else. In the darkest days of Holland, William the Silent erected the University of Leyden. He needed it in his struggle against Spain. He needed it in the warfare for independence. A University breeds free men, men whom physical force cannot bind.

But the need of the monarchy for men of high culture and exact training is less than that of the Democracy. Under a monarchy such men must hold office. In a Democracy they must hold the people. They must form fixed points in the civic mass, units of intelligence, not to be bribed nor stampeded.

The presence of the king is not the essential feature of a monarchy. It is the absence of the people. Where the people are not consulted, it is not vital to the government that they be wise, nor even that wise men should be among them. In fact, they are more easily handled without this kind of obstruction. Therefore the tendency of the monarchy is to separate the men from the mass, as we might choose the sheep from among the goats. But in a Democracy, those who are ruled must also rule. They have no less need of individual wisdom, but they must have it diffused among themselves, not concentrated in a ruling class. Nothing can be done for a Democracy save what the people do for themselves. It is impossible to provide for it an educated oligarchy. Its public servants are of its own kind. They must be its agents or its attorneys, in no sense its rulers, not often even its leaders. For the most part, therefore, the wisest men in the Democracy will not be in office. The voice of wisdom should rise from the body of the people to the throne of power. When a Democracy needs a leader in the seat of authority, it is because it has in one fashion or other gone out of its way. Going

out of its way, it has come to a crisis. The cause of every crisis, in a Democracy, is a mistake of one sort or another. A crisis arises with a question of right and wrong. Such a question never becomes a burning one unless the popular feeling has somewhere gone wrong and worked itself out in wrong action.

When this is the case, it is the scholar's business to know it. He is the sensitive barometer who feels first the lowered pressure of rejected duty, the first warning of the coming storm. The warning he gives, his neighbors will not receive with favor. He will not receive a "donation party," nor a vote of thanks, nor a new pair of boots for giving it expression, but it is his business to speak, and he cannot remain a scholar if he takes refuge in silence. Dr. Norman Bridge has well expressed a similar thought in these words:—

"The mere fact that one or two men in a hundred are known to be uninfluenced by the clamors of any rabble, good or bad, is to any community a force of unspeakable value. The excitable ones know well that the fiftieth man must be met and conciliated or overcome in any hot-headed movement. He is a factor as a voter and a citizen that cannot be ignored, and he exercises a wholesome, regulating, and modifying, often repressive influence on the hasty tendencies of the crowd. The thieves of the public treasury, of all classes and shades, are afraid of him. Even one forceful man in a hundred thousand may have an amazing influence on public affairs, if he has the time and inclination to devote to disinterested care of the public interests. There are a few such men in each of our large cities. In one of the large centres of the East a wealthy man of leisure was for many years a terror to the hot-headed and to the filchers of the public, and solely because he gave himself to the task, and they knew they would have to meet him at every turn. This one man in the multitude may be called a croaker or a

fossil, but often he is the sole force that is able to check the rising of the mob or the stampede of the army, or to compel men to stop and think before taking action that may be hasty or regrettable."

The scholar will not go far out of his way in matters of this kind. Because his knowledge is intense, it must correspondingly be narrow. The tendencies to good and evil in our social condition are so varied and so intertangled that those who trace out the relations of one set of combinations must perforce neglect the others. The scholar who raises his voice against unjust or unwise taxation may be silent on the question of misapplied charity. The scholar who becomes an authority on the purity of water cannot be an equal judge of the purity of elections. The expert on electricity is not necessarily the best judge of ghost stories. He may be so, but we cannot expect it. Each must do his own part in his own way in his own section of the field of knowledge. Each must say his own word as his own truth comes to him, though he know that his own times may let it pass unheeded, and though he know that his voice may be overborne by the louder tones of mere pretenders to knowledge. For it is one of the conditions of Democracy that wisdom and its counterfeit go along together side by side. There can be no tag or label to mark one from the other, and the people would not heed it if there were. We can only know wisdom from imposition by its results, or by the test of our own wisdom. The government cannot brand a Keeley, lest the public mistake him for a Faraday. A Tesla and a Helmholtz pass as great alike, and in the public mind he is greatest whose name is oftenest in the daily newspapers. All this is well. It is better for men to choose the voice of wisdom for themselves rather than to have it infallibly pointed out to them by the government. For the seat of wisdom is in the individual soul, and it grows through individual effort.

The scholar is silent for the most part

in the rush and hurry of the world. When he has no reason for speaking he reserves his strength for his own due season and his own line of action. But he must be free to speak when needs arise. He cannot breathe in confined air, and his speech or his silence must be at his own will, subject to his own conscience and to the demands of truth.

In our days men talk too much, in the papers, in the magazines, in the open atmosphere. They fill the literary air with vain shoutings. But there can never be too clear or too frequent statements of the results of real knowledge. The old elementary truths of justice and humanity need to be recalled to us day after day, while on the other hand, the discoveries of science give us every day better tools and surer command over the forces of Nature. The voice of the oldest and the newest must together somehow reach our ears, if our actions are to be righteous and our enterprises successful.

To the scholar we must look for this. Only he who knows for himself some truth which rests on the foundations of the Universe has a right to the name of scholar. And the scholar will speak when the time comes for speaking. Whatever our creeds and conventions, he will break through them with the truth. He can never afford to do less, if the truth he utters be really his own and the outcome of his own contact with the powers that never lie. No authority can bend him to silence; no title can bribe him; no force can close his mouth. He must, if need be, have the spirit of the martyr. He must consider, not the consequences to himself, to his business, to society, — only the demands of truth.

That the scholar must speak, again emphasizes his need of common sense. Common sense is that instinct which throws all knowledge into right perspective. It rests on sound habits of orientation. He who knows where the sun rises never fails to make out all the other points of the compass. This power the schools

alone cannot give. They can strengthen it, but they cannot create it, and they must not take it away. It is the foundation of all true culture, for science is only enlightened common sense.

As a part of common sense, the scholar must distinguish his truth from his opinions. He must not mistake for the eternal verity his own prejudice, his own ambition, or his own desire. For he is human on all his human sides, and is subject to temptations that master other men. He is in better form to resist, no doubt, but that does not insure immunity. Moreover, his truth may be only half truth at the best, and the other half truths may seem to contradict it. To know a half truth from a whole one is the part of common sense, but common sense is a possession still more rare than learning. When scholars forget, their voices arise in discord, and this discord casts discredit over knowledge. When half truths are set off one against another, we may find displayed all the vulgarity of intolerance in quarters where intolerance should be unknown. All this should teach the scholar modesty. It should warn him of the need of charity, but it should not silence his voice.

He must speak, he will speak, and it is for the safety of Democracy that sooner or later his word is triumphant. The final outcome of all action rests with the educated man. Not all the politicians of all the parties in all the republics have secured so many final victories in thought and action as the Universities.

I read lately an attempt to show that the scholar or the clergyman should never write or speak on any public or passing question, lest he expose himself to criticism, or find his personality tumbled about in the dust of the political arena. The clergyman devotes his life to the study of moral questions in the light of religion. The scholar devotes himself to the study of truth wherever found and to the ways by which truth may be available to men. If the scholar and the

clergyman are to be silent on questions of vital interest to men, who indeed is to speak? Is it the politician of the day, a mere echo without an idea of his own? Is it the man of money who may have an axe to grind in every movement in public affairs, or who again may be seeking undisturbed possession of that which justice would place in other hands? Is it the popular agitator to whom the social order is one long fit of hysteria? Must we confine all public utterance to those whose passions are excited or whose interests are touched? Shall Emerson and Lowell, Theodore Parker and Phillips Brooks, Eliot and Butler, be silent when the fighting editor speaks?

The scholar should be above all influences of passion or profit. He should speak for the clear, hard, unyielding, unflattering, un pitying truth. If he enters the arena, he must as a man take his chances with the rest. His thoughts must be his only weapon. Passion, rhetoric, satire, these are arms for weaker men to use, not for the scholar. His only sword is the truth. His personal credentials may be challenged. He will meet the scorn of men who do not know the truth when they see it, and to whom thought seems but a puny weapon. More than this, he will meet, as adversaries, scholars, real or pretended, men who see the truth from a single side, or who have never seen it at all, yet feign to be its defenders.

As to all this, the scholar must be patient. If he is right, the ages will find him out. If he is wrong, the fault is with his own weakness, not with truth. He must be loyal to the best he knows, caring no more for majorities than the stars do, unshaken by feeling, by tradition, or by fear. The voice of a clamorous mob on the one hand is no more to him than the dictum of a pope or a king, or all antiquity. Nor is it less; for these are matters not to be taken in evidence when the scholar makes his final decision.

The rabble of to-day which the scholar has to face is not the rabble of yesterday. The axe and the fagot, the club and the paving-stone, have as means of argument gone out of date. The weapon of the mob of to-day is mud. When a scholar stands for unwelcome truth, the answer of the day is personal abuse. To a man the rabble cannot understand are ascribed all the vulgar motives of the rabble. His words and his teachings are distorted and vulgarized until the multitude recognize them as brought down to their own level.

In this gloomy outlook two facts may console the scholar. To Truth's marble statue mud will never cling. Men without brains have no permanent influence. A little patience and the storm will pass by. When the air clears, with Emerson the scholar shall again behold above him, "the gods sitting on their thrones, they alone and he alone."

We say sometimes that certain scholars have the right to be heard. But one thing can give this right, and that is the value of what they have to say. This may be judged by the soundness of their lives and the breadth of their previous experiences. This right must be won by merit, not claimed as a privilege. The duty to proclaim truth belongs to him who has shown that he knows Truth when he sees her, and that he knows how to find her when he does not see her. It cannot exist in full degree for men without experience in life, for men who live in a visionary world, for men whose ready eloquence takes the place of science. The youth's fitness to speak usually dates from the period when he makes the discovery that he is not yet ready. It is not the fear of the public, of the press, of the rich, or of the poor, that should deter a young man from rash speaking. It is the fear that he may not tell the truth, the fear that he may mislead others or bring reproach on himself or on his colleagues by undue proclamation of his own crudity. The Universities of the world have shown that

they fear neither man nor devil, if a struggle for principle is on. But this they do fear, that in the multiplicity of speech and writing for which they are held responsible the truth shall be lost in the heat of controversy or concealed in meshes of eloquence. The University must stand for infinite patience and the calm discussion of the ideas and ideals which it must leave to men of action to frame into deeds. The passionate appeal is not part of its function. That politics may not creep into the University, it is necessary that men of the University shall not plunge into politics. This is not because the University is afraid of reprisals. The politicians of the hour cannot hurt it much. It is rather that

the University fears degeneration within itself if its energies are turned largely into temporary or "timely" ends.

The function of the University in affairs of the day must be essentially judicial. This does not mean that the scholar should be silent in times of moral issues. Now and then it is his duty to take the great bull of Public Opinion by the horns, regardless of results to himself or his associates. All honor to the scholar who recognizes the moment of decision and seizes it regardless of what follows to himself or others. But such moments come not every day, and the small battles of society must be fought by men of action who enroll themselves under banners which flutter for the hour.

David Starr Jordan.

ON MOUNT HAMILTON.

ATOP a bold crag, cloudward piled, alone,
 O'erwatching far-flung valleys, dim and blue,
 Serried with ridge on ridge to bound the view,
 A band of warders scan the vasty zone
 Where Night's innumerable hosts are strown
 Wide through the universe, in orbits true,
 Hurled from the fire-mist, whence they grandly grew,
 To bournes of darkness in the void unknown.

What seekest thou, O watchers of the vast?
 The whirlwind of Orion's fiery mist,
 The trackless comet proudly steering past,
 Star-twins that roll in wonder as they list?
 Lo, thou art peering with thy giant eye
 On God's great workshop in the silent sky!

Charles Keeler.

THE GOLD-HUNTERS OF THE NORTH.

"Where the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance on the houseless snow."

"IVAN, I forbid you to go farther in this undertaking. Not a word about this, or we are all undone. Let the Americans and the English know that we have gold in these mountains, then we are ruined. They will rush in on us by thousands, and crowd us to the wall — to the death."

So spoke the old Russian governor, Baranov, at Sitka, in 1804, to one of his Slavonian hunters, who had just drawn from his pocket a handful of golden nuggets. Full well Baranov, fur-trader and autocrat, understood and feared the coming of the sturdy, indomitable gold-hunters of Anglo-Saxon stock. And thus he suppressed the news, as did the governors that followed him, so that when the United States bought Alaska in 1867, she bought it for its furs and fisheries, without a thought of its treasures underground.

No sooner, however, had Alaska become American soil than thousands of our adventurers were afoot and afloat for the north. They were the men of "the days of gold," the men of California, Fraser, Cassiar, and Cariboo. With the mysterious, infinite faith of the prospector, they believed that the gold streak, which ran through the Americas from Cape Horn to California, did not " peter out " in British Columbia. That it extended farther north, was their creed, and " Farther North ! " became their cry. No time was lost, and in the early seventies, leaving the Treadwell and the Silver Bow Basin to be discovered by those who came after, they went plunging on into the white unknown. North, farther north, till their picks rang in the frozen beaches of the Arctic Ocean, and they shivered by drift-wood fires on the ruby sands of Nome.

But first, in order that this colossal adventure may be fully grasped, the recent-

ness and the remoteness of Alaska must be emphasized. The interior of Alaska and the contiguous Canadian territory was a vast wilderness. Its hundreds of thousands of square miles were as dark and chartless as Darkest Africa. In 1847, when the first Hudson Bay Company agents crossed over the Rockies from the Mackenzie to poach on the preserves of the Russian Bear, they thought that the Yukon flowed north and emptied into the Arctic Ocean. Hundreds of miles below, however, were the outposts of the Russian traders. They, in turn, did not know where the Yukon had its source, and it was not till later that Russ and Saxon learned that it was the same mighty stream they were occupying. In 1850, Lieutenant Barnard, of the English navy, in search of Sir John Franklin, was killed in a massacre of Russians at Nulato, on the Lower Yukon. And a little over ten years later, Frederick Whymper voyaged up the Great Bend to Fort Yukon under the Arctic Circle.

From fort to fort, from York Factory on Hudson's Bay to Fort Yukon in Alaska, the English traders transported their goods, — a round trip requiring from a year to a year and a half. It was one of their deserters, in 1867, escaping down the Yukon to Bering Sea, who was the first white man to make the Northwest Passage by land from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was at this time that the first accurate description of a fair portion of the Yukon was given by Dr. W. H. Ball, of the Smithsonian Institution. But even he had never seen its source, and it was not given him to appreciate the marvel of that great natural highway.

No more remarkable river in this one particular is there in the world, — taking its rise in Crater Lake, thirty miles from the ocean, the Yukon flows for twenty-

five hundred miles, through the heart of the continent, ere it empties into the sea. A portage of thirty miles, and then a highway for traffic one tenth the girth of the earth!

As late as 1869, Frederick Whymper, fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, stated on hearsay, that the Chilcat Indians were believed occasionally to make a short portage across the Coast Range from salt water to the head-reaches of the Yukon. But it remained for a gold-hunter, questing north, ever north, to be first of all white men to cross the terrible Chilcot Pass, and tap the Yukon at its head. This happened only the other day, but the man has become a dim legendary hero. Holt was his name, and already the mists of antiquity have wrapped about the time of his passage. 1872, 1874, and 1878 are the dates variously given, — a confusion which time will never clear.

Holt penetrated as far as the Hootalinqua, and on his return to the coast reported coarse gold. The next recorded adventurer is one Edward Bean, who in 1880 headed a party of twenty-five miners from Sitka into the uncharted land. And in the same year, other parties (now forgotten, for who remembers or ever hears the wanderings of the gold-hunters?) crossed the Pass, built boats out of the standing timber, and drifted down the Yukon and farther north.

And then, for a quarter of a century, the unknown and unsung heroes grappled with the frost, and groped for the gold they were sure lay somewhere among the shadows of the Pole. In the struggle with the terrifying and pitiless natural forces, they returned to the primitive, garmenting themselves in the skins of wild beasts, and covering their feet with the walrus *mucluc* and the moosehide moccasin. They forgot the world and its ways, as the world had forgotten them; killed their meat as they found it; feasted in plenty and starved in famine, and searched unceasingly for the yellow lure.

They crisscrossed the land in every direction, threaded countless unmapped rivers in precarious birch-bark canoes, and with snowshoes and dogs broke trail through thousands of miles of silent white, where man had never been. They struggled on, under the aurora borealis or the midnight sun, through temperatures that ranged from one hundred degrees above zero to eighty degrees below, living, in the grim humor of the land, on "rabbit tracks and salmon bellies."

To-day, a man may wander away from the trail for a hundred days, and just as he is congratulating himself that at last he is treading virgin soil, he will come upon some ancient and dilapidated cabin, and forget his disappointment in wonder at the man who reared the logs. Still, if one wanders from the trail far enough and deviously enough, he may chance upon a few thousand square miles which he may have all to himself. On the other hand, no matter how far and how deviously he may wander, the possibility always remains that he may stumble, not alone upon a deserted cabin, but upon an occupied one.

As an instance of this, and of the vastness of the land, no better case need be cited than that of Harry Maxwell. An able seaman, hailing from New Bedford, Massachusetts, his ship, the brig Fannie E. Lee, was pinched in the Arctic ice. Passing from whaleship to whaleship, he eventually turned up at Point Barrow in the summer of 1880. He was *north* of the Northland, and from this point of vantage he determined to pull south into the interior in search of gold. Across the mountains from Fort Macpherson, and a couple of hundred miles eastward from the Mackenzie, he built a cabin and established his headquarters. And here, for nineteen continuous years, he hunted his living and prospected. He ranged from the never-opening ice to the north as far south as the Great Slave Lake. Here he met Warburton Pike, the author and explorer, — an incident he now looks

back upon as chief among the few incidents of his solitary life.

When this sailor-miner had accumulated \$20,000 worth of dust he concluded that civilization was good enough for him, and proceeded "to pull for the outside." From the Mackenzie he went up the Little Peel to its headwaters, found a pass through the mountains, nearly starved to death on his way across to the Porcupine Hills, and eventually came out on the Yukon River, where he learned for the first time of the Yukon gold-hunters and their discoveries. Yet for twenty years they had been working there, his next-door neighbors, virtually, in a land of such great spaces. At Victoria, British Columbia, just previous to his going east over the Canadian Pacific (the existence of which he had just learned), he pregnantly remarked that he had faith in the Mackenzie watershed, and that he was going back after he had taken in the World's Fair, and got a whiff or two of civilization.

Faith! It may or may not remove mountains, but it has certainly made the Northland. No Christian martyr ever possessed greater faith than did the pioneers of Alaska. They never doubted the bleak and barren land. Those who came remained, and more ever came. They could not leave. They "knew" the gold was there, and they persisted. Somehow, the romance of the land and the quest entered into their blood, the spell of it gripped hold of them and would not let them go. Man after man of them, after the most terrible privation and suffering, shook the muck of the country from his moccasins and departed for good. But the following spring always found him drifting down the Yukon on the tail of the ice jams.

Jack McQuestion aptly vindicates the grip of the North. After a residence of thirty years he insists that the climate is delightful, and declares that whenever he makes a trip to the States he is afflicted with homesickness. Needless to say,

the North still has him and will keep tight hold of him until he dies. In fact, for him to die elsewhere would be inartistic and insincere. Of three of the "pioneer" pioneers, Jack McQuestion alone survives. In 1871, from one to seven years before Holt went over Chilcoot, in the company of Al Mayo and Arthur Harper, McQuestion came into the Yukon from the Northwest over the Hudson Bay Company route from the Mackenzie to Fort Yukon. The names of these three men, as their lives, are bound up in the history of the country, and so long as there be histories and charts, that long will the Mayo and McQuestion rivers and the Harper and Ladue town site of Dawson be remembered. As an agent of the Alaska Commercial Company, in 1873, McQuestion built Fort Reliance, six miles below the Klondike River. In 1898 the writer met Jack McQuestion at Minook, on the Lower Yukon. The old pioneer, though grizzled, was hale and hearty, and as optimistic as when he first journeyed into the land along the path of the Circle. And no man more beloved is there in all the North. There will be great sadness there when his soul goes questing on over the Last Divide, — "farther north," perhaps, — who can tell?

Frank Dinsmore is a fair sample of the men who made the Yukon Country. A Yankee, born in Auburn, Maine, the *Wanderlust* early laid him by the heels, and at sixteen he was heading west on the trail that led "farther north." He prospected in the Black Hills, Montana, and in the Cœur d'Alene, then heard the whisper of the North, and went up to Juneau on the Alaskan Panhandle. But the North still whispered, and more insistently, and he could not rest till he went over Chilcoot, and down into the mysterious Silent Land. This was in 1882, and he went down the chain of lakes, down the Yukon, up the Pelly, and tried his luck on the bars of McMillan River. In the fall, a perambulating skeleton, he came back over the Pass in a blizzard,

with a rag of a shirt, tattered overalls, and a handful of raw flour.

But he was unafraid. That winter he worked for a grubstake in Juneau, and the next spring found the heels of his moccasins turned toward salt water and his face toward Chilcoot. This was repeated the next spring, and the following spring, and the spring after that, until, in 1885, he went over the Pass for good. There was to be no return for him until he found the gold he sought.

The years came and went, but he remained true to his resolve. For eleven long years, with snowshoe and canoe, pickaxe and goldpan, he wrote out his life on the face of the land. Upper Yukon, Middle Yukon, Lower Yukon, — he prospected faithfully and well. His bed was anywhere. The sky was his coverlet. Winter or summer he carried neither tent nor stove, and his six-pound sleeping-robe of Arctic hare was the warmest thing he was ever known to possess. Rabbit tracks and salmon bellies were his diet with a vengeance, for he depended largely on his rifle and fishing tackle. His endurance equaled his courage. On a wager he lifted thirteen fifty-pound sacks of flour and walked off with them. Winding up a seven-hundred-mile trip on the ice with a forty-mile run, he came into camp at six o'clock in the evening and found a "squaw dance" under way. He should have been exhausted. Anyway, his muscles were frozen stiff. But he kicked them off and danced all night in stocking feet.

At the last fortune came to him. The quest was ended, and he gathered up his gold and pulled for the outside. And his own end was as fitting as that of his quest. Illness came upon him down in San Francisco, and his splendid life ebbed slowly out as he sat in his big easy-chair, in the Commercial Hotel, the "Yukoner's home." The doctors came, discussed, consulted, the while he matured more plans of Northland adventure; for the North still gripped him and would

not let him go. He grew weaker day by day, but each day he said, "To-morrow I'll be all right." Other old-timers, "out on furlough," came to see him. They wiped their eyes and swore under their breaths, then entered and talked largely and jovially about going in with him over the trail when spring came. But there in the big easy-chair it was that his Long Trail ended, and the life passed out of him still fixed on "farther north."

From the time of the first white man, famine loomed black and gloomy over the land. It was chronic with the Indians and Esquimos; it became chronic with the gold-hunters. It was ever present, and so it came about that life was commonly expressed in terms of "grub," — was measured by cups of flour. Each winter, eight months long, the heroes of the frost faced starvation. It became the custom, as fall drew on, for partners to cut the cards or draw straws to determine which should hit the hazardous trail for salt water, and which should remain and endure the hazardous darkness of the Arctic night.

There was never food enough to winter the whole population. The A. C. Company worked hard to freight up the grub, but the gold-hunters came faster and dared more audaciously. When the A. C. Company added a new stern-wheeler to its fleet, men said, "Now we shall have plenty." But more gold-hunters poured in over the passes to the South, more *voyageurs* and fur-traders forced a way through the Rockies from the East, more seal-hunters and coast adventurers poled up from Bering Sea on the West, more sailors deserted from the whaleships to the North, and they all starved together in right brotherly fashion. More steamers were added, but the tide of prospectors welled always in advance. Then the N. A. T. & T. Company came upon the scene, and both companies added steadily to their fleets. But it was the same old story; famine would not depart. In fact, famine grew with the population,

till, in the winter of 1897-98, the United States government was forced to equip a reindeer relief expedition. As of old, that winter partners cut the cards and drew straws, and remained or pulled for salt water as chance decided. They were wise of old time, and had learned never to figure on relief expeditions. They had heard of such things, but no mortal man of them had ever laid eyes on one.

The hard luck of other mining countries pales into insignificance before the hard luck of the North. And as for the hardship, it cannot be conveyed by printed page or word of mouth. No man may know who has not undergone. And those who have undergone, out of their knowledge claim that in the making of the world God grew tired, and when he came to the last barrowload, "just dumped it anyhow," and that was how Alaska happened to be. While no adequate conception of the life can be given to the stay-at-home, yet the men themselves sometimes give a clue to its rigors. One old Minook miner testified thus: "Have n't you noticed the expression on the faces of us fellows? You can tell a newcomer the minute you see him; he looks alive, enthusiastic, perhaps jolly. We old miners are always grave, unless we're drinking."

Another old-timer, out of the bitterness of a "home-mood," imagined himself a Martian astronomer explaining to a friend, with the aid of a powerful telescope, the institutions of the earth. "There are the continents," he indicated; "and up there near the polar cap is a country, frigid and burning and lonely and apart, called Alaska. Now in other countries and states there are great insane asylums, but, though crowded, they are insufficient; so there is Alaska given over to the worst cases. Now and then some poor insane creature comes to his senses in those awful solitudes, and, in wondering joy, escapes from the land and hastens back to his home. But most cases are incurable. They just suffer

along, poor devils, forgetting their former life quite, or recalling it like a dream." — Again the grip of the North, which will not let one go, — for "*most cases are incurable.*"

For a quarter of a century the battle with frost and famine went on. The very severity of the struggle with Nature seemed to make the gold-hunters kindly toward one another. The latch-string was always out, and the open hand was the order of the day. Distrust was unknown, and it was no hyperbole for a man to take the last shirt off his back for a comrade. Most significant of all, perhaps, in this connection, was the custom of the old days, that when August the first came around, the prospectors who had failed to locate "pay dirt" were permitted to go upon the ground of their more fortunate comrades and take out enough for the next year's grubstake.

In 1885 rich bar-washing was done on the Stewart River, and in 1886 Cassiar Bar was struck just below the mouth of the Hootalingqua. It was at this time that the first moderate strike was made on Forty Mile Creek, so called because it was judged to be that distance below Fort Reliance of Jack McQuestion fame. A prospector named Williams started for the outside with dogs and Indians to carry the news, but suffered such hardship on the summit of Chilcoot that he was carried dying into the store of Captain John Healy at Dyea. But he had brought the news through — *coarse gold!* Inside three months more than two hundred miners had passed in over Chilcoot, stampeding for Forty Mile. Find followed find, — Sixty Mile, Miller, Glacier, Birch, Franklin, and the Koyokuk. But they were all moderate discoveries, and the miners still dreamed and searched for the fabled stream, "Too Much Gold," where gold was so plentiful that gravel had to be shoveled into the sluice-boxes in order to wash it.

And all the time the Northland was preparing to play its own huge joke. It

was a great joke, albeit an exceeding bitter one, and it has led the old-timers to believe that the land is left in darkness the better part of the year because God goes away and leaves it to itself. After all the risk and toil and faithful endeavor, it was destined that few of the heroes should be in at the finish when 'Too Much Gold' turned its yellow belly to the stars.

First, there was Robert Henderson, — and this is true history. Henderson had faith in the Indian River district. For three years, by himself, depending mainly on his rifle, living on straight meat a large portion of the time, he prospected many of the Indian River tributaries, just missed finding the rich creeks, Sulphur and Dominion, and managed to make grub (poor grub) out of Quartz Creek and Australia Creek. Then he crossed the divide between Indian River and the Klondike, and on one of the "feeders" of the latter found eight cents to the pan. This was considered excellent in those simple days. Naming the creek "Gold Bottom," he recrossed the divide and got three men, Munson, Dalton, and Swanson, to return with him. The four took out \$750. And he it emphasized, and emphasized again, *that this was the first Klondike gold ever shoveled in and washed out.* And he it also emphasized, *that Robert Henderson was the discoverer of Klondike, all lies and hearsay tales to the contrary.*

Running out of grub, Henderson again recrossed the divide, and went down the Indian River and up the Yukon to Sixty Mile. Here Joe Ladue ran the trading post, and here Joe Ladue had originally grubstaked Henderson. Henderson told his tale, and a dozen men (all it contained) deserted the Post for the scene of his find. Also, Henderson persuaded a party of prospectors, bound for Stewart River, to forego their trip and go down and locate with him. He loaded his boat with supplies, drifted down the Yukon to

the mouth of the Klondike, and towed and poled up the Klondike to Gold Bottom. But at the mouth of the Klondike he met George Carmack, and thereby hangs the tale.

Carmack was a squawman. He was familiarly known as "Siwash" George, — a derogatory term which had arisen out of his affinity for the Indians. At the time Henderson encountered him he was catching salmon with his Indian wife and relatives on the site of what was to become Dawson, the Golden City of the Snows. Henderson, bubbling over with good will and prone to the open hand, told Carmack of his discovery. But Carmack was satisfied where he was. He was possessed by no overweening desire for the strenuous life. Salmon were good enough for him. But Henderson urged him to come on and locate, until, when he yielded, he wanted to take the whole tribe along. Henderson refused to stand for this, said that he must give the preference over Siwashes to his old Sixty Mile friends, and it is rumored, said some things about Siwashes that were not nice.

The next morning Henderson went on alone up the Klondike to Gold Bottom. Carmack, by this time aroused, took a short-cut afoot for the same place. Accompanied by his two Indian brothers-in-law, Skookum Jim and Tagish Charley, he went up Rabbit Creek (now Bonanza), crossed into Gold Bottom, and staked near Henderson's discovery. On the way up he had panned a few shovels on Rabbit Creek, and he showed Henderson "colors" he had obtained. Henderson made him promise, if he found anything on the way back, that he would send up one of the Indians with the news. Henderson also agreed to pay for this service, for he seemed to feel that they were on the verge of something big, and he wanted to make sure.

Carmack returned down Rabbit Creek. While he was taking a sleep on the bank about half a mile below the mouth of what was to be known as Eldorado,

Skookum Jim tried his luck, and from surface prospects got from ten cents to a dollar to the pan. Carmack and his brothers-in-law staked and "hit the high places" for Forty Mile, where they filed on the claims before Captain Constantine, and renamed the creek Bonanza. And Henderson was forgotten. No word of it reached him. Carmack broke his promise.

Weeks afterward, when Bonanza and Eldorado were staked from end to end and there was no more room, a party of late-comers pushed over the divide and down to Gold Bottom, where they found Henderson still at work. When they told him they were from Bonanza, he was nonplussed. He had never heard of such a place. But when they described it, he recognized it as Rabbit Creek. Then they told him of its marvelous richness, and, as Tappan Adney relates, when Henderson realized what he had lost through Carmack's treachery, "he threw down his shovel and went and sat on the bank, so sick at heart that it was some time before he could speak."

Then there were the rest of the old-timers, the men of Forty Mile and Circle City. At the time of the discovery, nearly all of them were over to the West at work in the old diggings or prospecting for new ones. As they said of themselves, they were the kind of men who are always caught out with forks when it rains soup. In the stampede that followed the news of Carmack's strike very few old miners took part. They were not there to take part. But the men who did go on the stampede were mainly the worthless ones, the newcomers, and the camp hangers-on. And while Bob Henderson plugged away to the East, and the heroes plugged away to the West, the greenhorns and rounders went up and staked Bonanza.

But the Northland was not yet done with its joke. When fall came on and the heroes returned to Forty Mile and to Circle City, they listened calmly to the

up-river tales of Siwash discoveries and loafers' prospects, and shook their heads. They judged by the calibre of the men interested, and branded it a bunco game. But glowing reports continued to trickle down the Yukon, and a few of the old-timers went up to see. They looked over the ground,—the unlikeliest place for gold in all their experience,—and they went down the river again, "leaving it to the Swedes."

Again the Northland turned the tables. The Alaskan gold-hunter is proverbial, not so much for his unveracity, as for his inability to tell the precise truth. In a country of exaggerations, he likewise is prone to hyperbolic description of things actual. But when it came to Klondike, he could not stretch the truth as fast as the truth itself stretched. Carmack first got a dollar pan. He lied when he said it was two dollars and a half. And when those who doubted him did get two-and-a-half pans, they said they were getting an ounce, and lo! ere the lie had fairly started on its way, they were getting, not one ounce, but five ounces. This they claimed was six ounces; but when they filled a pan of dirt to prove the lie, they washed out twelve ounces. And so it went. They continued valiantly to lie, but the truth continued to outrun them.

But the Northland's hyperborean laugh was not yet ended. When Bonanza was staked from mouth to source, those who had failed "to get in," disgruntled and sore, went up the "pups" and feeders. Eldorado was one of these feeders, and many men, after locating on it, turned their backs upon their claims and never gave them a second thought. One man sold a half-interest in five hundred feet of it for a sack of flour. Other owners wandered around trying to bunco men into buying them out for a song. And then Eldorado "showed up." It was far, far richer than Bonanza, with an average value of a thousand dollars a foot to every foot of it.

A Swede named Charley Anderson

had been at work on Miller Creek the year of the strike, and arrived in Dawson with a few hundred dollars. Two miners, who had staked No. 29 Eldorado, decided that he was the proper man upon whom to "unload." He was too canny to approach sober, so at considerable expense they got him drunk. Even then it was hard work, but they kept him befuddled for several days, and finally inveigled him into buying No. 29 for \$750. When Anderson sobered up, he wept at his folly, and pleaded to have his money back. But the men who had duped him were hard-hearted. They laughed at him, and kicked at themselves for not having tapped him for a couple of hundred more. Nothing remained for Anderson but to work the worthless ground. This he did, and out of it he took over three quarters of a million of dollars.

It was not till Frank Dinsmore, who already had big holdings on Birch Creek, took a hand, that the old-timers developed faith in the new diggings. Dinsmore received a letter from a man on the spot, calling it "the biggest thing in the world," and harnessed his dogs and went up to investigate. And when he sent a letter

back, saying that he had "never seen anything like it," Circle City for the first time believed, and at once was precipitated one of the wildest stampedes the country had ever seen or ever will see. Every dog was taken, many went without dogs, and even the women and children and weaklings hit the three hundred miles of ice through the long arctic night for the biggest thing in the world. It is related that twenty people, mostly cripples and unable to travel, were left in Circle City when the smoke of the last sled disappeared up the Yukon.

Since that time gold has been discovered in all manner of places, under the grass-roots of the hillside benches, in the bottom of Monte Cristo Island, and in the sands of the sea at Nome. And now the gold-hunter who knows his business shuns the "favorable looking" spots, confident in his hard-won knowledge that he will find the most gold in the least likely place. This is sometimes adduced to support the theory that the gold-hunters, rather than the explorers, are the men who will ultimately win to the Pole. Who knows? It is in their blood, and they are capable of it.

Jack London.

A LOCHINVAR OF THE EAST.

ANY one looking up at the Hong Far Restaurant would have known that something unusual was going on. The big gauze lanterns were new, and fresh lilies blossomed in vases of pale green porcelain, luminous as jade stones. Everywhere the gilding had been brightened and renewed. Hong Far was always spotless, but this day it fairly shone, for was not Ong Chee, son of Ong Wing, of age, and was not the entire aristocracy of the Quarter bidden to the great feast to be given in honor of his majority? All day the attendants at the fashion-

able eating-place had been hurrying up and down the polished stairway with burdens on their heads; all day savory incense had been floating from the kitchen, and white-bloused cooks had been succeeding one another in relays over the perspiring range, for the most expensive and elaborate of feasts was not a whit too good to grace this important occasion. Every difficult and expensive dish of the Chinese cuisine was upon the menu, for Ong Wing was rich, and it was rumored that the banquet would not cost less than five dollars a plate.

Besides the rice brandy, a great deal of French champagne had been carried in. Ong Wing's guests were to be, above all things, merry.

In the beautiful restaurant, with its elaborately carved gilt walls, through the interstices of which came the dull glow of ebony, five great tables were set,—at each round and polished board, twenty places. The table tops were of onyx, with carved ebony hanging like black lace from their edges, and the shining stools were dark as rosewood with a mirror-like polish.

At dark the candles were lighted in their great gauze houses. A child of six might have stood in any one of these giant lanterns. The soft glow gave the effect of a dozen full moons shining on the scene of jollity. In the corner near the balcony the orchestra was gathering, and, without any preliminary tuning or scraping, was setting up the long wail of tortured strings and the resonant reply of drum and sturdy brass. The conglomerate sound was terrible to Caucasian ears, but soothing, evidently, to Oriental ones, since numbers of the uninvited lingered below the windows to drink in rapturously this robust ensemble harmony.

By this time hacks had begun to rumble up the narrow street, — white men drove them, — and each carried two or three or four Chinese gentlemen in long blue or purple or plum-colored brocaded garments, which flapped about their silken-bound ankles as they briskly climbed the steps, frankly stared at by the unbidden on the pavement. Ong Wing and his handsome young son are welcoming the arriving guests at the head of the stairs, quite in Caucasian fashion. Presently the round tables are full of guests with aristocratic, or keen, or shrewd, or fat, comfortable faces, but all beautifully clothed and with beautiful, well-kept hands, which manipulate the ivory chopsticks with the extreme of deftness and delicacy.

Above the rasping music rises the

clatter of tongues. The bird's-nest soup comes on, twelve dollars a pound in China, and the epicures wag their heads approvingly, even while their words of praise die away before the excellence of a quail and bean salad, — the perfection of its kind. With the sprouts of young bamboo come renewed volleys of champagne. Perhaps this explains why the voices grow a bit louder, the laughter more hearty, and the toasts to the heir and the speech-making quite Western in their volubility.

Unnoted by the banqueters, the shrill voices of women had mingled themselves with the sharp screams of the orchestra; professional singing and dancing girls had come in from the most aristocratic resorts of the Quarter, and were adding the music of their high, falsetto voices, and the grace of their slender wrists and ankles, to the merriment of this memorable evening.

Ong Chee alone was not unmindful. He had noted the slave girls when they entered, had observed their smiling eyes and their daintily tinted cheeks. He saw the eyebrows so carefully narrowed by art; the glossy hair ornamented with gold and pearl and jade; the exquisite *sahms* of pink and green and lavender and yellow, delicate sleeve showing within sleeve, in a rainbow of pastel tints. He saw the long tapering fingers with the highly polished, inch-long nails, telling their tale of freedom from manual labor, and he saw, without realizing, that these are the most beautiful hands in the world, with their soft, creamy tints and their weight of translucent jade, set off by yellowest gold. Particularly he noted one pair of hands on which the jade and the chased rings and bracelets were of the finest, for some of these had been his gifts. As the eyes of the other men followed Yun Ho's graceful, rustling figure, Ong Chee knew a little spasm of jealousy; decidedly, one breathes in Occidental ideas through mere living on Occidental soil.

At last the banquet was over. Ong

Chee's health had been drunk so many times that his head was quite turned by it, and he felt like a college senior on Commencement Day. He did not know whether he should ever get down to earth again or not. The champagne, drunk from big water goblets, was all gone, and Ong Wing had heard at least a hundred times that his banquet had been an immense success. The carriages had taken the guests home through the narrow streets, not, however, until the silly young heart of Ong Chee had been lacerated by many open compliments to Yun Ho and careless inquiries as to where she lived, each one like a blow in the face to him.

Yun Ho was not only the prettiest slave, but new to the Quarter, and Ong Chee was in love with her. His father was rich enough to buy her, and would probably have humored his son so far, though Ong Chee knew that he would never consent to a marriage between them. Ong Chee would be expected to marry a little-foot woman in his own station in life, and though Ong Wing might listen to the suggestion of the beautiful Yun Ho as a second wife, it would be years before Ong Chee would be able to afford such an extravagance. In the meantime what might not happen to Yun Ho? Decidedly this being in love was a tiresome business and likely to complicate things. No one had ever heard before of a Chinese gentleman permitting love for a slave girl to interfere with his career, and Ong Chee was quite angry with himself. What would his father say? It was perhaps as well not to think about that.

Meanwhile little Yun Ho had gone home with her duenna to Gum Cook Alley. She stood before her mirror, slowly divesting herself of one exquisitely tinted blouse after another, until she looked more like a tea rose than ever, with her beautiful bare yellow arms, and her hands with their burden of good-luck jade and purest gold. Would the jade bring her luck, she wondered. She

smiled in the glass, removed the precious things from her hair, and folded herself away on the high, narrow bed like the berth in a ship's cabin, with long rows of polished boxes full of toilet secrets above her, and silken curtains hanging between her and the room.

The next morning, before the hairdresser had finished with Yun Ho, Ong Chee was in Gum Cook Alley, craving an audience. He had something on his mind, — something that must be submitted at once to Yun Ho. The youth of twenty-one knew well the story of the sixteen-year-old belle of Gum Cook Alley, — how the girl, sent by her parents to buy something in the market place of the tiny village on the river-bank, had been met by the aged Ah Ma, now her duenna and jailer. The old woman, always on the lookout for youth and good looks, had been struck by the child's beautiful, slanting eyes, her small mouth, — red without any rouge, — the pale, luminous, faintly yellow skin, and the abundant black hair; it seemed a shame that so much marketable loveliness, worth precisely so much a pound, should be wasted on this Chinese river-bank, likely to be swallowed any spring by the horrible, resistless Yellow Terror. Ah Ma worked herself into quite a frenzy in her unselfish desire to save this fragile bit of femininity from the spring freshets. So she smiled at the girl, addressed her in her own dialect, and, observing that she was more poorly dressed than others of her class, asked her if she would not like to go to California, which was full of rich Chinamen, to sell handkerchiefs on the street until some rich man took a fancy to her and married her. It was a fascinating picture that Ah Ma drew, and Yun Ho did not dare to go home for fear that her elderly admirer might change her mind. So the aged Ah Ma and the lovely runaway were housed in the steerage of the next steamer that sailed with her head to the East, and Yun Ho never saw the river villages of China again.

Nor, in truth, did she ever see the handkerchiefs which she was to sell, and but very little of the streets of San Francisco where her rich countrymen abounded, for Ah Ma sold her at once to Ah Fong, the slave dealer, for \$1650, which was a good price for a slave who had cost nothing but her passage money.

Yet unlike Ah Fong's other slaves, Yun Ho was not happy. She hated the house, she loathed her fine clothes, and she envied the hardest-working, small-pox-pitted, ugliest coolie-woman who passed,—envied her her freedom and the burden on her back, and the privilege of doing drudgery. It was the sad look in the young eyes and the discontent of the red mouth which had first attracted Ong Chee as he passed down the Alley, for Ong Chee had been sent to the American day school because his father wished his English to be faultless. Ong Wing would have been horrified had he known that his son had drunk in English ideas with the words that represented them. Happily, he did not know.

The reason for Ong Chee's visit to Yun Ho so early in the day after the enervating birthday feast was that he had thought it all out overnight, and had news of real importance to communicate. If only he could win her consent to his plans! Ah Ma smiled to see him, for she had not been unconscious of his glances the night before, and she had said to Ah Fong, "You will have an offer for Yun Ho from the Ong family,—mark my words. See that you get a good price for her,—she is worth at least \$2500." And Ah Fong had sworn at the old woman for her officiousness. As though one would take advice from a woman!

Ong Chee came close to Yun Ho and took her hand. The Golden Lily, as she was sometimes called, smiled into his eyes, for he was good to see, and they sat down on the carved stools, while Ong Chee talked long and earnestly. During the rest of that day Yun Ho seemed

less unhappy than usual, but if she was joyful in anticipation of another visit from Ong Chee her hope was not gratified, for he was not seen again in the Alley that day or the next. On the following day, however, he came again, and Yun Ho brightened wonderfully, and her drooping mouth lost some of its pathetic curve. His stay was brief, since he had an engagement, and early that evening he might have been seen taking a round-about course to a brick building on the hill which overlooks the Quarter, where his impatient ring was answered by a brisk young woman who ushered him into the sitting-room and sat down with him in serious converse. Presently, Ong Chee passed her a paper, and soon after they shook hands and parted, Ong Chee hurrying along the street and avoiding the street lamps.

Things were as usual in Gum Cook Alley the following day. Yun Ho dressed carefully, ate her meals, sent in from a near-by restaurant, with perfect Oriental stoicism, and showed a sad and impassive face to passers-by. What a loss to the Chinese stage that woman with such powers of repression should be excluded from the boards!

Toward five o'clock there was a commotion in the Alley. A carriage had stopped two blocks away, and from it had stepped two American ladies and a stout policeman. Up the Alley they came, turning hurriedly in at Ah Fong's place, for in those days, before white lookouts were employed, front doors stood open. But scarcely had the party turned in than there was a cry from the Chinese lookout within the hall, followed by a banging of doors, a shooting of bolts, a rattling of chains, and a falling into place of barricades. The picket had disappeared from the open wicket, and a yellow silk curtain had fallen where he had been sitting. The policeman was now joined by two others, and their brawny shoulders and a crowbar or two against the first iron-bound door forced it at last, only to

show another and still heavier one just beyond. The whole corridor was full of doors, and, meanwhile, beyond these barricades there was such a scampering and hurrying and shrieking as was scarcely believable. Every slave girl in the place vied with every other to see who could climb to the roof first, and the Highbinder, Ah Fong, whose property they were, seeing the flying feet and the white-stockinged ankles disappearing up the bamboo ladder, decided that this was an unprovoked raid, and that the Mission folk were out with a dragnet, not seeking any particular girl who had signified a desire to leave, but looking merely for girls in general, if there should happen to be any under age. And so Ah Fong, though he took to the roofs, too, was not very much alarmed, for he had taken care to have his slaves thoroughly terrified on this Mission question, and there was not a girl of them all who did not believe that the food at the Mission was poisoned, that the inmates were subjected to fearful tortures, and that those who survived these things were worked to death at the commonest and most menial occupations, fatal alike to beauty of hand and of face.

While the noise of stout blows and falling doors resounded through the house, Ah Fong marshaled his little company on the roof. All were there, — all but Yun Ho, most beautiful and valuable of his chattels.

"Where is Yun Ho?" he cried.

"She was too late to get to the roof," replied Ah Tai. "She was at the wicket when the white devils came, but I saw her pulling the rice mats over her as I came up the ladder, and she was completely hidden."

"Good," said Ah Fong; "she is too pretty to swell up and die from poisoned food."

Then the girls scattered to adjoining roofs and disappeared down their skylights, after a plan as carefully rehearsed as any fire-drill, and Ah Fong drew up the ladder, and, climbing

through a neighboring window, commenced to smoke peacefully, as though nothing at all had happened to disturb his serenity. A chance police officer, happening to come out on the roof, would never have dreamed that this peaceful Celestial was the owner of the house being raided below.

In the meantime the officers and the ladies had effected an entrance to the main room of the house, to find evidences of hasty flight all about, here a fancy pin, and there a little embroidered slipper, shed by some fleeing Cinderella, but never a sign of a slave girl.

"Oh, dear," said the younger of the two women, "I hope she did n't change her mind, or that they did n't suspect her and carry her off over the roofs."

"Well, that 's the way they 've gone, all right," said the officer, eyeing the skylight. "Ah Fong 's a clever devil, and I bet he had 'em well trained."

"Yes, but Yun Ho was expecting us to-day, and I did n't think she would stampede with the rest. We sent her word to hang back and give us some sign so that we might know her."

"Well, there 's nothing here, nor in the rooms beyond, sure enough," said the officer, "for I 've been through the house."

At that moment there came a faint cough, delicate and tiny, but the young woman heard it, and ran to the rice mats in the corner, calling, "Yun Ho! Yun Ho!" and from behind the mats came the prettiest young girl, with a charming red mouth and hands of old ivory laden with translucent jade and yellow gold. She looked up smilingly at the young missionary, and bashfully offered her hand as she breathed, rather than spoke, —

"Miss Camelon, Yun Ho, Ong Chee."

And Miss Cameron cried delightedly, "This is she! This is she!"

If the missionary had had more experience she would not have been so gleeful, since it was her tone more than her words which brought Ah Fong back from

his peaceful pipe in his neighbor's window; brought him back to the skylight and the bamboo ladder with even more celerity than he had exhibited in leaving the place, his yellow face growing dark with passion when he saw the policemen and the ladies in possession of the evidently willing Yun Ho. And as he saw that very desirable young lady departing with her new-found friends, he said, in eloquent Cantonese, things that made Yun Ho blanch in spite of herself, for he vowed to be revenged upon Ong Chee. And Ah Fong came of a noted Highbinder clan, and Yun Ho knew that he would keep his word.

Yun Ho was the prettiest girl who had ever been in the Mission, and one of the sweetest. Laziness, the curse of her sex and the mother of immorality, was no quality of hers, and every one, from the matron to the meanest scullery maid, saw that Yun Ho was going to make a perfect wife in that day when the little mirrors and the tiny bells should be sewed around the edge of her sahm, — mirrors in which a bride sees reflected her future happiness, and little bells to keep her always in tune. Yun Ho studied industriously, was content with cambric blouses instead of silk, and when Ong Chee came to see her, she received him modestly enough, and giggled in his presence under the eye of the official chaperon.

But a dubious thing had happened to Ong Chee. He had told his father of his infatuation, and though Ong Wing had threatened and stormed, the son had preserved his Oriental calm, combining with it more than Oriental obstinacy and firmness. Ong Wing had been obstinate too, and had issued an ultimatum. Ong Chee was to give up all thought of Yun Ho, or be disinherited, and this decision was made somewhat easier for Ong Wing because of the fact that his third wife had just presented him with a son, and this unexpected good fortune made it certain that his bones would not go

unworshipped. Ong Chee could be spared if he insisted upon setting up his own will; he was no longer an only son.

Ong Chee did insist. Very quietly he laid aside the fine raiment of his father's providing, — the mandarin cap and the silken hose, — and purchased the commoner garb of a workingman, the while he began to cast about to see what a young Oriental without capital or business experience might do to earn a living. Incidentally, he dropped the fine name of Ong Chee, which presupposed a pedigree, and took the name of Chew Bim, non-committal as Smith or Brown or Jones, and raising no false hopes in the breasts of those who heard.

Ong Chee had been bred for a merchant. It had never been expected that he would soil his fine hands with coarse work, but he had a pretty gift of cookery, and had he been an American would have taken to messing with chafing dishes in a bachelor apartment. As it was, he applied at an uptown hotel for a position as cook, became at once an assistant in the kitchen, and at the end of the year had attained a monthly wage which was quite a fortune in Oriental eyes.

There followed a very quiet wedding in the Mission chapel, which has witnessed many such affairs, and Yun Ho and her husband went to live in a single room in a house occupied by Christian Chinese, and were as happy as only two persons can be who have worked and waited and surmounted obstacles.

One secret Chew Bim kept from his wife. She knew, of course, that he had been disinherited because of her, and she was grateful in her shy, undemonstrative way, but she did not know that there was a price on his head. She knew that Chew Bim did not go abroad after dark. They lived on the edge of the Chinese Quarter, so that he was not obliged to thread the streets and alleys when he returned from work, and, except when he left the house in the morning and returned at night, he was never out of

doors. On Sundays, Yun Ho went to church, always with the girls from the Mission. Chew Bim professed nothing except love for her.

One day — it was Chew Bim's evening off — he was returning early from his work, and he slipped across Sacramento Street and turned into the narrow alley that led past the Mission to his home. He had seen Ah Fong leaning against a lamp-post just outside the Quarter, and he made a detour of two or three blocks, slipped through a narrow alley or two, and was just hurrying by the stone steps of the Mission, which had been Yun Ho's shelter, when a shot rang out. It was a sharp report, quickly followed by another, and Chew Bim clapped his hands to his breast and fell on the sloping walk in front of the House of Refuge. A man or two ran out from the corner grocery over the way; shirt-sleeved men hurried from a near-by lodging-house; and Miss Cameron and one or two of her girls rushed from the Mission.

"What is it?" Miss Cameron asked.

"Chink killed," said a bartender laconically.

Miss Cameron pressed her way through the crowd to where the man lay, and there was little Ong Chee with a red stream staining his workaday blouse.

"Oh, my poor Ong Chee!" cried the missionary, kneeling by his side, "I am so sorry. Are you much hurt? Poor Yun Ho."

The dim eyes focused themselves on the gentle face as Miss Cameron tenderly took the hand of the little cook, and he gasped out, —

"Ah Fong, he shot me and then he run. Oh, Miss Cameron, don't let them spoil my wife."

"We will take care of her," promised Miss Cameron. "Poor Ong Chee."

"There is money enough — you — take — it" — he said slowly, every word a gasp of pain.

"Yes, yes," she returned, pressing her handkerchief to stop the red flow.

Ill news travels fast. Yun Ho had already heard, and forgetting the command of her husband, never under any circumstances to leave the house alone, she was running along the alley, her soft-soled shoes making no noise, and when she reached the crowd, she threw herself on the sidewalk beside Miss Cameron, and took her husband's hand, while the tired eyes opened and looked at her with infinite compassion.

"Miss Cameron take care of you," was all he said.

The patrol wagon was coming now, and Ong Chee was lifted into it not ungently. Yun Ho and Miss Cameron, both hatless, sat in the wagon with him, and the horses were walked to the Receiving Hospital, where the wounded man was laid on the operating-table.

"He's got about one chance in a thousand," said the rough doctor, after they had finished probing. "But he's pure grit all through. I never saw a man stand it better. Poor little dog, — some trouble between the tongs, I suppose."

Miss Cameron did not explain, — the doctor was scarcely of fine enough fibre to feel the delicacy of the sacrifice.

Yun Ho went back to the Mission and safety, for it was quite possible that Ah Fong's plan was not only to murder Ong Chee, but to carry off his beautiful prize, and each day some one accompanied Yun Ho to the hospital, where she sat and looked at Ong Chee with dumb, loving eyes.

For he did live, — perhaps because he wanted to so much, perhaps because the big Highbinder bullet went a hair too high to accomplish its purpose. Ah Fong had disappeared, of course, as though the earth had swallowed him, but that is an old, old story in Chinatown murders.

It was a month before Ong Chee could be moved to the little room which was home, and several months before he could work again, and after that a body-guard accompanied him to and from his

work, for though Ah Fong had failed, some other of his family would certainly attempt to finish the work.

Little Yun Ho has stopped going to church, and at night she and her husband are prisoners in the upper room, where heavy dark shades hang at the windows, and where no one ever moves between the lamp and the blind.

Some people might think it a high price to pay for living and loving, but Ong Chee's entrees are as perfect and his salads as irreproachable as though he had nothing at all on his mind, not to

mention a bullet in his body. Before Yun Ho he never refers to the matter, though she watches for him anxiously, and is worried if he is five minutes late on the stairs. Theirs is the peace of fatalism.

Only to Miss Cameron does Ong Chee express himself with real freedom.

"They'll get me, of course, some day," he says, without a trace of feeling, but in his voice comes a subtle change as he adds, —

"But you won't let them spoil my wife."

Mabel Craft Deering.

WHAT IS "COMPARATIVE LITERATURE"?

SOME ten years ago, I made bold to publish a plea for the formation of a Society of Comparative Literature; and to call attention to the fact that the work which such a society might perform had not been undertaken by any English or American organization, or by any periodical or series of publications in the English language. I was then of the opinion, which I still hold, that the principles of literature and of criticism are not to be discovered in æsthetic theory alone, but in a theory which both impels and is corrected by scientific inquiry. No individual can gather from our many literatures the materials necessary for an induction to the characteristic of even one literary type; but an association, each member of which should devote himself to the study of a given type, species, movement, or theme, with which he was specially and at first hand familiar, might with some degree of adequacy prosecute a comparative investigation into the nature of literature, part by part. Thus, gradually, wherever the type or movement had existed, its quality and history might be observed. And in time, by systematization of results, scholarship might

attain to the common, and probably some of the essential, characteristics of classified phenomena, to some of the laws actually governing the origin, growth, and differentiation of one and another of the component literary factors and kinds. A basis would correspondingly be laid for criticism not in the practice of one nationality or school, nor in æsthetics of sporadic theory, otherwise interesting and profitable enough, but in the common qualities of literature, scientifically determined. To adopt, as universal, canons of criticism constructed upon particular premises, — by Boileau or Vida, Puttenham, Sidney, or Corneille, or even Lessing and Aristotle, and to apply them to types, or varieties of type, movement, or theme, with which these masters were unacquainted, is illogical, and therefore unhistorical. And still, that is precisely what the world of literary dictators persists in doing. *Alle Theorie ist grau.* The principles of the drama cannot be derived from a consideration of the Greek drama alone, nor of European drama, but of all drama, wherever found, European, Peruvian, Chinese; among aboriginal as well as among civilized peoples; and in

all stages of its history. From such comparative formulation of results proceed the only trustworthy canons for that kind of composition; some of them general, some dependent upon conditions historically differenced. So also with the nature and laws of other types, movements or moods, forms or themes, and ultimately of literature as a unit. Our current æsthetic canons of judgment, based upon psychological and speculative premises that sometimes by accident fit the case, but more frequently upon historical inexperience, might thus be renovated and widened with the process of scientific knowledge.

That dream seems now in a fair way to be realized. The society is yet to be founded; but the periodical is on its feet. And it was in prospect of its first appearance that I asked myself some months ago, what this term "Comparative Literature" might now mean to me; and answered it in the manner that follows.¹ Imperfect as the answer may be, it is possibly of interest, if for no other reason, that it makes a different approach to a subject which since then Professor Woodberry has discussed in the *Journal of Comparative Literature*. To his significant and poetic utterance, I shall accordingly in due season recur.

What, then, is "Comparative Literature"? Of the name itself, I must say that I know of no occurrence in English earlier than 1886, when we find it used for the comparative study of literature, in the title of an interesting and suggestive volume by Professor H. M. Posnett. The designation had apparently been coined in emulation of such nomenclature as the *vergleichende Grammatik* of Bopp, or Comparative Anatomy, Comparative Physiology, Comparative Politics. If it had been so constructed as to convey the idea of a discipline or method, there would have been no fault to find.

¹ American Philological Association, President's Address before the Pacific Coast Division, December 29, 1902.

Before Posnett's book appeared, Carriere and others in Germany had spoken properly enough of *vergleichende Literaturgeschichte*; and the French and Italians, not only of the comparative method or discipline, *l'histoire comparative*, but also of the materials compared, *l'histoire comparée des littératures*, *la storia comparata*, or, from the literary avenue of approach, *la littérature comparée*, *letteratura comparata*. At Turin and Genoa, the study had been listed under such captions long before the English misnomer was coined. Misnomer it, of course, is; for to speak of a comparative object is absurd. But since the name has some show of asserting itself, we may as well postpone consideration of a better, till we have more fully determined what the study involved, no matter how called, is ordinarily understood to be.

It is, in the first place, understood of a field of investigation, — the literary relations existing between distinct nationalities: the study of international borrowings, imitations, adaptations. And to recognize such relations as incidental to national growth is of the utmost importance — social as well as literary. "C'est prouver sa jeunesse et sa force," says Gaston Paris, "c'est s'assurer un avenir de renouvellement et d'action au dehors, que de faire connaître tout ce qui se fait de grand, de beau, de neuf en dehors de ses frontières, de s'en servir, sans l'imiter, de l'assimiler, de le transformer suivant sa nature propre, de conserver sa personnalité en l'élargissant et d'être ainsi toujours la même et toujours changeante, toujours nationale et toujours européenne." Such is also the thought of M. Texte, when he writes in his introduction to Betz's *Littérature comparée* of "the great law which regulates the literary development of every nation: that of growth by successive stages of concentration and expansion . . . the law of the moral development of nations, as of individuals." And M. Texte is but echoing Matthew Arnold's "Epochs of con-

centration cannot well endure forever; epochs of expansion in the due course of things follow them." Arnold was writing in 1865, but earlier still, Goethe had called attention to the limitations of a literature exclusively national: "Eine jede Literatur ennuyirt sich zuletzt in sich selbst, wenn sie nicht durch fremde Theilnahme wieder aufgefrischt ist." Whether this "periodicity" of digesting what one has, and acquiring what one has not, is the only law of moral development, is not for us now to answer. International dependence is a fact. Literary reciprocity is natural, even if not necessary. Nor was Goethe the first to announce the principle.

This attention to literary relations is, of course, the consequent of the study of literatures as national: first the history of each literature; then the historic relations between literatures. That in turn is naturally followed by the synthesis in literature as a unit. "The nineteenth century," says M. Texte, "has seen the national history of literatures develop and establish itself: the task of the twentieth century will undoubtedly be to write the comparative history of those literatures." Likewise, Professor Brandes is conducted from the study of individual literatures to that of reciprocal movements, and so to the comparative view. In his *Hauptströmungen*, written about 1870, he takes for the central subject of his work the reaction in the first decades of the nineteenth century against the literature of the eighteenth, and the overcoming of that reaction. "This historic incident," he says, "is of European interest, and can only be understood by a comparative study of European literature. Such a study I purpose attempting by simultaneously tracing the course of the most important movements in French, German, and English literature. The comparative view possesses the double advantage of bringing foreign literature so near to us that we can assimilate it and of removing our own until we are

enabled to see it in its true perspective." It will undoubtedly have been remarked that while Brandes regards the comparative study of literature from the point of view of international relations, he also passes beyond the strictly objective realm of research. For, in his esteem, the comparative view has the advantage of "removing our own literature until we are enabled to see it in its true perspective. We neither see what is too near the eye nor what is too far away from it." This is to add to the proper function of historical research an appraisal of one's own literature after impartial comparison with the literatures of other nations. "The scientific view of literature," proceeds Brandes, "provides us with a telescope of which the one end magnifies, and the other diminishes; it must be so focused as to remedy the illusions of unassisted eyesight. The different nations have hitherto held themselves so distinct, as far as literature is concerned, that each has only to a very limited extent been able to benefit by the productions of the rest." Here, again, the way had been marked out by Arnold, when he advocated the comparison of literary classics in one language, or in many, with a view to determining their relative excellence, that is, to displacing personal or judicial criticism by a method more scientific. I am aware that this conception of the study concerns its method and purpose rather than its field. But I mention it here because it implies a more comprehensive and deeper conception underlying all these statements of the material of comparative study: the solidarity of literature. Not, by any means, what Goethe projected in his dream of a cosmopolitan literature to which the best of all national efforts should contribute. "Everywhere," wrote the poet, "one hears and reads of the progress of the human race, and of broader views of relationships, natural and human. How this may in general come about, it does not fall to me to inquire or to determine."

I will, however, of my own accord, call the attention of my friends to one fact: I am persuaded that there is a *Weltliteratur* in process of construction, in which is reserved for us Germans an honorable rôle." But under this prophetic cosmopolitanism of ideal and art — this millennial Bible — lay that same belief in an essential, historical oneness of literature. And that is the working premise of the student of Comparative Literature to-day: literature as a distinct and integral medium of thought, a common institutional expression of humanity; differentiated, to be sure, by the social conditions of the individual, by racial, historical, cultural, and linguistic influences, opportunities, and restrictions, but, irrespective of age or guise, prompted by the common needs and aspirations of man, sprung from common faculties, psychological and physiological, and obeying common laws of material and mode, of the individual, and of social humanity. Writing in 1896, Professor Marsh put it thus: "To examine the phenomena of literature as a whole, to compare them, to inquire into the causes of them, this is the true task of Comparative Literature." Posnett's statement, ten years before, implied the same "solidarity" of the subject matter; and so, again, Matthew Arnold's, ten years earlier still: "The criticism [and criticism covers historical as well as logical comparison] I am really concerned with — the criticism which alone can much help us for the future — is a criticism which regards Europe as being, for intellectual and spiritual purposes, one great confederation, bound to a joint action, and working to a common result; and whose members have, for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek, Roman, and Eastern antiquity, and of one another."

From this conception of the material as a unit, scholars naturally advance to the consideration of its development, the construction of a theory. If a unity, and an existence approximately contempora-

neous with that of society, why not a life, a growth? "We no longer have to examine solely the relations of one nation with another," says one, "but to unfold the simultaneous development of all literatures, or, at least, of an important group of literatures." It is the task of Comparative Literature, according to another, to find whether the same laws of literary development prevail among all peoples or not. The internal and external aspects of literary growth, Mr. Posnett announces to be the objects of comparative inquiry; and, accepting as the principle of literary growth the progressive deepening and widening of personality, — in other words, the contraction and expansion of Arnold and Texte, — with the development of the social unit in which the individual is placed, this author finds a corresponding differentiation of the literary medium from the primitive homogeneity of communal art, a gradual individualizing of the literary occasion and an evolution of literary forms. While, as I have said, he recognizes the importance of the comparative study of external sources of national development and the resulting social and literary reaction upon the literature in question, he devotes himself, preferably, to the "comparative study of the internal sources of national development, social or physical, and of the effects of different phases of this development on literature;" and in pursuance of this method he adopts, whether right or wrong, "the gradual expansion of social life, from clan to city, from city to nation, from both of these to cosmopolitan humanity, as the proper order of studies in Comparative Literature." Mr. Posnett's method is perhaps impaired by the fact that he regards the relation of literary history to the political rather than to the broader social development of a people, but he certainly elaborates a theory; and it is the more instructive because he does not treat literature as organic, developing by reason of a life within itself to a determined end, but as

secondary and still developing with the evolution of the organism from which it springs. In this theory of institutional growth result also the methods of Buckle and Ernst Grosse, which may be termed physiological and physiographical; and the physio-psychological of Schiller, Spencer, and Karl Groos; and the method of Irjö Hirn, which combines the social and psychological in the inquiry into the art impulse and its history; and that of Schlegel and Carrière, who, emphasizing one side of Hegel's theory, rest literary development largely upon the development of religious thought. In M. Brunetière, on the other hand, we have one who boldly announces his intention to trace the evolution of literary species, — not as dependent upon the life of an organism such as society, but in themselves. He frankly proposes to discover the laws of literary development by applying the theory of evolution to the study of literature. The question of the growth of literary types, he says in the first volume of his *Évolution des genres dans l'histoire de la littérature*, resolves into five subsidiary questions: the reality and independence of types, their differentiation, their stability, the influences modifying them, and the process of their transformation. When he asserts that the differences of types correspond to differences in the means and ends of different arts and to diversities in families of minds, and that the principle of differentiation is the same that operates in nature from homogeneity to heterogeneity, most of us concur; but when he details the signs of youth, maturity, and decay which the type may exhibit, and the transformation of one type into another — as, for instance, the French pulpit oration into the ode — according to principles analogous in their operation to the Darwinian struggle for existence, survival of the fittest, and natural selection, we become apprehensive lest the parallel be overworked. If Brunetière would only complete the national portion

of his history, or, at least, try to substantiate his theory, we should be grateful. He has, however, enunciated one of the problems with which Comparative Literature must grapple, and is grappling. Does the biological principle apply to literature? If not, in how far may the parallel be scientifically drawn?

That leads us to still a third conception of the term under consideration. Comparative Literature, say some, is not a subject-matter nor a theory but a method of study. With the ancients it was the habit of roughly matching authors — Virgil with Homer, Terence with Menander, or Terence with Plautus — with a view to determining relative excellence, the habit of which we cherish a vivid reminiscence from our undergraduate struggles with Quintilian and the *Ars Poetica*. The method has existed ever since there were two pieces of literature known to the same man, it has persisted through the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, and it is alive to-day. Its merits and defects are those of the man who uses it. To others the comparative method means the attempt to obtain by *induction* from a sufficient variety of specimens the characteristics, distinguishing marks, principles, even laws of the form, movement, type or literature under discussion. For instance, Carrière's comparative study of the drama in various periods and literatures; or portions of Freytag's inquiry into the technique of tragedy, irrespective of the nationality producing it; or even Aristotle's *Poetics*, for it is based upon an induction from all dramas and epics, even though only Greek, that were known to him. And here we are reminded that in the discipline under consideration historical sequence is just as important as comparison by cross sections. The science is called "comparative literary history" rather than "literature compared" by French, German, and Italian scholars, not for nothing. The historian who searches for origins or stages of development in a

single literature may employ the comparative method as much as he who zig-zags from literature to literature; and so the student whose aim is to establish relations between literary movement and literary movement, between author and author, period and period, type and type, movement and movement, theme and theme, contemporaneous or successive in any language, nationality, clime, or time. To repeat, the comparison is not alone between diverse national literatures, but between any elements involved in the history of literature, or any stages in the history of any element. There have been, within my own knowledge, those who would confine the word literature to the written productions of civilized peoples, and consequently would exclude from consideration aboriginal attempts at verbal art. But students nowadays increasingly recognize that the cradle of literary science is anthropology. The comparative method therefore sets civilized literatures side by side with the popular, traces folklore to folklore, and these so far as possible to the matrix in the undifferentiated art of human expression. Such is "Comparative Literature" when used of the work of the Grimms, Steinthal, Comparetti, Donovan, Talvj or Ernst Grosse. The term is also properly used of the method of Taine, which in turn derives from that recommended by Hegel in the first volume of his *Ästhetik* (the appraisal of the literary work in relation to *Zeit, Volk, und Umgebung*), and of the method of Brunetière so far as he has applied it, for it is in theory the same, save that it purports to emphasize the consideration of the element of individuality. But that the method is susceptible of widely varying interpretations is illustrated by the practice of still another advocate thereof, Professor Wetz, who, in his *Shakespeare from the Point of View of Comparative Literary History*, of 1890, and in his essay on the history of literature, insists that Compara-

tive Literature is neither the literary history of one people, nor investigations in international literary history; neither the study of literary beginnings, nor even the attempt to obtain by induction the characteristics of *Weltliteratur*, its movements and types. While he accepts the analytical critical method of Taine in combination with the historical and psychological of Herder, Goethe, and Schiller, he insists that the function of Comparative Literature is to determine the peculiarities of an author by comparison with those of some other author sufficiently analogous. To flood the peculiarities of Shakespeare, for instance, with the light of the personality of Corneille, that is Comparative Literature, according to Wetz! And there its work ends and the work of literary history and æsthetic criticism begins.

This, then, would seem to be the view of Comparative Literature, its field, theory, and method, that one might obtain from perusal of the more evident contributions to the exposition of the subject.

I remember that some twelve years ago Colonel Higginson pointed out in the *Century Magazine* the desirability of studying literature from the general rather than from the national or provincial point of view, and expressed surprise that no University in this country supported a chair of what I think he called World-Literature. In reply a student of the University of Michigan described a course in the comparative study of literary types which had been given there as early I think as 1887. It goes without saying that courses in literary history and inductive poetics not called comparative but comparative in fact had been given by professors of languages, ancient or modern, many times before. Such, for instance, were the courses of Professor Child at Harvard. At the present day courses of comparative study are pursued in all larger universities. Most of the graduate work in philology would fall within the purview of Comparative Literature.

Courses in the nature and history of literary types and movements in general, and in the theory and history of criticism, have been given, sometimes under some special designation, at others under that of Comparative Literature, at California since 1889. A chair for the study was established at Harvard in the early nineties. At Columbia the study of literature "at large," as Professor Matthews calls it, "that is, the tracing of the evolution of literary form and of the development of criticism as masterpieces" was recognized by courses as early as 1892, though the department was not organized under the title Comparative Literature until 1899. At Yale and Princeton the history of literary types and movements, national and general, and the comparative study of poetics have been growing in importance during the same period. An examination of the courses offered in American universities distinctively under the title of Comparative Literature shows that effort is at present chiefly directed to the study of international borrowings, commonly called "source-hunting" or of the larger influences or movements involving various literatures. Next in order of cultivation come courses in the theory of literature in general, and the history and theory of types such as lyric or drama. In general, however, teachers of Comparative Literature seem to regard European letters as a totality unrelated and self-explanatory. With the exception of a course or two such as Woodberry's *Oriental Element in European Literature*, no provision has been made for the investigation of the wider unit which alone can afford a basis for scientific processes and results. Of European universities, the Italian have longest and most effectually cultivated the study under consideration. Turin, for instance, has offered the course of which I have already spoken in the comparative history of the neo-Latin literatures since 1876; and the same curriculum seems to obtain at the other

Universities of Italy. Genoa, Padua, Bologna, and Rome as well as Turin announce their literary courses always as follows: *Letteratura italiana, latina, greca, storia comparata delle letterature e lingue neo-latine*. Of these the last is, so far as it goes, genuinely a course in Comparative Literature, bounded to be sure by natural affinities, but not by limits of modern history. As to literary courses in German Universities, those listed as *neuere Philologie* are confined usually by the boundaries of nationality. When *vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte* is specifically announced international relationships are of course investigated, but the European unit of literary solidarity does not appear as yet to have been in any considerable degree exceeded, at any rate by workers in modern philology. Inter-European influences have been treated by Koch and Kölbing at Breslau, by Schultze at Halle, by Brandl and Geiger at Berlin, and in many other universities. Courses like that offered by Meyer at Berlin on the method and function of the comparative history of literature, and dissertations such as Grosse's on the aim and method of literary science, Ten Brink's on the function of literary history with Wetz's reply to it, and Elster's *Antrittsrede* at Leipsic on the same subject indicate the steady development of the conception from the empirical and particular to the inductive and systematic stage. The work of Klein in the broad field of the drama, and of Brandes of Copenhagen in literary movements, mark epochs in the application of the science. And still, so far as may be gathered from systems of study, the palm must be given, not to Italy, Germany, or Denmark, but to Switzerland, — to Geneva, where the courses of research are international in the widest sense. Lyons, indeed, at one time promised to eclipse the rest, but it was unfortunately deprived of Professor Joseph Texte by his death when he had served but two years.

Judging from the articles and books reviewed in the *Zeitschrift für vergleichende Litteraturgeschichte und Renaissance Litteratur*, and making allowance for such material as belongs exclusively to the latter category and is not comparative, we may say that the editors classify under Comparative Literature international literary history, researches into sources of individual works, literary æsthetics, the history of types, and minor elements of literary form and material, and finally folklore. The term Comparative Literature seems to be used vaguely but with especial regard to international relativity; still any article treating of poetry or of its antecedent conditions scientifically and with some show of comparative method seems eligible to their pages.

This survey might be extended to the practice of our American philological journals and associations. The academic conception will, however, be found to be as I have stated it: Comparative Literature works in the history of national as well as of international conditions, it employs, more or less prominently, the comparative method, logical and historical, it presupposes, and results in, a conception of literature as a solidarity, and it seeks to formulate and substantiate a theory of literary development whether by evolution or permutation, in movements, types, and themes. With these main considerations it is but natural that scholars should associate the attempt to verify and systematize the characteristics common to literature in its various manifestations wherever found; to come by induction, for instance, at the *eidographic* or generic qualities of poetry, — the characteristics of the drama, epic, or lyric; at the *dynamic* qualities, those which characterize and differentiate the main literary movements, such as the classical and romantic; and at the *thematic*, the causes of persistence and modification in the history of vital subjects, situations, and plots. As to the growth, or development,

of literature our survey shows that two distinct doctrines contend for acceptance: one, by evolution, which is an attempt to interpret literary processes in accordance with biological laws; the other, by what I prefer to call permutation. Since literature like its material, language, is not an organism, but a resultant medium, both product and expression of the society whence it springs, the former theory must be still in doubt. It can certainly not be available otherwise than metaphorically unless it be substantiated by just such methods — comparative and scientific — as those of which we have spoken.

How much of this is new, of the nineteenth century, for instance? Very little in theory; much, and that important, in discipline and fact. The *solidarity of literature* was long ago announced by Bacon, who in his *Advancement of Learning* says, "As the proficience of learning consisteth much in the orders and institutions of universities in the same states and kingdoms, so it would be yet more advanced if there were more intelligence mutual between the universities of Europe than there now is. . . . And surely as nature createth brotherhoods in families, and arts mechanical contract brotherhoods in communities, and the anointment of God superinducth a brotherhood in kings and bishops, so in like manner there cannot but be a *fraternity in learning and illumination*, relating to that paternity which is attributed to God who is called the Father of illuminations or lights." Bacon was the founder, in England, of that species of literary history which, as soon as national literatures were placed in comparison, could not but result in the conception of literary unity. He was our first distinguished advocate of the genetic method of critical research: the procedure by cause and effect to movement, influence, relation, change, decay, revival; and he emphasized the elasticity of literary forms and types, — ideas all es-

sential to the understanding of literature as a growth. But he was not the only forerunner of the present movement. In one way or another the solidarity of literature, the theories of permutation or of evolution, sometimes crudely, sometimes with keen scientific insight, were anticipated by Englishmen, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians of note all the way from Dante, Scaliger, and Sidney down. In England, Webbe, Puttenham, and Meres, Ben Jonson, Edmund Bolton, prepared for Bacon; and Bacon was well followed by the Earl of Stirling (whose *Anacrisis* furnishes hints by the score for the comparative method of literary research), by Davenant in his Preface to Gondibert, by Cowley (a fine advocate of the analytical and historical methods); and by our prince of criticism, the perspicacious Dryden, who in his Heads of an Answer to Rymer insists upon a standard of literary judgment at once historical and logical, upon the recognition of development in literary types, the principles of *milieu* and national variety, and the adoption accordingly of criteria that shall allow for the diversity and gradual modification of literary conditions. Most worthy, too, of recognition which, I think, he has never fully obtained, is John Dennis; for in his Remarks upon Blackmore's Prince Arthur and in his Advancement and Reformation of Modern Poetry he more clearly than any predecessor foreshadows the theories of the early and middle nineteenth century concerning the influence of religious ideals in the permutations of literature. Shaftesbury, Bentley, Swift, the Wartons, Hurd, Addison, Hallam, Carlyle, and De Quincey, — it was not necessary that any of these should defer his birth till 1900 to appreciate what the comparative study of literature, in one or more of its phases, meant.

In Germany, Herder and Schiller may have been the first, as Professor Wetz has said, to give the science a comprehensive foundation. They, however,

owed not a little to Bodmer and Breitinger and others of the Swiss school of 1740, to the *Æsthetica* of Baumgarten of 1750, and to Winckelmann's application of the historical method to the study of fine art. When we come down the line and add the contributions of Goethe, Richter, the Schlegels to literary science, and then of Gervinus, Boeckh, Paul, and Elze, we begin to wonder what there is left of system for the student of Comparative Literature to devise.

In France, likewise, there have been approaches to one or another side of the idea and discipline from the *Défense* of Joachim du Bellay, 1549, and the *Poetics* of Scaliger (one of the greatest comparers of literary history) down. The *Recueil* of Claude Fauchet, 1581, Pasquier's Treatise on the *Pléiade*, Mairet's Preface to *Sylvanire*, the early battles of Corneille with the Academy and Chapelain, all illustrate phases of this slowly maturing method of study. Rapin's *Poètes Anciens et Modernes*, of 1674, aims not only to adapt Aristotle's *Poetics* to modern practice, but to teach the moderns that certain qualities of poetry, no matter what the conditions of the age, endure. And the age felt Rapin, especially the England of the age, — Dryden and his school. The scientific importance of literary history and the advantages of the comparative method in criticism were clearly apprehended by Saint-Évremond as early as by Rapin. Desmarts de Saint Sorlin had advanced to a conception of poetry as an institutional mouthpiece for society and religion as far back as 1657, — but nine years after Davenant's famous Preface on the same theory, and fully two hundred before its more distinguished elaboration by Carrière. That Perrault, Fontenelle, the Daciers, La Fontaine, Fénelon, indeed, and the younger heroes of the Battle of the Books, should by some be supposed to be the founders of the comparative method is extremely odd: they were anticipated not only by several whom I

have mentioned and by the Pléiade in France, but by the Areopagus in England as well. Why multiply examples? I believe that without difficulty one could indicate a forerunner earlier than 1830 for every doctrine or ideal comprised to-day under the term Comparative Literature, except the theory of evolution on the Darwinian principle, — and for much of the method. Dubos, Batteux, Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, La Harpe, Madame de Staël, Chateaubriand, Ginguéné, Baour-Lormian, Stendhal, Hugo, Villemain, — a host of prophets before the immortal Sainte-Beuve and those Monday chats that gathered up in method and ideal all that was worth gathering and gave the impetus to most of the theory and method current to-day!

This cloud of witnesses is not produced, however, to discredit, but to confirm the scope and hope of the so-called Comparative Literature of to-day. They testify to the need of a science in the nature of things. They perform their service by anticipations in detail of a discipline that could not be designated a science until the sciences propædæutic thereto had been developed. The experimental stage of literary theory has by its antiquity, its persistence, and its faith, given proof of the naturalness and worth of the science that was to follow when experience should be ripe. Experimental efforts accomplished this much at least: they marked out the field, — the relativity of literature; they shadowed the substance and significance of the ideal of literary solidarity, and they foreshadowed that of spiritual community; they apprehended a comparative method of procedure, and applied it to some few objects of investigation, to the history of sources, for instance, and of themes; and to artistic and literary analogies with a view to inductive canons of criticism. But, on the other hand, the method as conceived was, in the nature of the case, but imperfectly scientific; and the objects of its application, the

determination of literary types, their reality and characteristics, and the study of literary conditions antecedent and environing, were but vaguely comprehended. The facts were insufficient. As to a growth of literature, our earlier scholars utterly failed to elaborate a theory, failed generally to surmise; and that being so, a study of movements, national or international, and the moods that underlie them, was incapable of prosecution. How could they build a science the social and psychological foundations of which were not yet established?

Advances in historical method, in psychological, sociological, linguistic, and ethnological research have, now, furnished the discipline with an instrument unknown to its forbears in critical procedure; and with fresh and rich materials for illumination from without. The conception of literature as a unit is no longer hypothetical; the comparison of national histories has proved it. The idea of a process by evolution may be unproved; but that some process, as by permutation, must obtain is recognized. We no longer look upon the poet as inspired. Literature develops with the entity which produces it, — the common social need and faculty of expression; and it varies according to *differentie* of racial, physiographic, and social conditions, and of the inherited or acquired characteristics of which the individual author is constituted. The science of its production must analyze its component factors and determine the laws by which they operate. By a constant factor are fixed the only possible moulds or channels of expression, and, therefore, the integral and primary types, as, for instance, within the realm of poetry, the lyric, narrative, and dramatic. By the presence of other factors, both inconstant, these types are themselves liable to modification. I refer, of course, to environment, that is to say, to the antecedent and contemporary condition of thought, social tendency, and artistic fashion; and

to the associational congeries called the author. So far as physiological and psychological modes of expression may be submitted to objective and historical analysis, so far as the surrounding conditions which directly or indirectly affect the art in which the author works, and the work of the author in that art, may be inductively studied, and their nature interpreted and registered in relation to other products of society, such as language, religion, and government, so far is the discipline of which we speak legitimately scientific. And as rapidly as experimental psychology, anthropology, ethnology, or the history of art in general, prove their right to scientific recognition, they become instruments for the comparative investigation of the social phenomenon called literature. It is thus that the literary science, just now called Comparative Literature, improves upon the efforts of the former stylistic or poetics, largely traditional or speculative, and displaces the capricious matching of authors, the static or provincial view of history, and the appraisal lacking atmosphere.

While this science must exclude from the object under consideration the purely subjective element, and the speculative or so-called "judicial" (*me judice*) method from criticism and history, it need not ignore or disregard the unexplained quantity, — the imaginative. Its aim will be to explore the hitherto unexplained in the light of historical sequence and scientific cause and effect, physical, biological, psychological, or anthropological, to reduce the apparently unreasonable or magical element, and so to leave continually less to be treated in the old-fashioned inspirational or ecstatic manner. We shall simply cease to confound the science with the art. We no longer refer history to Clio, law to the tables of the Mount, or medicine to the Apollo-born sage of Epidaurus; but while we acknowledge the science, we none the less respect

the genius, — the Herodotus, or Marshall, or Lorenz. Not only does literary science take up into itself the best methods that literary history has so far devised, — the analytical-critical of Dryden and Hegel and Taine, the psychological and cultural of Schiller, as expressed in his matchless essay on poetry naïve and sentimental, and of Goethe in his *Deutsche Baukunst* and his *Wahrheit und Dichtung*, and the efforts at a comparative discipline exerted by Sainte-Beuve and Arnold, — it avails itself, as I have said, of the results, and so far as possible of the methods, of the sciences that most directly contribute to the comprehension of man the producer; it partly bases and partly patterns its procedure upon those other records of human consciousness, the histories of ethics and religion and society; it gathers hints from theories not yet scientific, but historically on the way, — theories of art in general, æsthetic, physiological, and psychological, or even speculative, if, as in the case of Winckelmann, the speculation be founded upon induction from facts historically considered. The more immediate advantages of the prosecution of literary research in such a way as this are an ever increasing knowledge of the factors that enter into world-literature and determine its growth, — its reasons, conditions, movements, and tendencies, in short, its laws; and a poetics capable not only of detecting the historical but of appreciating the social accent in what is foreign and too often despised, or contemporary and too often overpraised if not ignored. The new science of literature will in turn throw light upon that which gave it birth; it will prove an index to the evolution of soul in the individual and in society; it will interpret that sphinx, national consciousness or the spirit of the race, or, mayhap, destroy it. It will in one case and in all assist a science of comparative ethics.

This is what Comparative Literature

means to me. Before I attempt to show what the science should be called, let us see what it means to the editors of the new periodical. In his scholarly and poetic editorial in the first number of the *Journal of Comparative Literature*, Professor Woodberry, treating of what the subject already is, announces the method, the field, the theory of literary community substantially as we have already conceived them; save that under the objects of comparative investigation he does not explicitly include literary movements, and that in the category of forms he appears to assimilate the fundamental and generic modes of expression, lyric, drama, etc., with the extrinsic and more or less conventional and interchangeable, trappings such as alliteration and rhyme. He fails consequently to attach to a particular phase, the comparative study of literary types or modes, the significance which, in my opinion, it possesses. That, however, matters little. His forecast of the course of the science is inspiring. "The study of forms," he says, "should result in a canon of criticism, which would mean a new and greater classicism; . . . the study of themes should reveal temperamentally, as form does structurally, the nature of the soul." "It is in temperament," he continues, "in moods, that romanticism, which is the life of all literature, has its dwelling-place. To disclose the necessary forms, the vital moods of the beautiful soul, is the far goal of our effort, — to help in this, in the bringing of those spiritual unities in which human destiny is accomplished." With this the genuine student of literary science must agree. And yet it may strike him as peculiar, that in the outlook over literary theory the possibility of growth appears to be ignored. The omission can hardly be accidental. I take it to indicate non-acceptance of a theory of evolution such as Brunetière's, however, rather than rejection of all theory of development. Movements are the corollaries of the "vital

moods in which is the life of literature;" and the life of literature changes with the gradual deepening and widening of the "beautiful soul" individual, racial, or integrally human. I find, therefore, a testimony to our theory of literary permutation in Professor Woodberry's reticence. I rejoice also to note his insistence upon a matter of method apparently minor but of importance to our comprehension of the discipline, namely, that the study of international relations and influences is but one of the objects of Comparative Literature: the study of a single literature may be just as scientifically comparative if it seek the reason and law of the literature in the psychology of the race or of humanity.

Now what shall this science be called, since the name which it has is malformed and misleading? If it were not for traditional prejudice, the term *stylistic* should be recognized as of scientific quality, and it should cover the history as well as the theory of all kinds of writing. According to the older nomenclature, the individuality and the purpose of the author, the quality of his thought and the objective characteristics of literary species and form, are, all of them, factors of *style*. Elze, Boeckh, Maas, and others arrange the matter thus: Style is the form and method of expression in language. Stylistic is the general theory of style, and this general theory divides itself naturally into the theory of prose style or rhetoric and the theory of poetic style or poetics. I am not going to propose "stylistic." The old stylistic is limited by tradition, by its speculative quality, and by that well-worn and slippery dictum of Buffon, — style is of the individual. What is called Comparative Literature has, on the other hand, brought to the study of all kinds of writing a scientific objectivity and the historical method. It has taken up into itself what is objective and historical of the older stylistic: it aims to reject or confirm former theories but on purely

scientific grounds. It is the transition from stylistic to a science of literature which shall still find room for æsthetics, but for æsthetics properly so called, developed, checked, and corrected by scientific procedure and by history.

Without our modern psychology, anthropology, linguistics, and the comparative sciences of society, religion, and art, literature could be studied neither in relation to its antecedents nor to its components. Otherwise our study would long ago have been known as comparative philology, a name improperly usurped by a younger branch of the philological discipline. Such indeed is the name by which Professor Whitney would have called the comparative study of the literatures of different countries had the discipline been prosecuted as a science when he wrote. Comparative Literature is a reaffirmation of that aspect of philology — the literary — which, both because it was eclipsed by, and dependent upon, the development of linguistics, has long ceased to be regarded as philology at all; save in Germany, where philological seminars have dealt not only with the phonology and history of language as they asserted themselves, but also as of old with whatever concerns the literary side of language as an expression of the national, or more broadly human spirit. Since all study of origins and growth, whether of one phenomenon or more than one, must be comparative

if scientifically conducted, it is not necessary to characterize the literary science, of which we speak, by that particular adjective. More methods than the comparative enter into it, and it is more than a method; it is a theory of relativity and of growth; and its material is vertically as well as horizontally disposed. The Comparative Literature of to-day, based upon the sciences of which I have spoken and conducted in the scientific method, is literary philology, — nothing more nor less; it stands over against linguistic philology or glottology, and it deals genetically, historically, and comparatively with literature as a solidarity and as a product of the social individual, whether the point of view be national or universal. We welcome academic departments and journals, devoted to its interests, but literary philology is not and cannot be measured by the scope and effort of a distinct academic department, or of a specific journal, however excellent the latter, like this to which we wish God-speed, may be. The new discipline is already the property and method of all scientific research in all literatures, ancient or modern, not only in their common but in their individual relations to the social spirit in which they live and move and have their being. The more we develop what now is called Comparative Literature, the more rapidly will each literature in turn seek its explanation in Literary Philology.

Charles Mills Gayley.

A BOY'S LOVE.

"Oh, Nick!" called Mrs. Ford.

"Yes, mother," answered a somewhat reluctant voice from the hall.

"Do come and hold this wool for me, like a dear boy."

"But, my dear mother, I have just time to keep an engagement." Nicho-

las appeared in the doorway, very much dressed up, very self-conscious and dignified. "I promised to call for Miss Arthur at four o'clock. She's going to walk with me," he added, drawing on new gloves with a man-about-town air, a heavy stick under one arm.

"How did it come about?" asked Mrs. Ford, properly impressed.

"Oh, I simply asked her, and she said she would be charmed to." Then the small boy came to the surface in a delighted giggle. "What 's the matter with Willie?" he demanded, swaggering. His mother laughed.

"What are you going to talk to her about?" she asked.

"Why, whatever the lady chooses;" he suddenly became dignified again. "Books, theatre, art, music, — she can't stump me. Would you wear these?" He pulled forward a buttonhole bursting with lilies of the valley and studied it anxiously. "They say flowers in your buttonhole are bad form now, but I do like 'em. What would you do?"

"Wear them," said Mrs. Ford. "And then, if there is a good chance, you can give them to her. You have enough there for a corsage bouquet."

"Great eye," commented Nick. "I'll do it. *Au revoir*, Mrs. Ford." At the door he paused, hesitating. "Say, do you suppose I'll bore her to death?" he broke out. "I know I'm only a foolish boy. Won't she be wishing me in Jericho?"

"No, of course not," exclaimed his mother. "Go on, dear, and don't think about yourself. She told me you interested her very much."

Nicholas was beaming and confident again.

"All right, then. Here goes!" And he swung out, chest high and head up, young life cavorting perilously under manly dignity. Mrs. Ford leaned back in her chair with eyes full of laughter. At a mental picture of the lady in the case it suddenly brimmed over. Well, if Miss Arthur found it amusing, she was more than satisfied.

Nicholas came home radiant, with empty buttonhole.

"Now *that's* what I call a lady," he confided to his mother. "You ought to have seen her, — all velvet and fur and bully white gloves. She did n't

just wear any old thing because she was going out with me. I tell you, we were a couple!"

"And how did you get on?" asked Mrs. Ford, deeply interested.

"Well, the first ten minutes, it was pretty bad," he admitted. "Some way, she was so handsome, and so — grown up, you know, I wanted to excuse myself for living, and I just fell over my feet, right and left. I could n't even talk straight, — felt as though I had a mouth full of cold blotting paper. But she did n't notice a thing, and talked along as if we walked up Fifth Avenue every day of our lives; and so I got on to myself, and after that it was lovely. She 's great."

"And you gave her your flowers?"

Mrs. Ford was longing to know more, but could not question him too closely.

"Did I! You ought to have seen me. She said something about them, and I said I had just worn them in the hope she'd notice, so that I could have an excuse to offer them. How was that for a kid?" And Nick's chuckle would have assured the most anxious mother that in spite of his manly stature she had not yet lost her small boy. "I wish I dared ask her to go to the theatre with me," he went on. "Do you think she would? I suppose we'd have to have a chaperon."

Mrs. Ford, taken unawares, let a sudden laugh escape. Her son was indignant.

"Oh, I know she's ten years older than I am! But she does n't look it, does she? And is n't a chaperon just for looks, anyway?" he demanded.

"Yes, dear. You are perfectly right;" Mrs. Ford hastily recovered her gravity. "And I like it that you are punctilious about women."

"Well, of course," said Nick, mollified.

The theatre suggestion was not followed up, but Miss Arthur let Nick take her to a service at the cathedral a few days later, and then she asked him

to help her rearrange her library. His devotion grew with the weeks, and all the time that could be spared from his studies (and possibly some that could not) went to making her a Christmas offering, — an ingenious little wooden chest for jewels. He talked of her till only his mother would stand him. She met Miss Arthur on the street one day, and both women laughed as they shook hands.

"I am afraid my big boy is boring you to death," Mrs. Ford began.

"Indeed he is not. He is the nicest boy I ever knew," said Miss Arthur. "I enjoy him immensely."

"Well, you have utterly won his heart; and you are the very first." Mrs. Ford sighed a little. "You will never find any truer devotion. A boy's love can be so angelic — once in his life!" she added.

"I hope — I should hate" — Miss Arthur hesitated. Mrs. Ford put out her hand.

"You are making him immensely happy, and doing him good. Only don't let him bore you."

"Oh, he never does that."

The first day of the Christmas holidays Nick was allowed to go skating with his lady. For twenty-four hours afterwards he was like a jovial tornado in the little apartment. His mother, wearied with his noise and her own laughter, was thankful to see him go forth the following afternoon in the punctilious array that had only one meaning.

"Here is two hours of quiet, anyway," she said, smiling after him. "If the lady will only keep him to dinner!"

But in less than an hour he was back, a very different Nick, silent, moody, with a look of tragic anger in his eyes that made his mother ache for him. He offered no explanation, and for the first time evaded a chance to talk of Miss Arthur. Indeed, he would not talk on any subject, but sat through a long evening with his eyes held sternly

on a book, whose leaves were not turned. Mrs. Ford at last made an excuse to cross the room, that she might gently rub his hair in passing.

"Well, dear boy?" she said. "Can't you tell me about it?" He lifted his eyebrows in polite surprise.

"Why, there is nothing to tell," he said. "Some one else — a fellow named Courtney — came to call on Miss Arthur, so I didn't stay. That's all. She asked me to come again to-morrow evening, but I don't know whether I shall or not."

Mrs. Ford sat down by the fire and waited. Presently Nick threw aside his book and jerked himself to his feet.

"I don't see how men like that get into nice houses," he burst out. "Mother, you know what kind of a woman she is — why, you want to take your shoes off when you go into the same house with her. She's the sort of woman you'd expect a queen to be — all lady, inside and out. And that man sat up there in her drawing-room and *smoked!*"

Mrs. Ford would have strangled rather than laughed; but she attempted a faint defense.

"But, dearie, perhaps she has known him a long time. You know we like to have some people smoke here." Nick brushed aside the argument as not worth attention.

"And then I did n't like a story the fellow told," he went on, with an outraged shake of his head. "I don't mean it was shady; it would have been all right in most places. But to tell that kind of a thing before *her!* Would n't you think a stable boy would know better? Of course she had to laugh, — she's so kind, — but *I* could see she did n't like it. I felt I'd punch the fellow if I stayed another minute, so I got out. And if he's going to be there, I'll stay out. Good-night." And he marched off to his own room.

Only a mother, and perhaps not all

mothers, could have endured Nicholas the next twenty-four hours. Late in the afternoon, a little worn but still perfectly sympathetic, Mrs. Ford dragged him out for a walk, and the boy, bewildered and angry at his own sore-heartedness, followed sulkily where she led. He would not seem to notice when they passed Miss Arthur's house.

"Suppose we run in and see her for a moment," suggested Mrs. Ford in a sudden-bright-idea tone. "I really owe her a call."

"Oh, I don't believe I care to," was the grand reply.

"Of course — you are invited for the evening. I had forgotten that," she amended cheerfully. "Is it to be?" —

But Nick was not listening. A cab had just passed, and the street lamp showed a young woman in velvet and furs inside. Mrs. Ford glanced back in time to see a man alight, then turn and offer his hand to the young woman. The pavement was slippery with ice, and she went up the steps with her hand still on his arm. Mrs. Ford instinctively knew that this must be the fellow named Courtney.

"Shall we go home now?" she said. "A fire will feel good."

"You go. I'll walk a little more." And Nick trudged off into the early winter darkness with his neck sunk into his coat collar and his hat pulled far over his eyes.

When he came home, late for dinner, there was a note waiting for him. He took it up with a sudden light in his face that died out as he read.

"It's just a note from Miss Arthur to say she can't see me to-night: she has a bad headache," he explained carelessly. "She says she will write me to-morrow and make another date. Dinner ready?"

Pride had set in, and any one but a mother would have welcomed the change. Nick's whole soul was bent on showing that he had never been gayer in his life, and Mrs. Ford saw

only what he wanted her to, patiently biding her time. He was formal with her these days, and he kissed her good-night with such an effort that she contrived to let him avoid what had never before been a ceremony, knowing how wholly he would come back to her when his bruised and bleeding self could bear the light again. The postman came seven times a day, and seven times a day Nick slipped out and trudged down the two long flights to watch for him; and each time his mother felt her heart thump in sympathy till a glance at his face told her hope was over for this hour, and the promised note had not come. When, hunting in the dark corner of a store closet, she came across the unfinished jewel chest, thrust down behind a box, she could have cried.

It was a dreary week, and at the end of it Mrs. Ford drew up to the little coal fire in the early dark to make some stern resolutions. But instead she found herself listening to the soft fall of the snow against the windows and wondering where Nick was. His quick step in the hall foretold news, and she turned eagerly as he burst into the room, snowy, breathless, all his pose and self-consciousness swept away by some overwhelming feeling.

"Oh, mother, mother!" He flung himself down beside her and buried his face on her shoulder. "She's ill — dreadfully, terribly ill — she's been ill all these days, and I've never even been to ask about her. She's getting worse and worse, and they don't know whether she'll — and I've been sulking around thinking about myself, and never even sent her a message! Think of her" — His breath came in quick gasps, and she felt his arms tremble.

"How did you find it out, dear?"

Nick did not answer for some moments. Then with a long sigh he drew away from her and settled down at her feet, his face turned to the fire.

"Why, I walked by the house — I happened to — and there was a little

card over the bell, saying please not ring because of serious illness. So I asked at the basement. She had most fainted that day, at a tea, and — some one had brought her home in a cab. And sick as that, she bothered to send me a note, so that I should n't come round that night — think of it! And I never went near her. And now it's — too — la — ”

His mother waited awhile, then she told him about various wonderful recoveries she had known. It was not long before she had him cheerful with new hope. After dinner she heard him whistling softly in his own room, and, glancing in, saw him surrounded by his tools, working busily at the little jewel chest.

The morning news of Miss Arthur was encouraging. Nick worked all day on the chest, and at dark, when it was finished, went buoyantly off for a last bulletin. His heavy step when he came back prepared his mother for his tragic face. Miss Arthur was very much worse. The doctor would be there on and off all night. By midnight they would probably know.

It was Christmas Eve, and the two were promised for a small party. Nick would not go, but was so vehemently opposed to his mother's staying away that she finally went without him. But she could see nothing all the evening but the boy up there alone with his first grown trouble, and finally she slipped away. It was barely eleven when she let herself in, and, after a glance at the empty sitting-room, stole to his door. He was not there, and his overcoat was gone from the hall.

She got together materials for a little supper and placed the gas stove ready to light, then sat down to wait. An hour later bells and whistles announced Christmas Day, and fell away into silence again. At half-past twelve she could stand it no longer. Putting on her wraps, she went down the street, uncannily still now, and muffled in fresh

snow. Only a few blocks lay between her and Miss Arthur's house, and she had no fear of the city at any hour. As she turned the last corner, she stopped short and drew back into the shadow. Across the street a lonely figure was pacing slowly along the block, pausing now and then to glance up at a house opposite. She knew him long before the street lamp showed her the boyish face, pale and set. Something in it kept her from speaking. She let him turn and go back. A wide path had been trodden in the snow on that side.

“I have no small boy any more,” she thought sadly, and went home alone.

An hour later Nick came in, making clumsy attempts at noiselessness.

“I'm up, Nick — in the dining-room,” called Mrs. Ford. He entered shining with good news.

“Oh, mother, she's better! She has passed the crisis, — they think she'll pull through!”

“I'm so glad, dear! How did you find out?” He looked a little confused.

“Oh, I was n't sleepy, so I thought I might as well run round there and see the doctor as he left. I waited a few minutes for him,” he explained. “Have you been in long?”

“Oh, not so very;” Mrs. Ford was stirring busily. “I felt just like some chocolate. Will you have some?”

“You bet,” said Nick.

News from Miss Arthur continued better and better. Before she was taken out of town she was able to write with her own hand a little note of thanks for the jewel box and the lilies of the valley.

A few weeks after she had gone, Nick's mother sighed to see a new phase of the affair develop. He showed a growing reserve on the subject of Miss Arthur, and her name was almost never mentioned now. The expansive boy was evidently become a man in the concerns of his heart, and his mother would not force his confidence, though she wondered incessantly what was go-

ing on back of this new secretiveness, and ached in sympathy for the ache she could only divine. All the boy's spare time went to experiments in book binding, and she bore the endless litter without a murmur, suspecting some new offering to the lady as its ultimate object.

Then one day she came running up the stairs, her eyes shining with joy for his joy.

"Oh, Nick, whom do you think I just saw?"

He was at a critical place in adjusting an end paper, and did not lift his head.

"Dunno," he said, evidently without a suspicion.

"Miss Arthur — looking so well and pretty! And she sent you her love."

Nicholas did not spring to his feet. He did not even look up.

"Good work," he said cheerfully. "I must go and see her some time. Mother, will you put your finger here for a moment?"

Mrs. Ford stared at him blankly. There was no duplicity in his serene voice, no pose in the frowning attention the end paper was receiving. And all this time — She turned and went to her own room.

"The little brute!" she muttered. Then she smiled broadly. After all, it only meant that she still had a small boy.

Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

THE YOUNGEST.

LITTLE rider where the trails are steep,
Little gazer from the hills above,
Little wanderer where the woods are deep
Over the roads I love.

Little dreamer on the gusty knoll,
Little listener where the dark trees blow,
— Pines with voices like a human soul —
Those are the woods I know.

Little reader in the firelight,
Little sleeper at a lonely mine,
Little one! I long for thee to-night
And for my home, and thine.

Elizabeth Foote.

A NATIONAL TYPE OF CULTURE.

CULTURE I fear has fallen upon evil days; at least the name has. "Totality" and the "study of perfection" and the "passion for sweetness and light" would seem to be in general attractive objects of pursuit, and there never was a time when the all-round man stood higher in demand than to-day. And yet culture sags in the market. The purveyors of educational wares obedient to quotations incline either to change the labels and write some name like character upon them, or else more likely to deal in specialties, and spread long lists of new and monstrous names. It may be that culture or the samples of it which were offered failed in the counting-test for good red blood; it may be there was too much self-consciousness and selfishness withal about the nurture, too much suggestion of an intellectual manicuring; it may be there was too little evidence that the comely hands were ready to lay hold on the world's work; one or all of these counts against culture may have really counted, but damning above all has weighed the evidence of foreign manufacture. Indications that the article as currently commended was made in England or made in Athens have not been lacking, and Matthew Arnold has sometimes been the author of the standard recipe, sometimes Plato. The "sweetness and light" of Culture and Anarchy has the breath of the Oxford gardens with it, and the real and true Philistines are the English non-conformists. Its culture is based on leisure, a leisure guaranteed by competence, and the competence is of that solid, reliable sort that speaks of ancestors and estates and of so many hundreds or thousands a year, yesterday, to-day, and forever, and no worry, but only an agent or attorney; and no hurry, but only an orderly succession of bath and breakfast, work and luncheon, tennis

and tea, with time enough for all; nothing too much and nothing too many.

This English culture is maintained too at a cost for which we Americans are not prepared. It consolidates Philistinism beyond a pale which it neither hopes nor desires to pass, and leaves the Barbarian unconvicted of sin; of the Populace it has not even reached the ears. A self-complacent Philistinism, a scornful Barbarism, and a deaf and stolid Populace are the price England pays for its sifted culture. Believers in the doctrine of the saving remnant esteem the price well paid and worth paying, and the believers are many and good. The doctrine is honored in the experience of many civilizations, and suffers no lack in age, but it is not wholly unchallenged, and the "vulgar mediocrity" is not its only alternative.

It is a fair question nowadays if England be not after all the true land of liberty. I believe it is the present fashion in America to admit it. Some estimate in terms of the domestic problem, though England has one too. But our household mechanism is more complicated and more brittle than the English, and the American housewife is bowing into slavery beneath the cooks and butlers, and city families are fast being driven into hotels and boarding houses. Others estimate in terms of other slaveries. One is the slavery to publicity. England has spared more refuges for privacy. The garden wall more frequently rebuffs the street, and the homes that count even the telephone a noxious intrusion of the outer world are more the rule than the exception. Again there is the slavery to a something we call public opinion, but which is not really the opinion of the great public, so much as a congeries of various sets of opinions publicly set forth, each under the guarantee of some organization

or institution. Public opinion has indeed of late years yielded so largely to the organizational form that it becomes difficult to discover what public opinion really is. Every proposal for reform or for standing pat, every phase of view or plan of procedure, must have its organization with pages of officers and honorary councilors. One by one the subjects concerning which a public man may with immunity from organizational attack freely express himself are withdrawn from the open field and lodged behind entrenchments. The result is, naturally, that for the tactful statesman — and tact has of late years been forced high above par — a chief stock in trade has become the cautious list of taboos. I pray you, my promising young man, embroil not thyself in the days of thy youth with those various combinations of initial letters which are nowadays the powers that be; so speaks the voice of carnal Wisdom. This is undoubtedly a land of freedom and free speech, but freedom of speech means that one is at perfect liberty to express such of his convictions as he dares to.

In spite of all these slaveries, however, and many others, it remains that American life possesses a form of freedom quite its own, a freedom conditioned in an absence of caste lines. It is indeed this very lack which has offered the chief opportunity and temptation to the spread of organizationalism as a system of platforms for social life to climb upon in the vast levels of the unclassified, — temporary stagings from which it seems to get view and outlook and realize itself.

The caste lines, although they be but dotted lines, avail to set limits upon the cravings; their effect is restful. In America there is no class or craft whose members have signed a quitclaim upon any of the hopes of progress and achievement, still less have accepted for their children the doom of subservience or mediocrity. Herein lies the difference. The masses in the older country are well

content to leave the maintenance of the higher social ritual to one class, the pursuit of sweetness and light to another, and keep for themselves the plain satisfactions of the unembroidered life. So English culture is a class pursuit. So was the Greek culture upon which it is in large measure consciously based. The Athenian type of cultured gentleman was made possible by the institution of human slavery. It scorned the toil of the hands because it made of the body a machine. "It is evident," says Aristotle,¹ "that one must participate in such only of the useful arts as do not make the participant a mere mechanic; and we must stamp as mechanical any work, art, education, which cripples the body of freemen or their intelligence for the full exercise of manly excellence (that is, detracts from all-roundness). Therefore such arts as have a tendency to impair the efficiency of the body we call mechanical, — also those practiced for pay." Manual labor was proper only for the slave, "the animated tool." The "dignity of labor" no one had heard of. The Christian doctrine of the possibility of a divine service implicit in every act, small or great, of body or brain, had not yet been conceived. The Athenian gentleman must needs also despise trade and call in question all services rendered for money. For the possibility that Euripides' mother had once sold garden products on the market place the scathing wit of Aristophanes would have no rest. Trade was left to the aliens and other people who could have no social hopes for the future. There was an unmistakable danger of taint attaching to all production of the useful, lest it partake of subservience and slavishness. It was the awful presence of slavery that pointed the issue. The ideals of Greek culture are the ideals of a slave-served class. Even our term "liberal" as used in the phrases liberal culture, liberal studies, liberal education labels a concept that was first

¹ Polit. V. 2. 1.

fashioned in the atmosphere of slavery, and it is only as we trace its history back to its source that we may really understand it, or be protected against the miasma it may bring with it out of the shadow and the swamp. The word as the Greek used it meant what belongs to a freeman as distinguished from a slave. To quote Aristotle again (l. c.): "In certain of the *liberal* sciences it is not slavish to participate up to a certain point, but to give them continuous attention with a view to professional accuracy involves this risk." Here, then, specialization or professional training is distinctly set over against liberal culture as the slavish *vs.* the non-slavish. Now we understand why Alcibiades quit flute-playing.

But, after all, the English type of culture and the Greek have served us only as illustrations. The point is that culture as we have had it commended to us hereabouts bears the connotation of exotic. But culture is not cosmopolitanism. Men of culture are or ought to be good gold coins valid everywhere, and all the more as bearing the national stamp. Cosmopolitanism is apt to be rather a thing of versatility, adaptability, facundity, sojourning homelessness, and the general use of common denominators. There is a something which the word culture ought to denote, — or some other less battered word appointed to its place, and this something is a goodly thing much to be desired, and indeed much prized and sought for among men, but it is not isolated from citizenship, it is not without a country; it must grow out of the ground whereon it stands. It is otherwise like the pale psyches who flit over the asphodel moor with a chirping cry, reft of *phrenes* and fatherland.

Peoples and civilizations that have not come to a genuine self-consciousness borrow their culture. The triumph over the Persians impelled the Athenian gentry to abandon their Ionic-Oriental dress for a hardier national costume, and

this incident was typical of a movement that created in the fifth and following centuries the national type of culture we call Greek. The American people has, to be sure, not failed in self-assertion and bluster, but these spoke for sensitiveness and were a confession of weakness, — the pouting and vaunting of children, not the strength and self-knowledge of maturity and responsibility. A man's work to do and consciousness of strength to do it and of responsibility in doing it ripen a people.

The American people has acquired by coming of age the right to feel that it has ways and a work of its own which determine for it the form and temper of that standard of human competency in men and communities which yields a national type of culture. This type will not be provincial; Americans travel too much and are too open-eyed; their population is mixed of too many bloods; they dwell too much in the open, on the great east and west routes that follow the north temperate zone and join Europe to the Farther East. It is more likely to represent the most universal type.

It will not be the possession of a few. It is based in a system of public education reaching from the kindergarten through the university, and, in its actual use by all classes and conditions of the population, constituting an institution of human life without historic parallel. The apprehension that diffusion of enlightenment involved a vulgarization of culture and a contentment with mediocrity is the fallacy of small faith, — what shall these loaves among so many; — the fallacy of distrust in men that relies on compulsion rather than on opportunity and inspiration, and these are fallacies already disproved by the facts. The opening of the higher education to women and the entrance of educated women into social service would be of themselves sufficient vindication of the national right to a distinctive type of culture.

It will not be a culture for its own sake. The methods of its acquisition tend more and more toward becoming through doing, as the ideals of its use tend toward leading by serving. Education from being a mere preparation for life, an artificial ripening off the tree, has shifted to the intensive practice of life itself. The old education sought by painful processes to isolate training from action, the new shapes it upon the living mould of action. The definition of a university as a "place

where nothing practical is taught" is laudable only if practical means void of ideal. The American university has made no greater contribution to education than in combining technical schools of engineering and the like in parity with schools of the humanities. Both sides have gained; the one has acquired scope and ideals, the other zeal for learning by doing. The American passion for sweetness and light will be fulfilled in such as are not knowers only, but doers of the doctrine.

Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

MARG'ET ANN.

It was sacrament Sabbath in the little Seceder congregation at Blue Mound. Vehicles denoting various degrees of prosperity were beginning to arrive before the white meeting-house that stood in a patch of dog-fennel by the roadside.

The elders were gathered in a solemn, bareheaded group on the shady side of the building, arranging matters of deep spiritual portent connected with the serving of the tables. The women entered the church as they arrived, carrying or leading their fat, sunburned, awe-stricken children, and sat in subdued and reverent silence in the unpainted pews. There was a smell of pine and peppermint and last week's gingerbread in the room, and a faint rustle of bonnet strings and silk mantillas as each newcomer moved down the aisle; but there was no turning of heads or vain, indecorous curiosity concerning arrivals on the part of those already in the pews.

Outside, the younger men moved about slowly in their creased black clothes, or stood in groups talking covertly of the corn planting which had begun; there was an evident desire to compensate by lowered voices and lack

of animated speech for the manifest irreverence of the topic.

Marg'et Ann and her mother came in the farm wagon, that the assisting minister, the Rev. Samuel McClanahan, who was to preach the "action sermon," might ride in the buggy with the pastor. There were four wooden chairs in the box of the wagon, and the floor was strewn with sweet-scented timothy and clover. Mrs. Morrison and Miss Nancy McClanahan, who had come with her brother from Cedar Township to communion, sat in two of the chairs, and Marg'et Ann and her younger sister occupied the others. One of the boys sat on the high spring seat with his brother Laban, who drove the team, and the other children were distributed on the hay between their elders.

Marg'et Ann wore her mother's changeable silk made over and a cottage bonnet with pink silk strings and skirt and a white ruche with a wreath of pink flowers in the face trimming. Her brown hair was combed over her ears like a sheet of burnished bronze and held out by puff combs, and she had a wide, embroidered collar, shaped like a halo, fastened by a cairngorm in a square setting of gold.

Miss Nancy McClanahan and her mother talked in a subdued way of the fast day services, and of the death of Squire Davidson, who lived the other side of the creek, and the probable result of Esther Jane Skinner's trouble with her chest. There was a tacit avoidance of all subjects pertaining to the flesh except its ailments, but there was no long-faced hypocrisy in the tones or manner of the two women. Marg'et Ann listened to them and watched the receding perspective of the corn rows in the brown fields. She had her token tied securely in the corner of her handkerchief, and every time she felt it she thought regretfully of Lloyd Archer. She had hoped he would make a confession of faith this communion, but he had not come before the session at all. She knew he had doubts concerning close communion, and she had heard him say that certain complications of predestination and free will did not appear reasonable to him. Marg'et Ann thought it very daring of him to exact reasonableness of those in spiritual high places. She would as soon have thought of criticising the Creator for making the sky blue instead of green as for any of His immutable decrees as set forth in the Confession of Faith. It did not prevent her liking Lloyd Archer that her father and several of the elders whom he had ventured to engage in religious discussion pronounced him a dangerous young man, but it made it impossible for her to marry him. So she had been quite anxious that he should see his way clear to join the church.

They had talked about it during intermission last Sabbath; but Marg'et Ann, having arrived at her own position by a process of complete self-abnegation, found it hard to know how to proceed with this stalwart sinner who insisted upon understanding things. It is true he spoke humbly enough of himself, as one who had not her light, but Marg'et Ann was quite aware that she did not believe the Catechism because

she understood it. She had no doubt it could be understood, and she thought regretfully that Lloyd Archer would be just the man to understand it if he would study it in the right spirit. Just what the right spirit was she could not perhaps have formulated, except that it was the spirit that led to belief in the Catechism. She had hoped that he would come to a knowledge of the truth through the ministrations of the Rev. Samuel McClanahan, who was said to be very powerful in argument; but he had found fault with Mr. McClanahan's logic on fast day in a way that was quite disheartening, and he evidently did not intend to come forward this communion at all. Her father had spoken several times in a very hopeless manner of Lloyd's continued resistance of the Holy Spirit, and Marg'et Ann thought with a shiver of Squire Atwater, who was an infidel, and was supposed by some to have committed the unpardonable sin. She remembered once when she and one of the younger boys had gone into his meadow for wild strawberries he had come out and talked to them in a jovial way, and when they were leaving, had patted her little brother's head, and told him, with a great, corpulent laugh, to "ask his father how the devil could be chained to the bottomless pit." She did not believe Lloyd could become like that, but still it was dangerous to resist the Spirit.

Miss Nancy McClanahan had a bit of mint between the leaves of her psalm book, and she smelled it now and then in a niggardly way, as if the senses should be but moderately indulged on the Sabbath. She had on black netted mitts which left the enlarged knuckles of her hands exposed, and there was a little band of Guinea gold on one of her fingers, with two almost obliterated hearts in loving juxtaposition. Marg'et Ann knew that she had been a hardworking mother to the Rev. Samuel's family ever since the death of his

wife, and she wondered vaguely how it would seem to take care of Laban's children in case Lloyd should fail to make his peace with God.

When they drove to the door of the meeting-house, Archibald Skinner came down the walk to help them dismount. Mrs. Morrison shook hands with him kindly and asked after his sister's cough, and whether his Grandfather Elliott was still having trouble with his varicose veins. She handed the children to him one by one, and he lifted them to the ground with an easy swing, replacing their hats above their tubular curls after the descent, and grinning good-naturedly into their round, awe-filled, freckled countenances.

Miss Nancy got out of the wagon backwards, making a maidenly effort to keep the connection between the hem of her black silk skirt and the top of her calf-skin shoes inviolate, and brushing the dust of the wagon wheel from her dress carefully after her safe arrival in the dog-fennel. Marg'et Ann ignored the chair which had been placed beside the wagon for the convenience of her elders, and sprang from the wheel, placing her hands lightly in those of the young man, who deposited her safely beside her mother and turned toward her sister Rebecca with a blush that extended to the unfreckled spaces of his hairy, outstretched hands, and explained his lively interest in the disembarkation of the family.

Laban drove the team around the corner to a convenient hitching-place, and the women and children went up the walk to the church door. Mrs. Morrison stopped a moment on the step to remove the hats of the younger boys, whose awe of the sanctuary seemed to have deprived them of volition, and they all proceeded down the aisle to the minister's pew.

The pastor and the Rev. Samuel McClanahan were already in the pulpit, their presence there being indicated by two tufts of hair, one black and the

other sandy, which arose above the high reading-desk; and the elders having filed into the room and distributed themselves in the ends of the various well-filled pews, the young men and boys followed their example, the latter taking a sudden start at the door and projecting themselves into their places with a concentration of purpose that seemed almost apoplectic in its results.

There was a deep, premonitory stillness, broken only by the precentor, who covertly struck his tuning-fork on the round of his chair, and held it to his ear with a faint, accordant hum; then the minister arose and spread his hands in solemn invocation above the little flock.

"Let us pray."

Every one in the house arose. Even old Mrs. Groesbeck, who had sciatica, allowed her husband and her son Ebenezer to assist her to her feet, and the children who were too small to see over the backs of the pews slipped from their seats and stood in downcast stillness within the high board inclosures.

After the prayer, Mr. Morrison read the psalm. It was Rouse's version: —

"I joy'd when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me.
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.
Jerus'lem as a city is
Compactly built together.
Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither."

The minister read it all and "lined out" the first couplet. Then the precentor, a tall, thin man, whose thinness was enveloped but not alleviated by an alpaca coat, struck his tuning-fork more openly and launched into the highly rarefied atmosphere of China, being quite alone in his vocal flight until the congregation joined him in the more accessible regions of the second line.

Marg'et Ann shared her psalm book with Laban, who sat beside her. He had hurt his thumb shelling seed corn, and his mother had made him a clean thumb-stall for Sabbath. It was with

this shrouded member that he held the edge of the psalm book awkwardly. Laban's voice was in that uncertain stage in which its vagaries astonished no one so much as its owner, but he joined in the singing. "Let all the people praise Thee" was a command not to be lightly set aside for worldly considerations of harmony and fitness, and so Laban sang, his callow and ill-adjusted soul divided between fears that the people would hear him and that the Lord would not.

Marg'et Ann listened for Lloyd Archer's deep bass voice in the Amen corner.

She wished his feet *were* standing within the gates of Jerusalem, as he so resonantly announced that they would be. But whatever irreverence there might be in poor Laban refusing to sing what he did not dream of doubting, there was no impiety to these devout souls in Lloyd Archer's joining with them in the vocal proclamation of things concerning which he had very serious doubts. Not that Jerusalem, either new or old, was one of these things; the young man himself was not conscious of any heresy there; he believed in Jerusalem, in the church militant upon earth and triumphant in heaven, and in many deeper and more devious theological doctrines as well. Indeed, his heterodoxy was of so mild a type that, viewed by the incandescent light of to-day, which is not half a century later, it shines with the clear blue radiance of flawless Calvinism.

If the tedious "lining out," traditionally sacred, was quite unreasonable and superfluous, commemorating nothing but the days of hunted Covenanters and few psalm books and fewer still who were able to read them, perhaps the remembrance of these things was as conducive to thankfulness of heart as David's recital of the travails and triumphs of ancient Israel. Certain it is that profound gratitude to God and devotion to duty characterized the lives of most

of these men and women who sang the praises of their Maker in this halting and unmusical fashion.

Marg'et Ann sang in a high and somewhat nasal treble, compassing the extra feet of Mr. Rouse's doubtful version with skill, and gliding nimbly over the gaps in prosody by the aid of his dextrously elongated syllables.

Some of the older men seemed to dwell upon these peculiarities of versification as being distinctively ecclesiastical and therefore spiritually edifying, and brought up the musical rear of such couplets with long-drawn and profoundly impressive "shy-un's" and "i-tee's;" but these irregularities found little favor in the eyes of the younger people, who had attended singing school and learned to read buckwheat notes under the direction of Jonathan Loomis, the precentor.

Marg'et Ann listened to the Rev. Mr. McClanahan's elaborately divided discourse, wondering what piece of the logical puzzle Lloyd would declare to be missing; and she glanced rather wistfully once or twice toward the Amen corner where the young man sat, with his head thrown back and his eager eyes fixed upon the minister's face.

When the intermission came, she ate her sweet cake and her triangle of dried apple pie with the others, and then walked toward the graveyard behind the church. She knew that Lloyd would follow her, and she prayed for grace to speak a word in season.

The young man stalked through the tall grass that choked the path of the little inclosure until he overtook her under a blossoming crab-apple tree.

He had been "going with" Marg'et Ann more than a year, and there was generally supposed to be an understanding between them.

She turned when he came up, and put out her hand without embarrassment, but she blushed as pink as the crab-apple bloom in his grasp.

They talked a little of commonplace

things, and Marg'et Ann looked down and swallowed once or twice before she said gravely, —

"I hoped you 'd come forward this sacrament, Lloyd."

The young man's brow clouded.

"I've told you I can't join the church without telling a lie, Marg'et Ann. You would n't want me to tell a lie," he said, flushing hotly.

She shook her head, looking down, and twisting her handkerchief into a ball in her hands.

"I know you have doubts about some things; but I thought they might be removed by prayer. Have you prayed earnestly to have them removed?" She looked up at him anxiously.

"I've asked to be made to see things right," he replied, choking a little over this unveiling of his holy of holies; "but I don't seem to be able to see some things as you do."

She pondered an instant, looking absently at the headstone of "Hephzibah," who was the later of Robert McCoy's two beloved wives, then she said, with an effort, for these staid descendants of Scottish ancestry were not given to much glib talking of sacred things: —

"I suppose doubts are sent to try our faith; but we have the promise that they will be removed if we ask in the right spirit. Are you sure you have asked in the right spirit, Lloyd?"

"I have prayed for light, but I have n't asked to have my doubts removed, Marg'et Ann; I don't know that I want to believe what does n't appear reasonable to me."

The girl lifted a troubled, tremulous face to his.

"That is n't the right spirit, Lloyd, — you know it is n't. How can God remove your doubts if you don't want him to?"

The young man reached up and broke off a twig of the round, pink crab-apple buds and rolled the stem between his work-hardened hands.

"I've asked for light," he repeated,

"and if when it comes I see things different, I'll say so; but I can't want to believe what I don't believe, and I can't pray for what I don't want."

The triangle of Marg'et Ann's brow between her burnished satin puffs of hair took on two upright, troubled lines. She unfolded her handkerchief nervously, and her token fell with a ringing sound against tired Hephzibah's grave-stone and rolled down above her patiently folded hands.

Lloyd stooped and searched for it in the grass. When he found it he gave it to her silently, and their hands met. Poor Marg'et Ann! No hunted Covenanters amid Scottish heather was more a martyr to his faith than this rose-cheeked girl amid Iowa cornfields. She took the bit of flattened lead and pressed it between her burning palms.

"I hope you won't get hardened in unbelief, Lloyd," she said soberly.

The congregation was drifting toward the church again, and the young people turned. Lloyd touched the iridescent silk of her wide sleeve.

"You ain't a-going to let this make any difference between you and me, are you, Marg'et Ann?" he pleaded.

"I don't know," wavered the girl. "I hope you'll be brought to a sense of your true condition, Lloyd." She hesitated, smoothing the sheen of her skirt. "It would be an awful cross to father and mother."

The young man fell behind her in the narrow path, and they walked to the church door in unhappy silence.

Inside, the elders had accomplished the spreading of the tables with slow-moving, awkward reverence. The spotless drapery swayed a little in the afternoon breeze, and there was a faint fruity smell of communion wine in the room.

The two ministers and some of the older communicants sat with bowed heads, in deep spiritual isolation.

The solemn stillness of self-examination pervaded the room, and Marg'et Ann went to her seat with a vague stir-

ring of resentment in her heart toward the Rev. Samuel McClanahan, who, with all his learning, could not convince this one lost sheep of the error of his theological way. She put aside such thoughts, however, before the serving of the tables, and walked humbly down the aisle behind her mother, singing the one hundred and sixteenth psalm to the quaint rising and falling cadences of Dundee.

Once, while the visiting pastor addressed the communicants, she thought how it would simplify matters if Lloyd were sitting opposite her, and then caught her breath as the minister adjured each one to examine himself, lest eating and drinking unworthily he should eat and drink damnation to himself.

It was almost sunset when the service ended, and as the Morrisons drove into the lane the smell of jimson-weed was heavy on the evening air, and they could hear the clank of the cow bells in the distance.

Marg'et Ann went to her room to lay aside her best dress and get ready for the milking, and Mrs. Morrison and Rebecca made haste to see about supper.

Miss Nancy McClanahan walked about the garden in her much made-over black silk, and compared the progress of Mrs. Morrison's touch-me-nots and four-o'clocks with her own, nipping herself a sprig of tansy from the patch under the Bowerly apple tree.

She shared Marg'et Ann's room that night, and after she had taken off her lace head-dress and put a frilled night-cap over her lonesome little knot of gray hair and said her prayers, she composed herself on her pillow with a patient sigh, and lay watching Marg'et Ann crowd her burnished braids into her close-fitting cap without speaking; but after the light was out, and her companion had lain down beside her, the old maid placed her knotted hand on the girl's more shapely one, and said:—

"There's worse things than living

single, Marg'et Ann, and then again I suppose there's better. Of course every girl has her chances, and the people we make sacrifices for don't always seem quite as grateful as we calculated they'd be. I'm not repinin', but I sometimes think if I had my life to live over again I'd do different."

Marg'et Ann pressed the knotted fingers, that felt like a handful of hickory nuts, and touched the little circle with its two worn-out hearts, but she said nothing.

She had heard that the Rev. Samuel McClanahan was going to marry the youngest Groesbeck girl, now that his children were "getting well up out of the way," and she knew that her mother had been telling Miss Nancy something about her own love affair with Lloyd Archer.

Whatever Mrs. Morrison may have confided to Miss Nancy McClanahan concerning Marg'et Ann and her lover must have been entirely suppositional and therefore liable to error; for the confidence between parent and child did not extend into the mysteries of love and marriage, nor would the older woman have dreamed of intruding upon the sacred precinct of her daughter's feelings toward a young man. She had remarked once or twice to her husband that she was afraid sometimes that there was something between Lloyd Archer and Marg'et Ann; but whether this something was a barrier or a bond she left the worthy minister to divine.

That he had decided upon the latter was evidenced, perhaps, by his reply that he hoped not, and his fear, which he had expressed before, that Lloyd was getting more and more settled in habits of unbelief; and Mrs. Morrison took occasion to remark the next day in her daughter's hearing that she would hate to have a child of hers marry an unbeliever.

Marg'et Ann did not, however, need any of these helps to an understanding of her parents' position. She knew too

well the danger that was supposed to threaten him who indulged in vain and unprofitable questionings, and she had too often heard the vanity of human reason proclaimed to feel any pride in the readiness with which Lloyd had answered Squire Wilson in the argument they had on foreordination at Hiram Graham's infare. Indeed, she had felt it a personal rebuke when her father had said on the way home that he hoped no child of his would ever set up his feeble intellect against the eternal purposes of God, as Lloyd Archer was doing. Marg'et Ann knew perfectly well that if she married Lloyd in his present unregenerate state she would, in the estimation of her father and mother, be endangering the safety of her own soul, which, though presumably of the elect, could never be conclusively so proved until the gates of Paradise should close behind it.

She pondered on these things, and talked of them sometimes with Lloyd, rather unsatisfactorily, it is true; for that rising theologian bristled with questions which threw her troubled soul into a tumult of fear and uncertainty.

It was this latter feeling, perhaps, which distressed her most in her calmer moments; for it was gradually forcing itself upon poor Marg'et Ann that she must either snatch her lover as a brand from the burning or be herself drawn into the flames.

She had taken the summer school down on Cedar Creek, and Lloyd used to ride down for her on Friday evenings when the creek was high.

Rebecca and Archie Skinner were to be married in the fall, and her mother, who had been ailing a little all summer, would need her at home when Rebecca was gone. Still, this would not have stood in the way of her marriage had everything else been satisfactory; and Lloyd suspected as much when she urged it as a reason for delay.

"If anybody has to stay at home on your mother's account, why not let Archie Skinner and Becky put off their

wedding awhile? They're younger, and they have n't been going together near as long as we have," said Lloyd, in answer to her excuses.

They were riding home on horseback one Friday night, and Lloyd had just told her that Martin Prather was going back to Ohio to take care of the old folks, and would rent his farm very reasonably.

Marg'et Ann had on a slat sunbonnet which made her profile about as attractive as an "elbow" of stovepipe, but it had the advantage of hiding the concern that Lloyd's questioning brought into her face. It could not, however, keep it out of her voice.

"I don't know, Lloyd," she began hesitatingly; then she turned toward him suddenly, and let him see all the pain and trouble and regret that her friendly headgear had been sheltering. "Oh, I *do* wish you could come to see things different!" she broke out tremulously.

The young man was quiet for an instant, and then said huskily, "I just thought you had something like that in your mind, Marg'et Ann. If you've concluded to wait till I join the church we might as well give it up. I don't believe in close communion, and I can't see any harm in occasional hearing, and I have n't heard any minister yet that can reconcile free will and election; the more I think about it the less I believe; I think there is about as much hope of your changing as there is of me. I don't see what all this fuss is about, anyway. Arch Skinner is n't a church member!"

It was hard for Marg'et Ann to say why Archie Skinner's case was considered more hopeful than Lloyd's. She knew perfectly well, and so did her lover, for that matter, but it was not easy to formulate.

"Ain't you afraid you'll get to believing less and less if you go on arguing, Lloyd?" she asked, ignoring Archie Skinner altogether.

"I don't know," said Lloyd somewhat sullenly.

They were riding up the lane in the scant shadow of the white locust trees. The corn was in tassel now, and rustled softly in the fields on either side. There was no other sound for awhile. Then Marg'et Ann spoke.

"I'll see what father thinks" —

"No, you won't, Marg'et Ann," broke in Lloyd obstinately. "I think a good deal of your father, but I don't want to marry him; and I don't ask you to promise to marry the fellow I ought to be, or that you think I ought to be; I've asked you to marry *me*. I don't care what you believe, and I don't care what your father thinks; I want to know what *you* think."

Poor Lloyd made all this energetic avowal without the encouragement of a blush or a smile, or the discouragement of a frown or a tear. All this that a lover watches for anxiously was hidden by a wall of slats and green-checked gingham.

She turned her tubular head covering toward him presently, however, showing him all the troubled pink prettiness it held, and said very genuinely through her tears, —

"Oh, Lloyd, you know well enough what I think!"

They had reached the gate, and it was a very much mollified face which the young man raised to hers as he helped her to dismount.

"Your father and mother would n't stand in the way of our getting married, would they?" he asked, as she stood beside him.

"Oh no, they would n't stand in the way," faltered poor Marg'et Ann.

How could she explain to this muscular fellow, whose pale-faced mother had no creed but what Lloyd thought or wanted or liked, that it was their unspoken grief that made it hard for her? How shall any woman explain her family ties to any man?

Marg'et Ann did not need to consult

her father. He looked up from his writing when she entered the door.

"Was that Lloyd Archer, Marg'et Ann?" he asked kindly.

"Yes, sir."

"I'd a little rather you would n't go with him. He seems to be falling into a state of mind that is likely to end in infidelity. It troubles your mother and me a good deal."

Marg'et Ann went into the bedroom to take off her riding skirt, and she did not come out until she was sure no one could see that she had been crying.

Mrs. Morrison continued to complain all through the fall; at least so her neighbors said, although the good woman had never been known to murmur; and Marg'et Ann said nothing whatever about her engagement to Lloyd Archer.

Late in October Archie Skinner and Rebecca were married and moved to the Martin Prather farm, and Lloyd, restless and chafing under all this silence and delay, had no longer anything to suggest when Marg'et Ann urged her mother's failing health as a reason for postponing their marriage.

Before the crab-apples bloomed again Mrs. Morrison's life went out as quietly as it had been lived. There was a short, sharp illness at the last, and in one of the pauses of the pain the sick woman lay watching her daughter, who was alone with her.

"I'm real glad there was nothing between you and Lloyd Archer, Marg'et Ann," she said feebly; "that would have troubled me a good deal. You'll have your father and the children to look after. Nancy Helen will be coming up pretty soon, and be some help; she grows fast. You'll have to manage along as best you can."

The girl's sorely troubled heart failed her. Her eyes burned and her throat ached with the effort of self-control. She buried her face in the patchwork quilt beside her mother's hand. The woman stroked her hair tenderly.

"Don't cry, Marg'et Ann," she said,

"don't cry. You'll get on. It's the Lord's will."

The evening after the funeral Lloyd Archer came over, and Marg'et Ann walked up the lane with him. She was glad to get away from the Sabbath hush of the house, which the neighbors had made so pathetically neat, — taking up the dead woman's task where she had left it, and doing everything with scrupulous care, as if they feared some vision of neglected duty might disturb her rest.

The frost was out of the ground and the spring ploughing had begun. There was a smell of fresh earth from the furrows, and a red-bud tree in the thicket was faintly pink.

Lloyd was silent and troubled, and Marg'et Ann could not trust her voice. They walked on without speaking, and the dusk was deepening before they turned to go back. Marg'et Ann had thrown a little homespun shawl over her head, for there was a memory of frost in the air, but it had fallen back and Lloyd could see her profile with its new lines of grief in the dim light.

"It don't seem right, Marg'et Ann," he began in a voice strained almost to coldness by intensity of feeling.

"But it *is* right, — we know that, Lloyd," interrupted the girl; then she turned and threw both arms about his neck and buried her face on his shoulder. "Oh, Lloyd, I can't bear it — I can't bear it alone — you must help me to be — to be — reconciled!"

The young man laid his cheek upon her soft hair. There was nothing but hot unspoken rebellion in his heart. They stood still an instant, and then Marg'et Ann raised her head and drew the little shawl up and caught it under her quivering chin.

"We must go in," she said staidly, choking back her sobs.

Lloyd laid his hands on her shoulders and drew her toward him again.

"Is there no help, Marg'et Ann?" he said piteously, looking into her tear-

stained face. In his heart he knew there was none. He had gone over the ground a thousand times since he had seen her standing beside her mother's open grave with the group of frightened children clinging to her.

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid,"

repeated the girl, her sweet voice breaking into a whispered sob at the end. They walked to the step and stood there for a moment in silence.

The minister opened the door.

"Is that you, Marg'et Ann," he asked. "I think we'd better have worship now; the children are getting sleepy."

Almost a year before patient, tireless Esther Morrison's eternal holiday had come, a man, walking leisurely along an empty mill-race, had picked up a few shining yellow particles, holding in his hand for an instant the destiny of half the world. Every restless soul that could break its moorings was swept westward on the wave of excitement that followed. Blue Mound felt the magnetism of those bits of yellow metal along with the rest of the world, and wild stories were told at singing school and in harvest fields of the fortunes that awaited those who crossed the plains.

Lloyd Archer, eager, restless, and discontented, caught the fever among the first. Marg'et Ann listened to his plans, heart sore and helpless. She had ceased to advise him. There was a tacit acknowledgment on her part that she had forfeited her right to influence his life in any way. As for him, unconsciously jealous of the devotion to duty that made her precious to him and unable to solve the problem himself, he yet felt injured that she could not be true to him and to his ideal of her as well. If she had left the plain path and gone with him into the byways, his heart would have remained forever with

the woman he had loved, and not with the woman who had so loved him; and yet he sometimes urged her to do this thing, so strange a riddle is the "way of a man with a maid."

Lloyd had indulged a hope which he could not mention to any one, least of all to Marg'et Ann, that the minister would marry again in due season. But nothing pointed to a fulfillment of this wish. The good man seemed far more interested in the abolition of slavery in the South than in the release of his daughter from bondage to her own flesh and blood, Lloyd said to himself, with the bitterness of youth. Indeed, the household had moved on with so little change in the comfort of its worthy head that a knowledge of Lloyd's wishes would have been quite as startling to the object of them as the young man's reasons for their indulgence.

The gold fever had seemed to the minister a moral disorder, calling for spiritual remedies, which he had not failed to administer in such quantity and of such strength as corresponded with the religious therapeutics of the day.

Marg'et Ann hinted of this when her lover came to her with his plans.

She was making soap, and although they stood on the windward side of the kettle, her eyes were red from the smoke of the hickory logs.

"Do you think it is just right, Lloyd?" she asked, stirring the unsavory concoction slowly with a wooden paddle. "Isn't it just a greed for gold, like gambling?"

Lloyd put both elbows on the top of the ash hopper and looked at her laughingly. He had on a straw hat lined with green calico, and his trousers were of blue jeans, held up by "galluses" of the same; but he was a handsome fellow, with sound white teeth and thick, curling locks.

"I don't know as a greed for gold is any worse than a greed for corn," he said, trying to curb his voice into seriousness.

"But corn is useful — it is food — and, besides, you work for it." Marg'et Ann pushed her sunbonnet back and looked at him anxiously.

"Well, I've planted a good deal more corn than I expect to eat this year, and I was calculating to sell some of it for gold, — you would n't think that was wrong, would you, Marg'et Ann?"

"No, of course not; but some one will eat it, — it's useful," maintained the girl earnestly.

"I have n't found anything more useful than money yet," persisted the young man good-naturedly; "but if I come home from California with two or three bags full of gold, I'll buy up a township and raise corn by the wholesale, — that'll make it all right, won't it?"

Marg'et Ann laughed in spite of herself.

"You're such a case, Lloyd," she said, not without a note of admiration in her reproof.

When it came to the parting there was little said. Marg'et Ann hushed her lover's assurances with her own, given amid blinding tears.

"I'll be just the same, Lloyd, no matter what happens, but I can't let you make any promises; it would n't be right. I can't expect you to wait for me. You must do whatever seems right to you; but there won't be any harm in my loving you, — at least as long as you don't care for anybody else."

The young man said what a young man usually says when he is looking into trustful brown eyes, filled with tears he has caused and cannot prevent, and at the moment, in the sharp pain of parting, the words of one were not more or less sincere than those of the other.

The years that followed moved slowly, weighted as they were with hard work and monotony for Marg'et Ann, and by the time the voice of the corn had changed three times from the soft whispering of spring to the hoarse rus-

ting of autumn, she felt herself old and tired.

There had been letters and messages and rumors, more or less reliable, repeated at huskings and quiltings, to keep her informed of the fortunes of those who had crossed the plains, but her own letters from Lloyd had been few and unsatisfactory. She could not complain of this strict compliance with her wishes, but she had not counted upon the absence of her lover's mother, who had gone to Ohio shortly after his departure and decided to remain there with a married daughter. There was no one left in the neighborhood who could expect to hear directly from Lloyd, and the reports that came from other members of the party he had joined told little that poor Marg'et Ann wished to know, beyond the fact that he was well and had suffered the varying fortunes of other gold-hunters.

There were moments of bitterness in which she tried to picture to herself what her life might have been if she had braved her parents' disapproval and married Lloyd before her mother's death; but there was never a moment bitter enough to tempt her into any neglect of present duty. The milking, the butter-making, the washing, the spinning, all the relentless hard work of the women of her day, went on systematically from the beginning of the year to its end, and the younger children came to accept her patient ministrations as unquestioningly as they had accepted their mother's.

She wondered sometimes at her own anxiety to know that Lloyd was true to her, reproaching herself meanwhile with puritanic severity for such unholy selfishness; but she discussed the various plaids for the children's flannel dresses with Mrs. Skinner, who did the weaving, and cut and sewed and dyed the rags for a new best room carpet with the same conscientious regard for art in the distribution of the stripes which was displayed by all the women of her

acquaintance; indeed, there was no one among them all whose taste in striping a carpet, or in "piecing and laying out a quilt," was more sought after than Marg'et Ann's.

"She always was the old-fashionedest little thing," said Grandmother Elliott, who had been a member of Mr. Morrison's congregation back in Ohio. "I never did see her beat." The good old lady's remark, which was considered highly commendatory, and had nothing whatever to do with the frivolities of changing custom, was made at a quilting at Squire Wilson's, from which Marg'et Ann chanced to be absent.

"It's a pity she don't seem to get married," said Mrs. Barnes, who was marking circles in the white patches of the quilt by means of an inverted teacup of flowing blue; "she's the kind of a girl *I'd 'a'* thought young men would 'a' took up with."

"Marg'et Ann never was much for the boys," said Grandmother Elliott, disposed to defend her favorite, "and dear knows she has her hands full; it's quite a chore to look after all them children."

The women maintained a charitable silence. The ethics of their day did not recognize any womanly duty inconsistent with matrimony. "A disappointment" was considered the only dignified reason for remaining single. Grandmother Elliott felt the weakness of her position.

"I'm sure I don't see how her father would get on," she protested feebly; "he ain't much of a hand to manage."

"If Marg'et Ann was to marry, her father would have to stir round and get himself a wife," said Mrs. Barnes, with cheerful lack of sentiment, confident that her audience was with her.

"I've always had a notion Marg'et Ann thought a good deal more of Lloyd Archer than she let on, — at least more than her folks knew anything about," asserted Mrs. Skinner, stretching her plump arm under the quilt and feeling

about carefully. "I should n't wonder if she'd had quite a disappointment."

"I would have hated to see her marry Lloyd Archer," protested Grandmother Elliott; "she's a sight too good for him; he's always had queer notions."

"Well, I should 'a' thought myself she could 'a' done better," admitted Mrs. Barnes, "but somehow she has n't. I tell 'Lisha it's more of a disgrace to the young man than it is to her."

Evidently this discussion of poor Marg'et Ann's dismal outlook matrimonially was not without precedent.

One person was totally oblivious to the facts and all surmises concerning them. Theoretically, no doubt, the good minister esteemed it a reproach that any woman should remain unmarried; but there are theories which refinement finds it easy to separate from daily life, and no thought of Marg'et Ann's future intruded upon her father's deep and daily increasing distress over the wrongs of human slavery. Marg'et Ann was conscious sometimes of a change in him; he went often and restlessly to see Squire Kirkendall, who kept an underground railroad station, and not infrequently a runaway negro was harbored at the Morrisons'. Strange to say, these frightened and stealthy visitors, dirty and repulsive though they were, excited no fear in the minds of the children, to whom the slave had become almost an object of reverence.

Marg'et Ann read her first novel that year,—a story called *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which appeared in the National Era,—read it and wept over it, adding all the intensity of her antislavery training to the enjoyment of a hitherto forbidden pleasure. She did not fail to note her father's eagerness for the arrival of the paper; and recalled the fact that he had once objected to her reading *Pilgrim's Progress* on the Sabbath.

"It's useful, perhaps," he had said, "useful in its way and in its place, but it is fiction nevertheless."

There were many vexing questions of church discipline that winter, and the Rev. Samuel McClanahan rode over from Cedar Township often and held long theological discussions with her father in the privacy of the best room. Once Squire Wilson came with him, and as the two visitors left the house Marg'et Ann heard the Rev. Samuel urging upon the elder the necessity of "holding up Brother Morrison's hands."

It was generally known among the congregation that Abner Kirkendall had been before the session for attending the Methodist Church and singing an uninspired hymn in the public worship of God, and it was whispered that the minister was not properly impressed with the heinousness of Abner's sin. Then, too, Jonathan Loomis, the precentor, who had at first insisted upon lining out two lines of the psalm instead of one, and had carried his point, now pushed his dangerous liberality to the extreme of not lining out at all. The first time he was guilty of this startling innovation, "Rushin' through the sawm," as Uncle John Turnbull afterwards said, "without deegnity, as if it were a mere human cawmposeetion," two or three of the older members arose and left the church; and the presbytery was shaken to its foundations of Scotch granite when Mr. Morrison humbly acknowledged that he had not noticed the precentor's bold sally, until Brother Turnbull's departure attracted his attention.

It is true that the minister had preached most acceptably that day from the ninth and twelfth verses of the thirty-fifth chapter of Job: "By reason of the multitude of oppressions they make the oppressed to cry: they cry out by reason of the arm of the mighty. . . . There they cry, but none giveth answer, because of the pride of evil men." And it is possible that the zeal for freedom that burned in his soul was rather gratified than otherwise by Jonathan's bold singing of the prophetic psalm:—

"He out of darkness did them bring
And from Death's shade them take,
Those bands wherewith they had been bound
Asunder quite he brake.

"O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for His goodness then,
And for His works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men."

But such absorbing enthusiasm even in a good cause argued a doctrinal laxity which could not pass unnoticed.

"A deegnifyin' of the creature above the Creator, the sign above the thing seegnified," Uncle Johnnie Turnbull urged upon the session, smarting from the deep theological wound he had suffered at Jonathan's hands.

A perceptible chill crept into the ecclesiastical atmosphere which Marge't Ann felt without thoroughly comprehending.

Nancy Helen was sixteen now, and Marg'et Ann had taught the summer school at Yankee Neck, riding home every evening to superintend the younger sister's housekeeping.

Laban had emerged from the period of unshaven awkwardness, and was going to see Emeline Barnes with ominous regularity.

There was nothing in the affairs of the household to trouble Marg'et Ann but her father's ever increasing restlessness and preoccupation. She wondered if it would have been different if her mother had lived. There was no great intimacy between the father and daughter, but the girl knew that the wrongs of the black man had risen like a dense cloud between her father and what had once been his highest duty and pleasure.

She was not, therefore, greatly surprised when he said to her one day, more humbly than he was wont to speak to his children:—

"I think I must try to do something for those poor people, child; it may not be much, but it will be something. The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few."

"What will you do, father?"

Marg'et Ann asked the question hesitatingly, dreading the reply. The minister looked at her with anxious eagerness. He was glad of the humble acquiescence that obliged him to put his half-formed resolution into words.

"If the presbytery will release me from my charge here, I may go South for awhile. Nancy Helen is quite a girl now, and with Laban and your teaching you could get on. They are bruised for our iniquities, Marg'et Ann,— they are our iniquities, indirectly, child."

He got up and walked across the rag-carpeted floor. Marg'et Ann sat still in her mother's chair, looking down at the stripes of the carpet, — dark blue and red and "hit or miss;" her mother had made them so patiently; it seemed as if patience were always under foot for heroism to tread upon. She fought with the ache in her throat a little. The stripes on the floor were beginning to blur when she spoke.

"Is n't it dangerous to go down there, father, for people like us, — for Abolitionists, I mean; I have heard that it was."

"Dangerous!" The preacher's face lighted with the faint, prophetic joy of martyrdom; poor Marg'et Ann had touched the wrong chord. "It cannot be worse for me than it is for them, — I must go," he broke out impatiently; "do not say anything against it, child!"

And so Marg'et Ann said nothing.

Really there was not much time for words. There were many stitches to be taken in the threadbare wardrobe, concerning which her father was as ignorant and indifferent as a child, before she packed it all in the old carpet sack and nerved herself to see him start.

He went away willingly, almost cheerfully. Just at the last, when he came to bid the younger children good-by, the father seemed for an instant to rise above the reformer. No doubt their childish unconcern moved him.

"We must think of the families that have been rudely torn apart. Surely

it ought to sustain us, — it ought to sustain us," he said to Laban as they drove away.

Two days later they carried him home, crippled for life by the overturning of the stage near Cedar Creek.

He made no complaint of the drunken driver whose carelessness had caused the accident and frustrated his plans; but once, when his eldest daughter was alone with him, he looked into her face and said, absently, rather than to her, —

"Patience, patience; I doubt not the Lord's hand is in it."

And Marg'et Ann felt that his purpose was not quenched.

In the spring Lloyd Archer came home. Marg'et Ann had heard of his coming, and tried to think of him with all the intervening years of care and trial added; but when she saw him walking up the path between the flowering almonds and snowball bushes, all the intervening years faded away, and left only the past that he had shared, and the present.

She met him there at her father's bedside and shook hands with him and said, "How do you do, Lloyd? Have you kept your health?" as quietly as she would have greeted any neighbor. After he had spoken to her father and the children she sat before him with her knitting, a very gentle, self-contained Desdemona, and listened while he told the minister stories of California, mentioning the trees and fruits of the Bible with a freedom and familiarity that savored just enough of heresy to make him seem entirely unchanged.

When Nancy Helen came into the room he glanced from her to Marg'et Ann; the two sisters had the same tints in hair and cheek, but the straight, placid lines of the elder broke into waves and dimples in the younger. Nancy Helen shook hands in a limp, half-grown way, blushingly conscious that her sleeves were rolled up, and that her elders were maturely indiffer-

ent to her sufferings; and Lloyd jokingly refused to tell her his name, insisting that she had kissed him good-by and promised to be his little sweetheart when he came back.

Marg'et Ann was knitting a great blue and white sock for Laban, and after she had turned the mammoth heel she smoothed it out on her lap, painstakingly, conscious all the time of a tumultuous, unreasonable joy in Lloyd's presence, in the sound of his voice, in his glance, which assured her so unmistakably that she had a right to rejoice in his coming.

She did not see her lover alone for several days. When she did, he caught her hands and said, "Well, Marg'et Ann?" taking up the unsettled question of their lives where they had left it. And Marg'et Ann stood still, with her hands in his, looking down at the snow of the fallen locust-bloom at her feet, and said, —

"When father is well enough to begin preaching again, then I think — perhaps — Lloyd" —

But Lloyd did not wait to hear what she thought, nor trouble himself greatly about the "perhaps."

The minister's injuries were slow to mend. They were all coming to understand that his lameness would be permanent, and there was on the part of the older children a tense, pained curiosity concerning their father's feeling on the subject, which no word of his had thus far served to relieve. There was a grave shyness among them concerning their deepest feelings, which was, perhaps, a sense of the inadequacy of expression rather than the austerity it seemed. Marg'et Ann would have liked to show her sympathy for her father, and no doubt it would have lightened the burdens of both; but any betrayal of filial tenderness beyond the dutiful care she gave him would have startled the minister, and embarrassed them both. Life was a serious thing

to them only by reason of its relation to eternity; a constant underrating of this world had made them doubtful of its dignity. Marg'et Ann felt it rather light-minded that she should have a lump in her throat whenever she thought of her father on crutches for the rest of his life. She wondered how Laban felt about it, but it was not likely that she would ever know. Laban had made the crutches himself, a rude, temporary pair at first, but he was at work on others now that were more carefully made and more durable; and she knew from this and the remarks of her father when he tried them that they both understood. It was not worth while to talk about it of course, and yet the household had a dull ache in it that a little talking might have relieved.

Marg'et Ann had begged Lloyd not to speak to her father until the latter was "up and about." It seemed to her unkind to talk of leaving him when he was helpless, and Lloyd was very patient now, and very tractable, working busily to get the old place in readiness for his bride.

Mr. Morrison sat at his table, reading, or writing hurriedly, or gazing absently out into the June sunshine. He was sitting thus one afternoon, tapping the arms of his chair nervously with his thin fingers, when Marg'et Ann brought her work and sat in her mother's chair near him. It was not very dainty work, winding a mass of dyed carpet rags into a huge, madder-colored ball, but there were delicate points in its execution which a restless civilization has hurried into oblivion along with the other lost arts, and Marg'et Ann surveyed her ball critically now and then, to be sure that it was not developing any slovenly one-sidedness under her deft hands. The minister's crutches leaned against the arm of his painted wooden chair with an air of mute but patient helpfulness. Marg'et Ann had cushioned them with patch-work, but he had walked about so much

that she already noted the worn places beginning to show under the arms of his faded dressing-gown. He leaned forward a little and glanced toward her, his hand on them now, and she put down her work and went to his side. He raised himself by the arms of his chair, sighing, and took the crutches from her patient hand.

"I am not of much account, child, — not of much account," he said wearily.

Marg'et Ann colored with pain. She felt as a branch might feel when the trunk of the tree snaps.

"I'm sure you're getting on very well, father; the doctor says you'll be able to begin preaching again by fall."

The minister made his way slowly across the room and stood a moment in the open door; then he retraced his halting steps with their thumping wooden accompaniment and seated himself slowly and painfully again. One of the crutches slid along the arm of the chair and fell to the floor. Marg'et Ann went to pick it up. His head was still bowed and his face had not relaxed from the pain of moving. Standing a moment at his side and looking down at him, she noticed how thin and gray his hair had become. She turned away her face, looking out of the window and battling with the cruelty of it all. The minister felt the tenderness of her silent presence there, and glanced up.

"I shall not preach any more, Marg'et Ann, at least not here, not in this way. If I might do something for those down-trodden people, — but that is perhaps not best. The Lord knows. But I shall leave the ministry for a time, — until I see my way more clearly."

His daughter crossed the room, stooping to straighten the braided rug at his feet as she went, and took up her work again. Certainly the crimson ball was a trifle one-sided, or was it the unevenness of her tear-filled vision? She unwound it a little to remedy the defect as her father went on.

"Things do not present themselves

to my mind as they once did. I have not decided just what course to pursue, but it would certainly not be honorable for me to occupy the pulpit in my present frame of mind. You've been a very faithful daughter, Marg'et Ann," he broke off, "a good daughter."

He turned and looked at her sitting there winding the great ball with her trembling fingers; her failure to speak did not suggest any coldness to either of them; response would have startled him.

"I have thought much about it," he went on. "I have had time to think under this affliction. Nancy Helen is old enough to be trusted now, and when Laban marries he will perhaps be willing to rent the land. No doubt you could get both the summer and winter schools in the district; that would be a great help. The congregation has not been able to pay much, but it would be a loss" —

He faltered for the first time; there was a shame in mentioning money in connection with his office.

"I have suffered a good deal of distress of mind, child, but doubtless it is salutary — it is salutary."

He reached for his crutches again restlessly, and then drew back, remembering the pain of rising.

Marg'et Ann had finished the ball of carpet rags and laid it carefully in the box with the others. She had taken great pains with the coloring, thinking of the best room in her new home, and Lloyd had a man's liking for red.

And now the old question had come back; it was older than she knew. Doubtless it was right that men should always have opinions and aspirations and principles, and women only ties and duties and heartaches. It seemed cruel, though, just now. She choked back the throbbing pain in her throat that threatened to make itself seen and heard.

"Of course I must do right, Marg'et Ann."

Her father's voice seemed almost pleading.

Of course he must do right. Marg'et Ann had not dreamed of anything else. Only it was a little hard just now.

She glanced at him, leaning forward in his chair with the crutches beside him. He looked feeble about the temples and his patched dressing-gown hung loose in wrinkles. She crossed the room and stood beside him. Of course she would stay with him. She did not ask herself why. She did not reason that it was because motherhood underlies wifehood and makes it sweet and sufficing; makes every good woman a mother to every dependent creature, be it strong or weak. I doubt if she reasoned at all. She only said: —

"Of course you will do right, father, and I will see about the school; I think I can get it. You must not worry; we shall get on very well."

Out in the June sunshine Lloyd was coming up the walk with Nancy Helen. She had been gathering wild strawberries in the meadow across the lane, and they had met at the gate. Her sunbonnet was pushed back from her crinkly hair, and her cheeks were stained redder than her finger tips by Lloyd's teasing.

Marg'et Ann looked at them and sighed.

After her brother's return from presbytery Miss Nancy McClanahan borrowed her sister-in-law's horse and rode over to visit the Morrisons. It was not often that Miss Nancy made a trip of this kind alone, and Marg'et Ann ran down the walk to meet her, rolling down her sleeves and smoothing her hair.

Miss Nancy took the girl's soft cheeks in her hands and drew them into the shadow of her cavernous sunbonnet for a withered kiss.

"I want to see your father, Margie," she whispered, and the gentle constraint of spiritual things came into Marg'et Ann's voice as she answered: —

"He's in the best room alone; I

moved him in there this morning to be out of the sweeping. You can go right in."

She lingered a little, hoping her old friend's concern of soul might not have obscured her interest in the salt-rising bread, which had been behaving untowardly of late; but Miss Nancy turned her steps in the direction of the best room and Marg'et Ann opened the door for her, saying, —

"It's Miss McClanahan, father."

The minister looked up, wrinkling his forehead in the effort to disentangle himself from his thoughts. The old maid crossed the room toward him with her quick, hitching step.

"Don't try to get up, Joseph," she said, as he laid his hand on his crutches; "I'll find myself a chair."

She sat down before him, crossing her hands in her lap. The little worn band of gold was not on her finger, but there was a smooth white mark where it had been.

"Samuel got home from presbytery yesterday; he told me what was before them. I thought I'd like to have a little talk with you."

Her voice trembled as she stopped. A faint color showed itself through the silvery stubble on the minister's cheeks; he patted the arms of his chair nervously.

"I'm hardly prepared to discuss my opinions. They are vague, very vague, at best. I should be sorry to unsettle the faith" —

"I don't care at all about your opinions," Miss Nancy interrupted, pushing his words away with both hands; "I only wanted to speak to you about Marg'et Ann."

"Marg'et Ann!" The minister's relief breathed itself out in gentle surprise.

"Yes, Marg'et Ann. I think it's time somebody was thinking of her, Joseph." Miss Nancy leaned forward, her face the color of a withered rose. "She's doing over again what I did.

Perhaps it was best for you. I believe it was, and I don't want you to say a word — you must n't — but I can speak, and I'm not going to let Marg'et Ann live my life if I can help it."

"I don't understand you, Nancy."

The minister laid his hands on his crutches and refused to be motioned back into his chair. He stood before her, looking down anxiously into her thin, eager face.

"I know you don't. Esther never understood, either. You did n't know that Marg'et Ann gave up Lloyd Archer because he had doubts, but I knew it. I wanted to speak then, but I could n't — to her — Esther — and now you don't know that she's going to give him up again because you have doubts, Joseph. That's the way with women. They have no principles, only to do the hardest thing. But I know what it means to work and worry and pinch and have nothing in the end, not even troubles of your own, — they would be some comfort. And I'm going to save Marg'et Ann from it. I'm going to come here and take her place. I've got a little something of my own, you know; I always meant it for her."

She stopped, looking at him expectantly. The minister turned away, rubbing his hands up and down his polished crutches. There was a soft, troubled light in his eyes.

"Why, Nancy!"

His companion got up and moved a step backward. Her cheeks flushed a pale, faded red.

"Oh no," she said, with a quick, impatient movement of her head, "not that, Joseph; that died years ago, — you are the same to me as other men, excepting that you are Marg'et Ann's father. It's for *her*. It's the only way I can live my life over again, by letting her live hers. I don't know that it will be any better; but she will know, she will have a certainty in place of a doubt. I don't know that my life

would have been any better; I know yours would not, and anyway it's all over now. I know I can get on with the children, and I don't think people will talk. I hope you're not going to object, Joseph. We've always been very good friends."

He shook his head slowly.

"I don't see how I can, Nancy. It's very good of you. Perhaps," he added, looking at her with a wistful desire for contradiction, "perhaps I've been a little selfish about Marg'et Ann."

"I don't think you meant to be, Joseph," said the old maid soothingly; "when anybody's so good as Marg'et Ann she does n't call for much grace in the people about her. I think it's a duty we owe to other people to have some faults."

Outside the door Marg'et Ann still lingered, with her anxiety about the bread on her lips and the shadow of much serving in her soft eyes. Miss Nancy stopped and drew her favorite into the shelter of her gaunt arms.

"I'm coming over next week to help you get ready for the wedding, Margie," she said, "and I'm going to stay when you're gone and look after things. They don't need me at Samuel's now, and I'll be more comfortable here. I've got enough to pay a little for my board the rest of my life, and I don't mean to work very hard, but I can show Nancy Helen and keep the run of things. There, don't cry. We'll go and look at the sponge now. I guess you'd better ride over to Yankee Neck this afternoon, and tell them you don't want the winter school, — there, there."

Margaret Collier Graham.

DREAMS IN THE REDWOODS.

WHEN early stars down twilight pathways rove
 And deep-set, leaf-set cañon streamlets croon
 Their canticles unto the crescent moon,
 What rare enchantment fills this redwood grove!
 Gone is the net of care that Daylight wove,
 The toil and weariness of afternoon,
 And up from crimson sea and rose lagoon
 Night drives her dreams, a misty, drowsy drove.
 These redwood dreams! The silver Mission bells,
 The footprints of the Padres, fading fast,
 The sails adventurous that decked the shore;
 Then on and on into the purple past
 Where redwood after redwood softly tells
 Mysterious tales of immemorial lore!

Clarence Urmy.

A BUNCH OF TEXAS AND ARIZONA BIRDS.

ALMOST or quite the brightest bird that I saw in Arizona — the Arizona cardinal, well named *superbus*, being a doubtful exception — was the vermilion flycatcher. I had heard of it as sometimes appearing in the neighborhood of Tucson, but entertained small hope of meeting it there myself. A stranger, straitened for time, and that time in winter, blundering about by himself, with no pilot to show him the likely places, could hardly expect to find many besides the commoner things. So I reasoned with myself, aiming to be philosophical. Nevertheless, there is always the chance of green hand's luck; I knew it by more than one happy experience; and who could tell what might happen? Possibly it was not for nothing that my eye, as by a kind of magnetic attraction, fell so often upon Mrs. Bailey's opening sentence about this particular bird as day after day, on one hunt and another, I turned the leaves of her Handbook. "Of all the rare Mexican birds seen in southern Arizona and Texas," so I read, "the vermilion flycatcher is the gem." One thing was certain: this Mexican rarity was not confusingly like anything else, as so many of its Northern relatives have the unhandsome trick of being. If I saw it, ever so hurriedly, I should recognize it.

Well, I did see it, and almost of course at a moment when I was least looking for it. This was on the 5th of February, my fifth day in Tucson. I had crossed the Santa Cruz valley, west of the city, by one road, and after a stroll among the foothills opposite, was returning by another, when a bit of flashing red started up from the wire fence directly before me. I knew what it was, almost before I saw it, as it seemed, so eager was I, and so well prepared; and as the solitary's com-

panionable habit is, I spoke aloud. "There's the vermilion flycatcher!" I heard myself saying.

The fellow was every whit as splendid as my fancy had painted him, and to my joy he seemed to be not in the least put out by my approach nor chary of displaying himself. He was too innocent and too busy; darting into the air to snatch a passing insect, and anon returning to his perch, which was now a fence-post, now the wire, and now, best of all, the topmost, tilting spray of a dwarf mesquite. Thus engaged, every motion a delight to the eye, he flitted along the road in advance of me, till finally, having reached the limit of his hunting-ground, — the roadside ditches filled with water from the overflow of the irrigated barley fields, — he turned back by the way he had come.

I went home a happy man; I had added one of the choicest and most beautiful of American birds to my mental collection. But one thing was still lacking: flycatchers are not song-birds, but the humblest of them has a voice, and having things to say is apt to say them. My new acquaintance had kept his thoughts to himself.

This was in the forenoon, and after luncheon I went back to walk again over that muddy road between those ditches of muddy water. The bird might still be there. And he was, — still catching insects, and still silent. But so handsome! At first sight most people, I suppose, would compare him, as I did, with the scarlet tanager. The red parts are of nearly or quite the same shade, — a little deeper and richer, if anything, — while the wings, tail, and back are dark brown, approaching black, — the wings and tail especially, — dark enough, at any rate, to afford a brilliant contrast. His scientific name is *Pyrocephalus*, which is admirable as far as

it goes, but falls far short of telling the whole truth about him; for not only is his head of a fiery hue, but his whole body as well, with the exceptions already noted. In size he ranks between the least flycatcher and the wood pewee. In liveliness of action he is equal to the best of his family, with a flirt of the tail which to my eye is identical with that of the phoebe. His gorgeous color is the more effective because of his aerial habits. The tanager is bright sitting on the bough, but how much brighter he would look if every few minutes he were seen hovering in mid-air with the sunlight playing upon him!

Certainly I was in great luck, and I felt it the more as day after day I found the dashing beauty in the same place. I could not spend my whole winter vacation in visiting him, but I saw him there at odd times, — nearly as often as I passed, — until February 17. Then he disappeared; but a week later I discovered him, or another like him, in a different part of the valley, and on the 26th I saw two. The next day, for the first time, one of the birds was in voice, uttering a few fine, short notes, little remarkable in themselves, but thoroughly characteristic; not suggestive of any other flycatcher notes known to me; so that, from that time to the end of my stay in Tucson, I was never in doubt as to their authorship, no matter where I heard them.

All these earlier birds were males in full plumage. The first female — herself a beauty, with a modest tinge of red upon her lower parts — was noticed March 5. Males were now becoming common, and on the 9th, although my walks covered no very wide territory, I counted, of males and females together, seventeen. From first to last not one was met with on the creosote and cactus-covered desert, but after the first few days of March they were well distributed over the Santa Cruz and Rillito valleys and about the grounds of the university. I found no nest until March

27, although at least two weeks earlier than that a female was seen pulling shreds of dry bark from a cottonwood limb, while her mate flitted about the neighborhood, now here, now there, as if he were too happy to contain himself.

The prettiest performance of the male, witnessed almost daily, and sometimes many times a day, after the arrival of the other sex, was a surprisingly protracted ecstatic flight, half flying, half hovering, the wings being held unnaturally high above the back, as if on purpose to display the red body (a most peculiar action, by which the bird could be told as far as he could be seen), accompanied throughout by a rapid repetition of his simple call; all thoroughly in the flycatcher manner; exactly such a mad, lyrical outburst as one frequently sees indulged in by the chebec, for instance, and the different species of phoebe. In endurance, as well as in passion, *Pyrocephalus* is not behind the best of them, while his exceptional bravery of color gives him at such moments a glory altogether his own. Sometimes, indeed, he seems to be emulous of the skylark himself, he rises to such a height, beating his way upward, hovering for breath, and then pushing higher and still higher. Once I saw him and the large Arizona crested flycatcher in the air side by side, one as crazy as the other; but the big *magister* was an awkward hand at the business, compared with the tiny *Pyrocephalus*.

It was good to find so showy a bird so little disposed to shyness. At Old Camp Lowell, where I often rested for an hour at noon in the shade of one of the adobe buildings, the bachelor winter occupants of which were kind enough to give me food and shelter (together with pleasant company) whenever my walk took me so far from home, our siesta was constantly enlivened by his bright presence and his engaging tricks. One day, as he perched at the top of a low mesquite, on a level with our eyes, I put my glass into the hand of the younger

of my hosts. He broke out in a tone of wonder. "Well, now," said he (he spoke to the bird), "you are a peach." And so he is. It is exactly what, in my more old-fashioned and less collegiate English, I have been vainly endeavoring to say.

And to be a "peach" is a fine thing. A vivacious living essayist, it is true, who is probably a handsome man himself, at least in the looking-glass, declares that "male ugliness is an endearing quality." The remark may be true — in a sense; by all means let us hope so, seeing how generous Nature has been with the commodity in question; but I am confident that the female vermilion flycatcher would never admit it. As for her glorious dandy of a husband, there can be no doubt what opinion he would hold of such an impudent reflection upon feminine perspicacity and taste. "A plague upon paradoxes and aphorisms," I hear him answer. "If fine feathers don't make fine birds, what in Heaven's name do they make?"

It was only two days after my discovery of the vermilion flycatcher (if I remember correctly I was at that moment on my way to enjoy a third or fourth look at him) that I first saw a very different but scarcely less interesting bird. I was on the sidewalk of Main Street, in the busy part of the day, my thoughts running upon a batch of delayed letters just received, when suddenly I looked up (probably I had heard a voice without being conscious of it) and saw swifts shooting overhead. People were passing, but it was now or never with me, and I whipped out my opera-glass. There were six of the birds, and their throats were white. So much I saw, having known what to look for, and then they were gone, — as if the heavens had opened and swallowed them up. It was a niggardly interview, at pretty long range, but a deal better than nothing; enough, at all events, for an identification. They were white-throated swifts, — *Aëronautes melanoleucus*.

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Three days later a flock of at least seventeen birds of the same species were hawking over the Santa Cruz valley, and now, as they swept this way and that at their feeding, there was leisure for the field-glass and something like a real examination. To my surprise (surprise is the compensation of ignorance) I saw that they had not only white throats, as their name implies, but white breasts, and more noticeable still, white rumps. Those who know our common dingy, soot-colored chimney swift of the East will be able to form some idea of the distinguished appearance of this Westerner: a considerably larger bird, built on the same rakish lines, shooting about the sky in the same lightning-like zig-zags, and marked in this striking and original manner with white. I saw the birds only four times afterward, the last time on the 17th of February. The explanation of their sudden appearance and disappearance at such a season is beyond my guessing; but I am glad I saw them. Indeed I can see them now, their white rumps lighting up as they wheel and catch the sun. It pleases me to learn that it is next to impossible to shoot them, and that they are scarce in collections. So may they continue. They were made for better things.

The most *beautiful* bird that I saw in Arizona (so I think, but one speaks of such matters under self-correction, as the mood changes) was the Arizona *Pyrrhuloxia*. I should be glad to give the reader, as well as to have for my own use, an English name for it, but so far as I am aware it has none. It has lived beyond the range of the vernacular. My delight in its beauty was less keen than naturally it would have been, because I had spent my first raptures upon its equally handsome Texas relative of the same name a few weeks before. This was at San Antonio, in the chaparral just outside the city. I had been listening to a flock of lark sparrows, I remember, and looking at sundry things, where almost everything

was new, when all at once I saw before me at the foot of a bush the loveliest bunch of feathers that I had ever set eyes on. Without the least thought of what I was doing I began repeating to myself under my breath, "O my soul! O my soul!" And in sober truth the creature was deserving of all the admiration it excited: a bird of the cardinal's size and build, dressed not in gaudy red, but in the most exquisite shade of gray, with a plentiful spilling of an equally exquisite rose color over its under parts. Its bright orange bill was surrounded at the base by a double ring of black and rose, and on its head was a most distinguished-looking, divided crest, tipped with rose color of a deeper shade. It was loveliness to wonder at. I cannot profess that I was awe-struck (not being sure that I know just what that excellent word means), but it would hardly be too much to say that "as I passed, I worshiped."

The Arizona bird, unhappily, was not often seen (the Texas bird treated me better), though when I did come upon it, it was generally in accessible places (in wayside hedgerows) not far from houses. No one could see either the Texas or the Arizona bird for the first time without comparing it with the cardinal, the two are so much alike, and yet so different. The cardinal is brighter, but for beauty give me *Pyrrhuloxia*. I do not expect the sight of any other bird ever to fill me with quite so rapturous a delight in pure color as that first unlooked-for *Pyrrhuloxia* did in the San Antonio chaparral. It was like the joy that comes from falling suddenly upon a stanza of magical verse, or catching from some unexpected quarter a strain of heavenly music.

If *Pyrocephalus* was the brightest and *Pyrrhuloxia* the most beautiful of my Arizona birds, *Phainopepla* must be called the most elegant, the most supremely graceful, if I may be pardoned such an application of the word, the most incomparably genteel. I saw it

first at Old Camp Lowell, before mentioned, near the Rillito, at the base of the low foothills of the Santa Catalina Mountains. At my first visit to the camp, which is six or seven miles from the city of Tucson, straight across the desert, I mistook my way at the last and approached the place from the farther end by a cross-cut through the creosote bushes. Just as I reached the adobe ruins, all that is left of the old camp, I descried a black bird balancing itself daintily at the tip of a mesquite. I lifted my glass, caught sight of the bird's crest, and knew it for a *Phainopepla*. How good it is to find something you have greatly desired and little expected!

The *Phainopepla* (like the *Pyrrhuloxia* it has no vernacular appellation, living only in that sparsely settled, Spanish-speaking corner of the world) is ranked with the waxwings, though except for its crest there is little or nothing in its outward appearance to suggest such a relationship; and the crest itself bears but a moderate resemblance to the pointed topknot of our familiar cedar-bird. What I call the *Phainopepla*'s elegance comes partly from its form, which is the very perfection of shapeliness, having in the highest degree that elusive quality which in semi-slang phrase is designated as "style;" partly from its motions, all prettily conscious and in a pleasing sense affected, like the movements of a dancing-master; and partly from its color, which is black with the most exquisite bluish sheen, set off in the finest manner by broad wing-patches of white. These wing-patches are noticeable, furthermore, for being divided into a kind of network by black lines. It is for this reason, I suppose, that they have a peculiar gauzy look (I speak of their appearance while in action), such as I have never seen in the case of any other bird, and which often made me think of the ribbed, translucent wings of certain dragon-flies.

Doubtless this peculiar appearance was heightened to my eyes because of the mincing, wavering, over-buoyant method of flight (the wings being carried unusually high) to which I have alluded, and which always suggested to me the studied movements of a dance. I think I never saw one of the birds so far forget itself as to take a direct, straightforward course from one point to another. No matter where they might be going, though the flight were only a matter of a hundred yards, they progressed always in pretty zigzags, making so many little, unexpected, indecisive tacks and turns by the way, butterfly fashion, that you began to wonder where they would finally come to rest.

The two birds first seen — the female in lovely gray — were evidently at home about the camp. The berry-bearing parasitic plants in the mesquites seemed to furnish them with food, and no doubt they were settled there for the season; and at least two more were wintering out among the Chinese kitchen gardens, not far away. Some weeks afterward I came upon a pair in a similar mesquite growth on the Santa Cruz side of the desert. But though in the one place and the other I passed a good many hours in their society, I never once heard them sing, nor, so far as I can now recall, did they ever utter any sound save a mellow *pip*, almost exactly like a certain call of the robin; so like it, in fact, that to the very last I never heard it suddenly given, but my first thought was of that common Eastern bird, whose voice in those early spring days it would have been so natural and so pleasant to hear. I could have spared a dozen or two of thrashers, I thought (not *brown* thrashers), for a pair of robins and a pair of bluebirds. But southern Arizona is a kind of thrasher paradise, while robins and bluebirds desire

a better country, and seemingly know where to find it.¹

In the last week of March, however, there took place, as well as I could judge, a concerted movement of Phainopeplas northward. They showed themselves in the Santa Cruz valley, here and there a pair, until they became, not abundant, indeed, but a regular, everyday sight. Those that I had heretofore seen, it appeared, were only a few winter "stay-overs." Now the season had opened; and now the birds began singing. For curiosity's sake it pleased me to hear them, but the brief measure, in a thin, squeaky voice, was nothing for any bird to be proud of. They sing best to the eye. Birds of the shining robes, their Greek name calls them; and worthily do they wear it, under that unclouded Arizona sun, perching, as they habitually do, at the tip of some bush or tree, where the man with birds in his eye can hardly fail to sight them and name them, across the widest barley field.

One of the birds whose acquaintance I chiefly wished to make on this my first Western journey was the famous canyon wren, — famous not for its beauty (beauty is not the wren family's mark), but for its voice. Whether my wish would be gratified was of course a question, especially as my very modest itinerary included no exploration of canyons; but I was not without hope.

I had been in Tucson nearly a week, when one cool morning after a cold night (it was February 7) I went down into the Santa Cruz valley and took the road that winds — where there is barely room for it — between the base of Tucson Mountain and the river. Steep, broken cliffs, perhaps a hundred feet high, were on my right hand, and the deep bed of the shallow river lay below me on my left. Here I was enjoying the sun,

three robins — Westerners, no doubt — passed over my head, flying toward the mountains, in which they are said to winter.

¹ It should be said, nevertheless, that straggling flocks of Western bluebirds — lovely creatures — were met with on the desert on rare occasions, and once, at Old Camp Lowell,

and keeping my eyes open, when a set of loud, clear bird-notes in a descending scale fell upon my ears from overhead. I stopped, pulled myself together, and said, "A canyon wren." I remembered a description of that descending scale. The next instant a small hawk took wing from the spot on the cliff whence the notes had seemed to fall. My mind wavered, but only for a moment. "No, no," I said, "it is not in any hawk's throat to produce sounds of that quality;" and I waited. A rock wren began calling, but rock wrens did not count with me at that moment. Then, in a very different voice, a wren, presumably the one I was in search of, began fretting, unseen, somewhere above my head; and then, silence. I waited and waited. Finally I tried an old trick — I started on. If the bird was watching me, as likely enough he was, a movement to leave his neighborhood would perhaps excite him pleasurably. And so it did; or so it seemed; for almost at once the song was given out and repeated: a hurried introductory phrase, and then the fuller, longer, more liquid notes, tripping quietly down the scale.

The singer could be no other than the canyon wren; but of course I must see him. At last, my patience outwearing his, he fell to scolding again, and glancing up in the direction of the sound, I saw him on the jutting top of the very highest stone, his white throat and breast flashing in the sun, and the dark, rich brown of his lower parts setting the whiteness off to marvelous advantage. There he stood, calling and bobbing, calling and bobbing, after the familiar wren manner, though why he should resent an innocent man's presence so far below was more than any innocent man could imagine.

It would be an offense against the truth not to confess that the celebrated song fell at first a little short of my expectations. Perhaps I had heard it celebrated somewhat too loudly and too often. It was very pleasing; the voice

beautifully clear and full, and the cadence of the sweetest; it had the grace of simplicity; indeed, there was nothing to be said against it, except that I had supposed it would be — well, I hardly know what, but somehow wilder and more telling.

Within a few days I discovered a second pair of the birds not far away, about an old, long-disused adobe mill. They were already building a nest somewhere inside, entering by a crack over one of the windows. The female appeared to be doing the greater part of the work, while her mate sat upon the edge of the flat roof and sang for her encouragement, or railed at me for my too assiduous lounging about the premises. The more I listened to the song, the better I enjoyed it; it is certainly a song by itself; I have never heard anything with which to compare it; and I was especially pleased to see how many variations the performer was able to introduce into his music, and yet leave it always the same.

The first pair, on the precipitous face of the mountain, had chosen the more romantic site, and I often stopped to admire their address in climbing about over the almost perpendicular surface of the rock; now disappearing for a few seconds, now popping into sight again a little further on; finding a foothold everywhere, no matter how smooth and steep the rock might look.

The canyon wren is a darling bird and a musical genius; and now that I have ceased to measure his song by my extravagant expectations concerning it, I do not wish it in any wise altered. His natural home is by the side of falling water (I have heard him since, where I should have heard him first, in a canyon), and his notes fall with it. I seem to hear them dropping one by one, every note by itself, as I write about them. If they are not of a kind to be ecstatic over at a first hearing (a little too simple for that), they are all the surer of a long welcome. Indeed, I am half ashamed

to have so much as referred to my own early lack of appreciation of their excellence. Perhaps this was one of the times when the truth should not have been spoken.

My mention just now of the wren's cleverness in traveling over the steep side of Tucson Mountain called to mind a similar performance on the part of a very different bird — a road-runner — in the same place; and though it was not in my plan to name that bird in this paper, I cannot deny myself the digression.

I had taken a friend, newly inoculated with ornithological fever, down to this mountain-side road to show him a black-chinned hummingbird. We had seen it, to his amazement, on the very mesquite where I had told him it would be ("Well!" he said, — and a most eloquent "well" it was, — when I pointed the bird out as we came in sight of the bush), and were driving further, when I laid my hand on the reins and bade him look up. There, halfway up the precipitous, broken cliff, was the big, mottled, long-tailed bird, looking strangely out of place to both of us, who had never seen him before except in the lowlands, running along the road, or dodging among clumps of bushes. Even as we looked he began climbing, and almost in no time was on the very topmost stone, at the base of a stunted palo-verde. There he fell to cooing (like a dove, I said — I forgot at the moment that the road-runner is a kind of cuckoo), and by the time he had repeated the phrase three or four times we remarked that before doing so he invariably lowered his head. We sat and watched and listened ("There!" one or the other would say, as the head was ducked) for I know not how many minutes, commenting upon the droll appearance of the bird, perched thus above the world, and cooing in this (for him) ridiculous, lovelorn manner.

Then, as we drove on, I recalled the strangely rapid and effortless manner in which he had gone up the mountain.

"He did n't use his wings, did he?" I asked; and my companion thought not. I was reminded of a bird of the same kind that I had seen a few days before cross a deep gully perhaps twenty feet in width. "He seemed to slide across," said the man who was with me. That was exactly the word. He did not lift a wing, as far as we noticed, nor rise so much as an inch into the air, but as it were stepped from one bank to the other. So this second bird went up the mountain side almost without our seeing how he did it. A few steps, and he was there, as by the exercise of some special gift of specific levity. He did not fly; and yet it might have "seemed" he flew, the way so easy was." Take him how you will, the road-runner's looks do not belie him: he is an odd one; and never odder, I should guess, than when he stands upon a mountaintop and with lowered head pours out his amorous soul in coos as gentle as a sucking dove's. I count myself happy to have witnessed the moving spectacle.

I am running into superlatives, but no matter. The feeling against their use is largely prejudice. Let me suit myself with one or two more, therefore, and say that the rarest and most exciting bird seen by me in Arizona was a painted redstart, *Setophaga picta*. It was at the base of Tucson Mountain, close by the canyon wrens' old mill. The vermilion flycatcher, rare as I considered it at first, became after a while almost excessively common. I believe it is no exaggeration to say that forty or fifty pairs must have been living in and about Tucson before the first of April. Unless you were out upon the desert, you could hardly turn round without seeing or hearing them. But there was no danger of the painted redstart's cheapening itself after this fashion. I saw it twice, for perhaps ten minutes in all, and as long as I live I shall be thankful for the sight.

I was playing the spy upon a pair of what I took to be Arkansas goldfinches,

and the question being a nice one, had got over a wire fence to have the sun at my back. There I had barely focused my eight-power glass upon a leafless willow beside an irrigation ditch, when all at once there moved into its field such a piece of pure gorgeousness as I have no hope of making my reader see by means of any description: a small bird in three colors, — deep, velvety black, the snowiest white, and the most brilliant red. Its glory lay in the depth and purity of the three colors; its singularity lay in a point not mentioned in book descriptions, being inconspicuous, I suppose, in cabinet specimens: a line (almost literally a line) of white about the eye. From its position and its extreme tenuity I took it for the lower eyelid, but as to that I cannot speak with positiveness. It would hardly have showed, even in life, I dare say, but for its intensely black surroundings. As it was, it fairly stared at me. I cannot affirm that it added to the bird's beauty. Apart from it the colors were all what I may call solid, — laid on in broad masses, that is: a red belly, a long white band (not a bar) on each wing, some white tail feathers, white lower tail coverts, and everything else black. It does not sound like anything so very extraordinary, I confess. But the reader should have *seen* it. Unless he is a very dry stick indeed, he would have let off an exclamation or two, I can warrant. There are cases in which the whole is a good deal more than the sum of all its parts.

The bird was on one of the larger branches, over which it moved in something of the black-and-white creeper's manner, turning its head to one side and the other alternately as it progressed. Then it sat still a long time (a long time for a warbler), so near me that the glass brought it almost into my hand, while I devoured its beauty; and then, of a sudden, it took flight into the dense, leafy top of a tall cottonwood, and I saw it no more.

No more for that time, that is to

say. In my mind, indeed, I bade it good-by forever. It was not to be thought of that such a bit of splendor (I had read of it as a mountain bird) should happen in my way more than once. But eight days afterward (March 28), in nearly the same place, it appeared again, straight over my head; and I was almost as much astonished as before. It was exploring the bare branches of a row of roadside ash trees, and I followed it, or rather preceded it, backing away as it flitted from one tree to the next, keeping the sun behind me. It carried itself now much like the common redstart; a little more inclined to moments of inactivity, perhaps, but at short intervals darting into the air after a passing insect with all conceivable quickness.

And such colors! Such an unspeakable red, so intense a black, and so pure a white! If I said that the vermilion flycatcher was the brightest bird I saw in Arizona, I was like the Hebrew psalmist. I said it in my haste.

This time the redstart was in a singing mood. On the previous occasion it had kept silence, and I had thought I was glad to have it so, feeling that no voice could be good enough to go with such feathers. In its way the feeling was justified; but, after all, it would have been too bad to miss the song. Curiosity has its claims, no less than sentiment. And happily the song proved to be a very pretty one; similar to that of the Eastern bird, to be sure, but less hurried (so it seemed to me), less over-emphatic, and in a voice less sharp and thin; a very pretty song (for a warbler), though, as is true of the Phainopepla and most other brilliantly handsome birds (and all good children), the redstart's proper appeal is to the eye. So far as human appreciation is concerned, it need make no other.

I have heard a canyon wren in a canyon, I said. It was a glorious day in a glorious place, — Sabino Canyon, it is called, in the Santa Catalina Mountains.

And it was there, where the ground was all a flower garden, and the dashing brook a doubly delightful sight and sound after so much wandering over the desert and so many crossings of dry, sandy river-beds, — it was there, amid a cluster of leafy oaks (strange leaves they were) and leafless hackberry trees, that I saw my first and only solitaire, — *Myadestes townsendii*. I have praised other birds for their brightness and song; this one I must praise for a certain nameless dignity and, as the present-day word is, distinction. He did not deign to break silence, or to notice in any manner, unless it were by an added touch of patrician reserve, the presence of three human intruders. I stared at him, — exercising a cat's privilege, — for all his hauteur, admiring his gray colors, his conspicuous white eye-ring, and his manner. I say "manner," not "manners." You would never liken him to a dancing-master.

He was the solitaire, I somehow felt certain (certain with a lingering of uncertainty), though I had forgotten all description of that bird's appearance. It was the place for him, and his looks went with the name. Moreover, to confess a more prosaic consideration, there was nothing else he could be.

"Myadestes," I said to my two companions, both unacquainted with such matters; "I think it is Myadestes, though I can't exactly tell why I think so."

We must go into the canyon a little way, gazing up at the walls, picking a few of the more beautiful flowers, feeling the place itself (the best thing one *can* do, whether in a canyon or on a mountain-top); then we came back to the hackberry trees, but the solitaire was no longer in them. I had had my opportunity, and perhaps had made too little of it. It is altogether likely that I shall never see another bird of his kind.

For now those cloudless Arizona days, the creosote-covered desert, and the mountain ranges standing round about

it, are all for me as things past and done; a bright memory, and no more. One event conspired with another to put a sudden end to my visit (which was already longer than I had planned), and on the last day of March I walked for the last time under that row of "leafless ash trees," — no longer quite leafless, and no longer with a painted redstart in them, — and over that piece of winding road between the craggy hill and the river. Now I courted not the sun but the shade; it was the sun, more than anything else, that was hurrying me away, when I would gladly have stayed longer; but sunny or shady, I stopped a bit in each of the more familiar places. Nobody knew or cared that I was taking leave. All things remained as they had been. The same rock wrens were practicing endless vocal variations here and there upon the stony hillside; the same fretful verdin was talking about something, it was beyond me to tell what, with the old emphatic monotony; the hummingbird stood on the tip of his mesquite bush, still turning his head eagerly from side to side, as if he expected her, and wondered why on earth she was so long in coming; the mocker across the field (one of no more than half a dozen that I saw about Tucson!) was bringing out of his treasury things new and old (a great bird that, always with another shot in his locker); the Lucy warbler, daintiest of the dainty, was singing amid the willow catkins, a chorus of bees accompanying; the black cap of the pillolated warbler was *not* in the blossoming quince-bush hedge (that was a pity); the desert-loving sparrow hawk sat at the top of a giant cactus, as if its thorns were nothing but a cushion; the happy little Mexican boy, who lived in one corner of the old mill, came down the road with his usual smile of welcome (we were almost old friends by this time) and a glance into the trees, meaning to say, what he could not express in English, nor I understand in Spanish, "I know what you are doing;" and then,

as I rounded the bend, under the beebating crags, the same canyon wren, my first one, not dreaming what a favor he was conferring upon the man he had so often chided as a trespasser, let fall a few measures of his lovely song. How sweet and cool the notes were! Unless it was the sound of the brook in the Sabino Canyon, I heard nothing else so good in Arizona.

But at San Antonio, on my way homeward, I heard notes not to be called musical, in the smaller and more ordinary sense of the word; as unlike as possible, certainly, to the classic sweetness of the canyon wren's tune; but to me even more exciting and memorable. On a sultry, indolent afternoon (April 9) I had betaken myself to Cemetery Hill for a lazy stroll, and had barely alighted from the electric car, when I heard strange noises somewhere near at hand. In my confusion I thought for an instant of the scissor-tailed flycatchers, with whose various outlandish outcries and antics I had been for several days amusing myself. Then I discovered that the sound came from above, and looking up, saw straight over my head, between the hilltop and the clouds, a wedge-shaped flock of large birds. Long slender necks and bills, feet drawn up and projecting out behind the tails, wing-action moderate (after the manner of geese rather than ducks), color dark, — so much, and no more, the glass showed me, while the birds, sixty or more in number, as I guessed, were fast receding northward. They should be cranes, I said to myself, since they were surely not herons, and

then, like a flash, it came over me that I knew the voice. By good luck I had lived the winter before where I heard continually the lusty shouts of a captive sandhill crane; and it was to a chorus of sandhill cranes that I was now listening.

The flock disappeared, the tumult lessened and ceased, and I passed on. But fifteen minutes afterward, as I was retracing my steps over the hill, suddenly I heard the same resounding chorus again. A second flock of cranes was passing. This, too, was in a V-shaped line, though for some reason it fell into disorder almost immediately. Now I essayed a count, and had just concluded that there were some eighty of the birds, when a commotion behind me caused me to turn my head. To my amazement, a third and much larger flock was following close behind the second. There was no numbering it with exactness, but I ran my glass down the long, wavering line, as best I could, and counted one hundred and fifteen.

An hour before I had never seen a sandhill crane in its native wildness (a creature nearly or quite as tall as myself), and behold, here was the sky full of them. And what a judgment-day trumpeting they made! Angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim! Perhaps I did not enjoy it, — there, with the white gravestones standing all about me. After all, there is something in mere volume of sound. If it does not feed the soul, at least it stirs the blood. And that is a good thing, also. I wonder if Michelangelo did not at some time or other see and hear the like.

Bradford Torrey.

PRINCIPLES OF MUNICIPAL SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.

ARISTOTLE is said to have collected the constitutions of a hundred ancient republics, and from the study of these to have developed the principles of an ideal republic. The writer can attempt nothing so ambitious; but the method employed by Aristotle is the right one, — induction from experience; and by comparative study of the constitutions of many educational republics we may formulate certain principles in regard to the best form of organization.

The school systems in our cities have come down to us from a relatively distant past, and in most cases they remain to-day what they were twenty-five or perhaps fifty years ago. The administrative machinery represents the accretion of years of widening functions; it is cumbrous and complex, not adapted to new conditions and present needs. Thus it has come to pass that in many cities in this country there is dissatisfaction with the school organization. In some there has been waste of public money, in some there has been shameful neglect of the schoolhouses, in others there has been division of authority, — the school department has often been at cross-purposes with the municipal government, and in case of defect or mismanagement it has been difficult to fix the responsibility. In still others, notably Philadelphia and San Francisco, there has been gross corruption, and the sacred office of the teacher has been sold for money or for political favor. As a result of these evils many cities have already radically changed their school systems, other cities are trying to do the same; and the problem of the best form of municipal school administration has become one worth studying.

The old systems of school organization teach many important lessons. And during the last ten years new systems have been tried in Cleveland, Toledo,

Indianapolis, New Haven, New York, Rochester, Baltimore, San Francisco, St. Louis, and elsewhere, and radically new systems have been proposed for Boston, Chicago, and Providence. Each of these new systems has certain good features; each has been advocated by intelligent, experienced, and honest men. Which is best? The only satisfactory answer must come from experience. The true test of any system is its practical working. Now although experience in this country has been too short to give any complete answer to this question, and more experimentation will be necessary before the ideal can perhaps even be described, still it does seem possible to formulate a few general principles by which to judge the character of any form of school administration.

The points upon which there is probably a general consensus of those who have studied the facts may be summed up under ten heads, representing merely a formulation of what seem to be the teachings of experience thus far. As soon as we have more experience they may be modified, but they are what might be called, without lack of reverence, the decalogue for the immediate future: —

1. Any system of school administration should be economical. All doubtless agree upon this point. The people's money should not be wasted.

2. Any system of school administration should be free from party politics and political methods. It is absurd, for example, to suppose that a man will make a good member of a school board because he happens to be a democrat or a republican. As long as the school administration remains a part of city politics, so long it will be impossible to have interest properly centred upon educational needs.

An editorial in the Detroit Free Press

of March 15 of this year, describing the condition in that city, presents perhaps the typical situation where party politics rule. "The affairs of the board," says the writer, "are in a most deplorable condition. . . . In addition, the manners, customs, and laws of the board have approached the proportions of a public scandal. The board has neither dignity, nor average intelligence, nor business methods. It has made itself simply an arena in which tumultuous pothouse politicians fight with one another for the spoil of the office. Membership on the board has long been treated merely as a step toward political advancement, like the chairmanship of the ward committees or membership in the city or county committee. Few members of the board care a flip of a copper for the general interests of the public school system. The schools are considered only as a means to an end, and the funds of the board are freely disbursed for the payment of political debts contracted by the inspectors, or so disposed as to insure the greatest possible political advantage in the future. . . . Superintendent Martindale recently taunted the board with the fact that the applicant with the 'pull' always got the position, and not an inspector dared deny the charge."

3. A system of school administration should be of such a character as to stimulate and not check the local feeling of interest and responsibility for education. This is a principle of wide application. It concerns many other educational matters as well as that of school administration. Whenever money, for example, is given for school purposes without regard to this principle the result is likely to be bad. In the middle of the last century, for illustration, Connecticut received money from the sale of western lands which to a large extent supported her schools. This was distinctly a disadvantage to education, and the state superintendent a few years ago reported that when the money from this

source was at a maximum the condition of education in that state was at its lowest ebb. This money pauperized the community because it checked the local feeling of interest and responsibility; and this is perhaps one cause of the degeneration recently reported in the rural districts of that state. Any form of state aid, too, like that proposed by the old Blair Bill, is likely to defeat its own end if this principle is not regarded. The efficiency of the schools must rest in the last resort upon the vigilance of the citizen. And any system that weakens the feeling of personal responsibility is so far destroying its own foundation.

4. A school system should be free from artificial limitations. There should be, for example, no distinctions as regards sex in school matters. Women should be allowed to vote on matters relating to the schools and to hold school offices. Any distinction with regard to sex, or race, or religion, is an artificial limitation. Again, election of members of a school board by wards is an artificial limitation. The city or township is the natural political unit; the ward is an artificial unit. Men living in one ward are very apt to do business in another; they often have more acquaintances in some other ward than in their own. They may be much nearer the schools of another ward than to those in their own; and, as the division is an artificial division, any ward system of election is an artificial limitation.

5. Any system of school administration to be efficient must be adapted to the community where it exists. The needs of one community differ from those of another; and more important still, the local traditions and customs differ; and, finally, different communities represent different stages of civic development. It is useless to have a system of school administration so far beyond the public opinion of the citizens that they cannot be made to appreciate and support it. For a community in a low stage of civic development the para-

dox may be true that a poorer system is the better one. There is practically little danger, however, of getting a system too far beyond the stage of development of the people. It *should be* considerably in advance, because it always has an educating influence; and for this reason whenever possible it is usually wise to force an improved system on a backward community.

6. The school system should be, as far as possible, independent of the municipal government. It should be autonomous, having full power, and responsible only to the people. The importance of this has been sufficiently shown by the experience of those cities that have had such independent school departments; and the evils of divided authority have been still more frequently shown by experience.

President Draper goes so far as to maintain that the complete separation of school administration from municipal business is imperative. "Laws," he writes, "which put the schools at the mercy of a board of aldermen are unsound in principle and deplorable in their operation. Even the determination of the sum to be levied for school purposes should not be left to a common council, which, by legislation and by usage, has come to represent, and has become representative of, interests not in harmony or sympathy with school administration. If there is a finance board or tax commission which receives estimates from all sources and finally determines the amount to be levied, it is not so objectionable that the school estimates should go with the others to this board, for such a board may be assumed to be independent of all special interests and representative of the best sentiment of the whole city. But the only sound rule is that school administration shall be entirely independent of municipal business. The two do not rest upon the same foundation; the power which manages each proceeds from entirely different sources, and the

objects and purposes of each have nothing in common."¹

7. Other things being equal, the work of the school board will be more efficient the smaller the number of its members. Experience in politics and business has amply shown the advantage of having small bodies of men for the management of complicated and important affairs; and the experience in Cleveland, Indianapolis, New Haven, and in several other cities, has shown the advantage of small school boards in the management of educational affairs. The number must depend largely on the size of the city, but the smaller the number consistent with adequate representation of the different classes and social interests of the community and adequate management of the work of the board the better.

There seems now to be a general tendency to reduce the number of members. A typical opinion is that of Mr. Cushing, president of the Boston School Board. In an address reported in the daily papers of March 16 of this year he mentioned among the conditions necessary for the best results:—

"A board of about nine members. Larger boards are handicapped by arguing and wire-pulling among members who strive to please the people who elect them. Small boards can transact business 'at closer quarters.'

"More time and investigation should be devoted to choosing the members before nominations are made. Nine suitable men should require as many months of careful search. . . . At present such are nominated in practically as many days."

The advantages of the small school board are obvious. In the first place, it is easier to find seven honest and capable men with leisure to devote to public affairs than it is to find twenty-five; and it is not only easier to find competent men and more probable that such

¹ Draper, Andrew S. Plans for Organization for School Purposes in Large Cities, Educational Review, vol. vi. p. 14. New York. 1893.

will be elected, but the small board is better even if composed of bad men, because it is easier to fix responsibility, and with more simple machinery there is less opportunity to cover up jobbery and corruption. The objection is often made that the small board is undemocratic. The number of officials, however, has nothing to do with the democracy of a system. If this were so, then a board of seventy-two like that in some Pennsylvania cities would be more democratic than a board of twenty-five; but that system is most democratic which is nearest the people and most directly and efficiently serves to carry out the will of the people. The small board has been found to do precisely this; and the large board, on the other hand, with its complicated machinery offers ready means for thwarting the will of the people. It is true, however, that the board should not be too small to represent different classes and different social interests.

8. The executive officers under any system of school administration should be experts. The executive functions are threefold: first, care of the business affairs of the school; second, supervision of the educational affairs; third, inspection of sanitary conditions and care for the health of the school-children. In a town or small city these three functions are likely to be united in one person. In a large city there should be three officials, with duties distinctly defined by law, and each of these should be an expert. In the proposed bill for Boston it is distinctly stated that "no person shall be eligible to be chosen to the position of business director unless he holds a degree as architect or engineer from an institution empowered from the Commonwealth of Massachusetts to confer degrees, or from an institution of similar rank outside the state, or is approved as competent for such position by the Bos-

ton Society of Architects and the Master Builders' Association of Boston."¹ It is equally important that the other two executive officers should be experts. When a health inspector is appointed it will of course be imperative that he should furnish evidence of his expert knowledge by the possession of a medical degree or the like; and the time is likely to come when no one will be eligible to the position of city superintendent who has not a degree or certificate from some recognized authority which is *prima facie* evidence of his expert character in educational matters.

9. So far as is practicable, civil service principles should prevail in regard to the teaching body and school officials. If the superintendent do not serve during good behavior, as in Cleveland, then he should be appointed for a long term of four or five years, as in Indianapolis and New Haven; and teachers also should feel secure in their tenure of office as long as efficient work is done.

10. There should be concentration of power and responsibility. The validity of this principle has also been amply shown by the experience of Cleveland and many other cities. This involves separation of the legislative and executive functions, and likewise separation of educational executive functions from the business executive functions. The importance of this has been recognized by the Chicago Commission,² and by many educators.

These, then, are some of the general principles apparently demonstrated by experience thus far. Any system of school administration should be (1) economical; (2) free from politics; (3) of such a character as to stimulate and not check the local feeling of interest and responsibility for education; (4) free from artificial limitations, — limitations as regards sex, race, religion, or election of officers; (5) adapted to

¹ Senate Bill, No. 279, April 4, 1899. An Act Relative to the School Committee of the City of Boston.

² Report of the Educational Commission of the City of Chicago. 1899.

the community where it exists; (6) independent of the municipal government; (7) the school board should be small; (8) the executive officers should be experts; (9) civil service principles should prevail; (10) there should be concentration of power and responsibility.

These principles should all be taken together; they are interrelated. We began by noting that the school administration should be economical; we closed by noting that there should be concentration of power and responsibility. Now it is quite impossible to have economy without having concentration of power and responsibility. Experience in all large business affairs has shown the advantage of placing the management in the hands of a few capable men with great power and large responsibility. The management of school affairs is a large business involving in a city of 100,000 inhabitants an expenditure of probably \$500,000 annually; the same business principles adopted in modern industry should be employed here; and experience in school administration in cities that have followed this principle indicates the great advantage of it. The evil of the ordinary plan of large boards and divided authority is obvious when we reflect on what would be the result of a similar policy in the management of any large business. Where the power and responsibility for the management are vested in a small body of directors and in a single executive officer business methods can be followed in school matters. The director can buy in the cheapest market because he buys in large quantities and at the most favorable time. He can forecast the future and often make large savings. He can in many matters by immediate extravagance save large sums in the end. For example, in the heating and ventilating of large school buildings experience has shown that it is much cheaper — Mr. Morrison, an expert on ventilation, says about nine times cheaper — to have a mechanical system of heating and ven-

tilating rather than a natural system, although the initial cost of the plant is greater; but if money can be saved by spending a little more at first, business common sense makes that wise. Again in making contracts for land and the like, great saving may be effected by adopting business methods. The town of Andover, Mass., a few years ago bought a tract of land in the heart of the village, paying some \$10,000 for it, although having no immediate need for the land whatever, but simply forecasting the future. And in St. Louis such foresight is reported under the new system in that city.

Without concentration of power and responsibility, with the ordinary large school board and its cumbrous machinery of special sub-committees of various kinds, it is impossible to exercise economy in large matters, and there is opportunity for jobbery of all kinds; and if a defective schoolhouse or the like is built nobody knows who is responsible.

Again our first principle is dependent upon our second. A school system can hardly be economical if it is political. The great advantage of taking the administration of the schools out of party politics, even to the extent of having a bi-partisan board, has been admirably shown in St. Louis during the five years of its experience under its new form of school administration. Professor Woodward writes:¹ —

“In a general way good management has resulted in vast and unexpected savings to the schools. . . .

“Ordinarily repairs cost about twice as much per year under the old plan as under the present plan. Under the old plan members of the board were supposed to control repairs and contracts in their respective districts. The result was high prices, false measurements, and poor work . . . a day’s work often covered less than three hours of real work, and so on.

¹ Quoted by Dr. Engler. See Worcester Telegram, February 3, 1903.

"Every janitor was appointed for political reasons and for political efficiency. He was generally a poor janitor, and the premises under his charge suffered from neglect and incompetency.

"Bids were solicited from approved parties, and prices were exorbitant. . . . Moreover, bills for extras were numerous and large, so that poorly constructed buildings with wooden floors, partitions, and roofs, cost as much per room as they now cost with higher prices for labor, when built fireproof throughout.

"Every year it is found necessary to buy land for new schoolhouses. The greatest care is taken in determining the location of sites and in securing reasonable offers. This is usually managed through confidential agents, so that no one can take advantage of the board and run up the price. The result is that we purchase at reasonable figures, and usually we purchase far ahead of immediate use."

Again our second principle is dependent upon our fourth. A system can hardly be free from politics when it is created under the artificial limitations of a ward system. The Philadelphia system with a central board appointed by judges is ostensibly a method of taking school management out of politics; but being subject to the limitations of the ward system in its local boards, it has not escaped political corruption of the worst sort.

The worst scandals connected with the administration of the public schools have arisen in connection with this ward system. Professor Salmon in a recent article¹ quotes the words of a citizens' committee of one of our cities which reports: "The natural tendency is for the holders of places on the board to be governed by considerations of ward politics rather than by the interests of the schools at large. This is not theory; at present janitorships are traded off,

and even principalships of schools in certain wards are regarded as the perquisites of representatives of such wards. Buildings are secured for wards by members having the greatest 'pull,' and other districts are deprived of schools regardless of the needs of such districts. The whole school management becomes a system of trading of ward interests. The school district should be a unit if economical and systematic arrangement is to be possible."

Except in one or two instances I have not spoken of the concrete questions of school organization. But if I am right in formulating the teachings of experience, the principles mentioned will help in these practical questions. Take a question upon which opinion is divided. Cleveland has a school board elected by the people at large. New Haven has a board appointed by the mayor. Which plan is better? This question should be considered in regard to several of the principles mentioned, especially in regard to stimulating the local feeling of responsibility for the schools. If it should appear from experience, as I think there are already some indications that it may, that election at large stimulates this feeling of personal responsibility, and that appointment by the mayor tends to lessen this, then the former plan has one great advantage over the latter.

Again as regards the executive officers. In Cleveland the business director is elected by the people. In Indianapolis he is appointed by the board. Which plan is better? If we were right in maintaining that he, as well as the other executive officers, should be an expert, then the Indianapolis plan seems better; for experience indicates that it is easier to get real expert talent by appointment than by election.

Of the new systems referred to at the beginning of this paper, that of the city of Cleveland is specially instructive because it has a history of ten years, and a fairly good test of its working has

¹ Salmon, Lucy M. *Civil Service Reform Principles in Education*, Educational Review, April, 1903, pp. 352, 353.

already been made. Let us take it as an example and consider it in relation to the principles above formulated.

The Cleveland system of school administration is called the Federal system because it has some features similar to those of our Federal government. It is similar also to the general system of municipal government which has just come to an end in the city of Cleveland, though the school department is distinct from the municipal government. It is independent, autonomous, and responsible only to the people. It levies its own taxes, subject to the approval of the tax commissioners, and has sole power in the expenditure of all money for school purposes, making its own contracts, and the like.

In 1892 a law was passed by the Ohio legislature which gave the opportunity to try this system. The essential features very briefly are as follows:

First a school council of seven members is elected by the city at large. Each member serves two years and receives a salary of \$260. The special functions of this council are legislative. It passes resolutions in regard to levying taxes, the expenditure of school money, the establishment of schools, the approval of contracts. It frames rules and regulations governing the schools. It provides for the appointment of teachers, fixes their salaries, prescribes their duties, and adopts the text-books.

Second, a school director is elected by the city at large for a term of two years, and receives a salary of \$5000. His special function is executive; he executes the laws framed by the school council. His functions, however, are confined to business matters, except that he has the power to veto the resolutions of the council. While this director has nothing to do with educational matters, it is a part of his duty to appoint a superintendent in case of vacancy, and he has the power for sufficient cause to remove the superintendent. This appointment of the super-

intendent is subject to approval and confirmation by the council.

The superintendent is appointed for an indefinite term, that is, during good behavior. His salary is \$5000. His function is to attend to all educational matters, and he alone is responsible for such matters. He has full power in the appointment, promotion, and dismissal of all teachers. Since the character of the teacher determines the character of the school and school reform is always schoolmaster reform, this feature deserves special notice.

Such are the essential features of the Cleveland system. If we compare this Federal system with our ten principles, we shall naturally find substantial agreement; for Cleveland furnished much of the experience which has demonstrated these principles, but we shall also find that it is not ideal. In the first place, while the system has usually been economical, it is liable to occasional brief periods of extravagance when an incompetent or dishonest director is not restrained by an independent council. Further it is not free from politics; but the choice of two republican and two democratic members of the school council at the last municipal election, April, 1903, when the city went strongly democratic, may be taken as an indication that many of the citizens regard membership in the council as a non-political office. Again the executive officers are supposed to be experts, yet with election of the director by the people he is liable not to have the necessary qualifications.

This system, on the other hand, does apparently stimulate the local feeling of interest and responsibility in education; for when a few years ago the director without cause attempted to remove the superintendent, Mr. L. H. Jones, an able and efficient man, public opinion forced him to recall his letter of dismissal, and at the next election the director was relegated to private life, another man was chosen in his stead,

and the superintendent vindicated. The system also is evidently well adapted to the needs of the city of Cleveland, for it receives the approval of intelligent people. A prominent man in that city writes me that he thinks "the universal verdict among intelligent people is that this arrangement has worked amazingly well at least so far as the educational side of things is concerned;" and the teachers and superintendents seem to be universally and enthusiastically in favor of it.

This system is for the most part free from artificial limitations, and it is also independent (except for certain financial checks) of the municipal government. The school council, as already noted, is small, and there is great concentration of power and responsibility, the school council being solely a legislative body, the business executive functions being in the hands of the director, and all educational affairs in the hands of the superintendent.

The history of school administration in Cleveland for the last ten years has been extremely interesting. The Federal system represents no vagary of university theorists. It was devised by four citizens of Cleveland, three lawyers and a banker, and thus is quite free from any taint of pedagogical theory. The experiment has been long enough to make a fairly good test of the system and is very instructive. It has especially demonstrated the advantages of concentration of power and responsibility. If anything goes wrong it is possible to know at once who is to blame, and to put a better man in his place. Unfor-

tunately the law under which this system was formed is a kind of special legislation which has recently been condemned in case of the similar municipal government of Cleveland; hence this school system also is liable to be declared unconstitutional, since, in Mr. Dooley's phrase, the decisions of the Ohio Supreme Court do not follow the election returns of the city of Cleveland.

It is noteworthy that a form of school administration similar to this, with election of a small board by the people at large, and nomination by petition, was advocated at the last meeting of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association in Cincinnati.

It requires no special prophetic vision to foresee that great changes in school administration, especially in our municipal systems, are likely to be made in the near future. A country that in the last twenty-five years has put the majority of Federal offices under the rules of a reformed civil service will not permit the 500,000 school positions to be given over to the spoilsmen. But radical changes are made with difficulty. In case of a municipal system, a change of the city charter and a special act of the legislature are often necessary. Hence in making the much needed changes, it is wise to profit by the experience which has taught us the principles formulated above. Guidance by these principles would save our cities millions of dollars annually, and the increase in the efficiency of the schools would be inestimable.

William H. Burnham.

THE FIRST YEAR OF CUBAN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

[Captain Matthew E. Hanna, the author of this paper, and of Public Education in Cuba, in the ATLANTIC for June, 1902, was on the staff of General Wood during the American occupation of the island. For two years he was Commissioner of Public Schools. He is, at the present time, Military Attaché at the American Legation in Havana. — THE EDITORS.]

IN the brief period of one year of independent existence as a nation the Cubans have shown to a surprising degree the elements that constitute stable self-government, and it is the purpose of this article to point them out. The numerous petty mistakes that might be noted, or the no less numerous instances of unsuccessful radicalism and individual attempts to block the very conservative policy of the administration, have been omitted.

Undoubtedly the most powerful factor for honest and stable self-government has been the calm, patient, conservative and conciliatory attitude of the President. The people of Cuba are to be congratulated that they had the wisdom to select Mr. Palma for their first President, and that he was willing to leave the retirement of his quiet home in Central Valley to accept a position of such great responsibility and that promised so little.

President Palma came to Cuba in answer to the almost unanimous call of the people of his country. He had been so long separated from active politics in the island that he was practically free from the jealousies and compromises that would have greatly affected any other possible President in the beginning of his administration. His tour of the island, prior to his inauguration, from Gibara to Havana was one prolonged ovation. He had the love, respect, and confidence of a very emotional people. He could scarcely have wanted a more favorable condition of public esteem under which to begin.

Under these circumstances and feeling as he did, that he had been the choice of the entire country, rather than

of any section or faction, it was not strange that he chose his cabinet from all political parties. To have done otherwise might have precipitated dissensions at a time when he very wisely considered harmony the principal indication of success to a skeptical world. He cannot hope that the support of all political parties will be given him indefinitely, but the change when it comes will be no more violent for the delay. He has persistently refused to make an alliance with either of the political parties represented in the Cuban Congress to obtain a majority, but has ruled with the better element of each. He has held that the executive power should be one of the three forces of the State working in harmony.

That he has been able to govern the island for a year with the active assistance of the better element in politics, and at the same time convince the worse element of the wisdom of his intentions, stamps him as a ruler of exceptional executive ability. He has always appealed to the patriotism of his countrymen, and has believed that it should be sufficient stimulus to solve the questions of the hour and give life to the government. His influence with Congress has been sufficiently powerful to temper the hot-headed and indiscreet and to give complexion to legislation. In one instance only has he been forced to put his signature to a bill that did not meet with his approval, but his reasons for doing so were good. With a single exception he has so thoroughly introduced his ideas in legislation when it was in process of formation in Congress that he has had to exercise the power of veto but once, and then his reasons for doing this

were so powerful that the changes he recommended were promptly made. He has borne with rare patience the delays of Congress, and apparently has not expected the impossible. He has contented himself with the knowledge that but few radical revolutionary or reactionary laws have been enacted, if he has to admit that some laws have still to be framed that the country sorely needs.

His messages to Congress have been ably prepared, have been conciliatory and conservative, and have outlined the work of Congress in a careful and clear manner. In his first message he emphasizes the necessity for providing sufficient revenues to meet the expenses of the State; for public and political economy; for assisting agriculture and cattle raising; for arranging a reciprocity treaty with the United States; for developing public instruction; for encouraging railroads; for continuing public works; for maintaining a perfect understanding with the United States; for preserving good sanitary conditions in the island; for supporting hospitals and asylums and improving jails; for bettering the administration of justice; for paying the Liberating Army, and for organizing the diplomatic and consular services. How thoroughly this plan has been carried out will be seen further on.

Both branches of Congress met on May 5, 1902, at the call of the military governor, for the purpose of notifying him officially, before May 20, who had been elected President and Vice President of the Republic, and who Senators and Representatives, and to thus complete the organization of the new government as a running machine before the termination of the occupation. The Senate held two more sessions and the House three more before May 20, the day on which the military government ended, and in these sessions both branches passed upon the credentials of their respective members and completed their permanent organizations. The House numbers sixty-one

members and the Senate twenty-four. Of the former but a very small percentage had had much previous experience in public affairs, or were even familiar with the rules and customs that were to guide them in their work. For four centuries the Cubans had been governed in such a way that there were no opportunities for experience in self-government, and their ideas at the best were such as they had got by reading, or by a term of office in some municipal council, or, in rare instances, in the constitutional convention. The Spanish colonial government had not furnished the Cubans with training in the organization and control of legislative bodies and in the framing of laws. Due to bitter jealousies and antagonisms among Cubans from different sections of the island, the Congressmen, when they assembled in Havana, came prepared to be jealous of one another, and generally speaking each was anxious to see only his own ideas triumphant. There were no strong political organizations to discipline them, nor was there any one of sufficient experience as a presiding officer to control them and direct their energies. A time so full of opportunities for personal notoriety would appeal to any politician, and was not to be permitted to pass by in idleness.

The first task of the two Houses was the framing of their respective rules and of those that were to govern both Houses when acting jointly. This took the greater part of the time for the first two months, but in the meantime absolutely necessary legislation was attended to, and at the earliest possible moment the consideration of the measures recommended in the President's first message was begun. Congress has been in session almost continuously for the past twelve months, and has passed sixty-six laws. The most important of these are the following: —

A law providing that the mayors, municipal councilmen, and municipal treasurers who were in office on June 30,

1902 (elected by popular vote during the occupation), should continue in their offices, or should be substituted by others according to existing statutes, until their cessation in office should be provided for by law. The occupation ended on May 20, 1902. The time for which these officials were elected expired on June 30; either these officials should be continued in office, or new elections should be held between May 20 and June 30. Due to the excited state of the country attending the change of government, it was deemed advisable to postpone the elections and permit these officials to continue in office beyond the time for which they were elected.

A law authorizing the President to meet all the liabilities of the government for the months of July and August, 1902; a law creating a board to revise the rolls of the disbanded Liberating Army and to determine the amount due each soldier by the Cuban government; a law authorizing the President to meet the liabilities of the Republic until further legislation on the matter; various laws creating legations and consulates in different parts of the world; a law modifying the tariff on stock imported into the island in such a way as to favor such importations; a law reorganizing the rural guard and increasing its strength to three thousand men; a law empowering the President to contract a loan of \$35,000,000 for the payment of the Liberating Army and other debts of the Revolutionary government; a law fixing the revenues of consulates; and a law establishing the provisional government.

Everything considered, neither the volume nor the quality of the work of the first year of the Cuban Congress can be seriously criticised. Viewed in its entirety, conservatism has prevailed. For more than ten months Senators and Representatives have devoted all their time with unceasing energy and with honesty of purpose to the completion of the plan outlined for them by the Pre-

sident. An occasional false note can be detected, but there is a true ring to the finished article. The serious mistakes, the fraud and corruption, and even the inefficiency so frequently prophesied a few months ago are not to be encountered in the record of Congress up to date, and the evident desire to continue the work of government along the general lines established by the military government is shown in the cautious way in which all serious changes in military orders have been avoided.

However, in reviewing the work of the Congress for the first year of its existence, too much should not be expected, and it is but just to remember that it was a newly born legislative body that was ignorant of the procedure by which it was to make use of the faculties with which it was endowed. It had not the organization, training, discipline, or precedents of previous Congresses to assist it. It numbered among its members very few who had had any previous training in a legislative body of any consequence. The Constitution of the Republic was new, and interpretations of its less clear paragraphs were almost as plentiful as people to make them. Rules for governing the two branches of Congress had to be made, and when made they had to be interpreted. Almost every day a large part of the session was spent in wrangling over some point that would have been settled in a moment in an older Congress by some well-established precedent. There seemed to be no lack of desire to push legislation, but the machinery was new and untried, and it was passing through an adjustment period. In the meantime there was much working at cross-purposes and a lack of results.

It should also be remembered that there was a horde of individuals, corporations, etc., in the island, whose pet schemes had been politely rejected from time to time by the military governor, and they were crowding the lobbies of Congress before the latter had

been inaugurated, ready to renew their petitions. An older Congress would have found it difficult to refuse them some consideration, but for a Congress holding its first session this was well-nigh impossible.

A long series of events, in short, the history of the island for the past few years, made it practically impossible for Congress to avoid giving its first attention to such powerful questions as the payment of the army, the restoration of agriculture, etc. A lack of organization prevented the well-ordered settlement of these questions one by one, and from attempting to do all at once, nothing was accomplished.

It should not be forgotten that the Cuban Congress, like our Congress or any other Congress, is composed of politicians, good, bad, and indifferent, with perhaps a greater proportion of the first than is met with elsewhere, and politics have played their part in shaping, hastening, or retarding legislation, modified however by the lack of experience and machinery among the politicians.

I believe there is a steady increase in the volume of business transacted by Congress, and that as Congress becomes disciplined, as each member discovers his own limitations, as political parties become better organized, and as precedents are established, there will be more to fear in the future from the meddling that follows a lack of work than from the dangers of overwork. Fortunately the government was turned over to the Cubans a running machine, and Congress was free to organize, to contemplate its duties, and to cautiously proceed with the legislation recommended to its consideration by the President.

Hence, in a study of the work of Congress for the past year due weight and consideration should be given to the difficulties under which it has labored. Many of its critics have lost sight of what it has actually done in contemplation of the delay and wrangling that have attended its doing, and of the many

radical and unwise bills that have been proposed from time to time, but which have failed. Much of the debate has no doubt proceeded from a Latin fondness for talking, but a large part of it has also been due to a natural cautiousness. If Congress has erred, it has been on the side of doing too little, which is far better than if it had rushed headlong into illy considered legislation.

In one of the first sessions of Congress a representative requested information of the amount owing to the army in order that he might present a bill providing for payment. The first of the transitory provisions of the Constitution recognizes the validity of the claim of the Cuban Liberating Army, and imposes on the government the obligation to pay it. The President in his first message called attention to this obligation, and emphasized the necessity for early meeting it. The country was thus irrevocably pledged to the payment of the army, and after some months of lively discussion it appears to be united in the opinion that the payment is wise and just. Boards for revising the army rolls and determining the correct amount due each soldier were appointed and have finished their task, although the result of their work has not yet been made public. This important work has been done in a thorough and systematic manner, and the report of the boards should be very accurate. The probable amount necessary for the payment was estimated, and on February 28 a law was enacted authorizing the President to raise a loan of thirty-five million dollars, twenty-seven million of which should be for the payment of the army. This loan is to be secured and guaranteed by a special tax on alcoholic beverages, artificial waters, matches, tobacco, sugar, and playing cards, as well as by the ordinary customs revenues of the island.

The principal reasons for the payment of the army are far from sentimental. It has formed a troublesome, but in no

wise dangerous, element in the social and political existence of the island for the past five years, and it is generally conceded that a normal condition will not be secured until it is paid. The reason that appeals most strongly to the business classes is the impetus that will be given all kinds of business by suddenly placing so large an amount of money in circulation, the effects of which may be best estimated by the following comparison: the whole amount of money expended by the military government for all purposes during the occupation was a little more than fifty-five million dollars. It is estimated that it will require twenty-seven million dollars to pay the army; or within a few months there would be placed in circulation almost one half the entire amount so put in circulation by the government in four years. With reciprocity there is no doubt of the government's ability to bear the loan, and but very little doubt of it without reciprocity.

The remaining eight million dollars of the loan are for assistance to agriculture, and for the payment of the debts legitimately contracted during the Revolution, four million to each. The latter refers to the liabilities of the corps commanders between February 24, 1895, and September 19 of the same year and those of the Revolutionary government enacted after the latter date.

The former four millions are to be spent in assistance to agriculture in whatever way that Congress may decide upon. Mr. Terry, a practical sugar planter, was President Palma's first secretary of agriculture. He early announced his plan for assisting the sugar planters, and it was warmly received by the entire country as promising relief that would be far-reaching in its effects. It was favorably commented on by the Cuban press, and was eagerly supported by the planters. The plan was for the government to borrow four million dollars to be loaned to such planters

as wished to borrow, such loan not to exceed fifty cents for every twenty-five hundredweight of cane ground in the season 1901-1902, and to be refunded in two payments, made in February and March of 1903, the government holding a lien on the cane as security for the loan. It received the unanimous approval of the Senate, but was amended in the House in such a manner as to combine the relief of the planters with the payment of the army. This was in July last, and the possibility of a four-million-dollar loan as such no longer existed after that date. It has been incorporated in the larger loan however, and the planters should soon receive its benefits. For three years it has been said that if the sugar planter did not obtain relief soon, and a better market for his sugar, he would have to abandon his estate; yet, despite the fact that relief has not come from the source where it was most expected, such is the vitality of the industry in the island that the crops have been steadily increasing since the war, and this year's crop will reach almost a million tons. The condition of uncertainty that has attended the delay in settling the reciprocity treaty has seriously retarded the development of sugar estates and has otherwise done much harm, and there will be general satisfaction when the matter is definitely settled, although the treaty should not be ratified. The sugar industry will struggle along even if all outside assistance should be denied, but the prosperity of the government is so dependent on the prosperity of its sugar planters that the failure of the latter means the loss of life and energy in the former.

The delays in the negotiations for a treaty of reciprocity with the United States are so generally known that it would not be necessary to mention this important question were it possible to avoid noting the childlike confidence with which all classes have founded their hopes on the desire of the people

of the United States for fair play with Cuba, and in spite of repeated failures they still hope that the treaty will soon be ratified. Their faith in the President of the United States is unbounded, and that more than anything else has influenced the Cuban Senate to accept the amendments recently made by the Senate of the United States.

The condition of public health remains about as it was a year ago. The sanitary methods employed by the military government are still enforced. Yellow fever has not reappeared; there has not been a case in Havana for almost two years, and in other cities of the island for a still longer period. An effective quarantine system is enforced. One of the last acts of the military governor was the issuing of a decree for the reorganization of the sanitary service of the island in conformity with the requirements of modern sanitation; it placed the supervision of all matters relating to the public health in the island in the hands of a superior sanitary board, and provided for the appointment of a local sanitary board in each municipality to assist the superior board. This decree was published three days before the termination of the occupation, and its enforcement was left to the new government. The reorganization of the sanitary service in accordance with this decree has been effected, and the new department is doing efficient work.

In the President's first message to Congress he declared it as his purpose to encourage public education, and to give it the preferential support of the government. He has done this, and in his efforts he has been assisted by Congress. This department has been disturbed less and subjected to fewer changes than any other, and such changes as have been made have been of minor importance. The Secretary of Public Instruction was authorized to appoint as many teachers as were employed last year until the regular annual appropri-

ations could be made. The last statistics that are to be obtained show the number of teachers to be a few more than thirty-four hundred, with more than one hundred and fifty thousand pupils enrolled, of whom more than one hundred and twenty thousand are in constant attendance. The total amount of money appropriated for boards of education up to date is but little less than during a like period of the year before.

In October last a law was enacted increasing the rural guard, the regular army of Cuba, from about fourteen hundred to three thousand men, and giving it an organization more nearly like that of modern armies. There are to be three regiments, each consisting of eight troops of cavalry and two companies of infantry. The total annual expense of maintaining this force is estimated at a little more than a million and a half dollars. The whole object of the rural guard is to preserve order in the island. It is a force made up of intelligent, self-respecting men, who are well uniformed, and at all times have a soldierly bearing, and who are thoroughly trained and disciplined in the peculiar work for which they are intended. Their officers are efficient, and were trained in the wars of independence. Cuba has nothing to fear from militarism so long as her armed forces are as highly patriotic as her present rural guard. The absence of bandits or disorder of any kind is evidence of how thoroughly it does its duty and of the respect that it commands.

For some months a movement has been in progress to reorganize the various political elements of the island, consolidating in one party the radicals and in another the conservatives. The work has been gradually progressing until now the reorganization is all but completed. The strongest political factions have been the Nationalists, the Republicans, and the Democrats. Although they all counted among their

members those varying in opinions from the most radical to the most conservative, yet the Nationalists have always had a decidedly radical complexion, and the Republicans and Democrats have leaned toward conservatism. The first has naturally formed the nucleus about which the radicals have collected, and the latter two have formed the rallying point for the conservatives. There have been the usual number of municipal, provincial, and national conventions and the usual amount of wrangling and dissensions, but in the end order will probably be secured out of the chaotic state in which politics existed formerly.

In his first message the President indicated to Congress that its first and most important duty was to provide sufficient revenues to meet the expenses of the State, and to make the yearly appropriations with such care and economy that they should be within the receipts and leave a surplus for emergencies. Economy seems to have pervaded the atmosphere, and expenditures have been made with the greatest caution. The government was transferred to the Cubans with \$689,191.02 in the treasury, and with more than a million and a half dollars free from allotments. At the end of April, 1903, there was in the treasury a balance of \$2,699,071.55. From May 20, 1902, to April 30, 1903, the total revenues of the island amounted to \$16,323,029.67, and the expenditures to approximately \$14,000,000. The government is self-supporting, is without debts, and has a handsome unencumbered balance in its treasury.

Diplomatic and Consular services have been organized, and laws for the support and control of the latter have been enacted. It is believed that the laws fixing the revenues of the consulates will make these services self-supporting. Legations have been established in the principal foreign capitals, and consulates have been opened in all the principal east and south coast cities

of the United States and in the larger shipping centres of Europe.

The policy of the government in its diplomatic relations with the United States can be shown in no better or more convincing way than by giving the following quotation from the message of President Palma to Congress at the opening of the third legislature in April:—

“The fellow feeling, the respect, and the just consideration of the American people, which day by day we inspire more and more by our exemplary conduct as an independent people, possessing a consciousness of our duties and responsibilities, as well as of our rights, are circumstances that contribute powerfully to guarantee a good understanding between the two nations.

“It is to our interests to worthily cultivate these sentiments of the American people, and we cannot do this in a more fitting way than by proceeding to comply with our obligations to the government at Washington, in a frank, expeditious, and correct manner, whether it be by granting what we owe, or by denying what we do not believe it just to concede.”

Carrying out this policy an agreement has been made with the President of the United States, fixing the boundaries of the Cuban territory to be leased for coaling and naval stations, and there is no doubt but that this will soon receive the approval of the Cuban Senate.

The treaty for adjusting the title of ownership to the Isle of Pines and the permanent treaty spoken of in the eighth article of the Appendix to the Cuban Constitution (Platt Amendment), which shall embody all of the provisions of the seven other articles of this Appendix, are now being negotiated.

The Cuba Company's railway, begun during the occupation, has been completed, and is now in operation. The road joins the extreme eastern portion of the island with Havana, passing

through the richest but wildest and one of the most sparsely settled regions of the country, and it will have a wonderful influence on the early development of this region of virgin soil and forests, and will no doubt make the most desolate part of the island one of its most productive sections. Everything about this railroad system smacks of good management, and gives confidence in the schemes of the company for the development of the country, a greater project than the original scheme for building the road.

It is little less than remarkable, and speaks volumes for the efficiency of the recent military government and for the present civil government, that the work of the former has been assumed and continued by the latter without its progress being materially interrupted by so radical a change in governmental methods, and there is every reason to believe that the government will become more efficient with time. The people of the island are law abiding and orderly, al-

though an economical condition prevails that might well produce serious discontent. Already there has been opportunity for noticing the absence of Revolutionary tendencies and of any disposition of the minority to refuse to be ruled by the majority, conditions so prevalent in some other Latin republics. With great wisdom the administration has devoted itself to the really important and urgent questions of the hour, and has not wasted time and energy. Much legislation was necessary before all the departments of the government were in a condition to properly perform their constitutional functions, and this is either complete or nearly so. Of equal importance have been considered the restoration of agriculture and business and the payment of the army. The revenues and expenses have been studied with the idea of raising the former and making every possible reduction in the latter. In short, up to date, the Cuban government is conspicuous for energy, honesty, economy, and ability.

Matthew Elting Hanna.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD.

POETRY AND THE STAGE.

READERS whose interest persists in the parlous question of the modern stage are likely to have read, not long ago, Mr. Gosse's essay in the *Atlantic Monthly* on Poetic Drama, and Mr. Corbin's article in *The Forum* dealing with the present dramatic situation in America. Both writers admit patiently, if not cheerfully, that most people may be expected to go to the theatre for trivial purposes, and that the stage offers little encouragement to those who wish to take the modern play seriously. "The drama," says Mr. Corbin, "is in precisely the condition in which literature would be if the reading public

were limited to the ten-cent magazines."

Mr. Gosse concedes that there will always be eighty per cent of theatre-goers "who take their theatre as if it were morphia or at least as if it were a glass of champagne. But," he proceeds, "we suggest that the residue, the twenty per cent, are now strong enough to be catered for also." This seems a reasonable demand: not that the stage be instantly "reformed" or bodily "elevated," simply that it do the right thing by all of its patrons. What, from the point of view of that imaginable twenty per cent, the right thing would be, is a subject well worth considering.

I.

By way of reply to the charge of current indifference to dramatic poetry, it is easy to allege the continued popularity of Shakespeare on the boards. Granted our fidelity to the Shakespeare tradition, it is to be doubted whether the interest of a modern audience in the Shakespeare play as now presented on the stage is often quite sincere. Moreover, even when we are not seduced into beholding the Ophelia of the lady who has just come up from vaudeville, or the Shylock of the gentleman who has just come down from melodrama, — even when we fare piously to the best attainable modern presentation of Shakespeare, — we have done nothing toward keeping English poetic drama alive. In truth, we know that as a practical influence the Shakespeare tradition itself has dominated English dramatic poetry quite too long. Since that great day of Elizabeth, the position and the methods of the stage have inevitably changed, a new language has arisen, and a new racial temperament. Yet there are very few plays in English verse now written, upon which we may dare look without fear of being once more confronted with the pale features of the exhumed Elizabethan Muse.

Among the surprising number of recent attempts in this kind, hardly one has succeeded in putting off the trappings of Shakespearean diction. Now and then the imitation has been deliberate, or at least confessed. Mr. Wendell's dramatic studies,¹ for example, are frank experiments in the Elizabethan manner. This is the result: —

"In substance all say this: Your royal James,
At peace with our King Philip, greeteth him,
Sending him message how you are gone forth
To seek rich mines still unpossessed by us.
He bids us guard our own, then; since aforetime
'T was whispered you were something careless of
The laws of mine and thine. So, if perchance

¹ *Ralegh in Guiana*, etc. By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

We find you trespassing and let you go
Unprisoned, why, your own just English law
Shall hold you answerable, if for nothing else.
Then for the sentence passed in Cobham's case
Upon your daring neck."

This kind of verse creditably echoes the rhythm and diction of Shakespeare; a fact which limits the play as a whole to so much credit as is due a clever academic exercise. Taken even so, such a production by an accomplished student of the drama would seem to carry with it the discouraging implication that there is no use in trying to unite modern poetry and modern stage-craft. Of course the implication is an old one; it was made, in a way, by all those nineteenth-century cultivators of the "closet-drama." Why, they seem to have asked, should this abrogation of the foot-lights and the preoccupied audience matter much? One gets more pleasure from reading a Shakespeare play than from seeing it performed; why should one care to have his own poetic play actually produced? It would really be unsafe to appeal to Shakespeare in this connection, for his own plays probably meant little to him except as they were worth acting before an audience whose capacity he knew; and we, at this remove, and in our chosen part as readers, cannot help sharing in that old direct contact between the poet, the players, and the pit. What a leap from this vigorous kind of play to our reluctant and sedentary drama of the closet! — a drama which substitutes declamation for rapid dialogue, and retains merely some of the outward symbols and impedimenta of action. It has its exits and its entrances, its acts and scenes upon which the curtain is never to rise or fall except in fancy. Much admirable poetry may imbed itself in such a drama; but it is, at best, an interesting hybrid, rather than a pure form of literary or dramatic art. This was the fatal defect in Tennyson's dramatic essays, and, though in his case the diction was personally sincere, of Browning's.

Apart from personal sincerity of diction, however, there is a racial and temporal sincerity which in any age belongs to poetry of extensive as well as of intensive power. We shrink from connecting the notion of popularity with the idea of poetry, as it is probably right for us to shrink with regard to the higher lyrical or epical forms. But the stage is essentially a popular institution, and poetry, to achieve any vital connection with it, must in the matters of structure and diction go quite halfway to meet it. No play, therefore, which contravenes the principles of modern stage-craft, or of the simple diction which has become normal in modern poetry, can hope for anything better than a *succès d'estime*; that is, a success based upon its having done well something apart from what it primarily should have done. There have been only a few glorious instances in which the literary value of a dramatic composition has seemed to be independent of its usefulness to the contemporary stage. Most closet-dramas are seen in perspective to have been neither here nor there; neither very good as poems nor very good as plays. Human nature is, we are told, always the same; but each age and race has its own social nature, its own mental habit, its own emotional propriety even, — qualities which the dramatist can least afford to ignore. A living drama, in short, must not only "hold the mirror up to nature," but "show the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

II.

This is what, in its own way, our prose drama is doubtless attempting to do. It is natural that the modern play should have come to be, in form, pretty much everything that the Shakespeare play was not. Apart from the substitution of prose for verse, the tendency has been everywhere for simplification of substance and amplification of acces-

sory. Our elaborate method of presentation exacts a less elaborate scheme of composition. The stage-manager, the costumer, and the scene-shifter have to be considered as ministers to the pleasure, and champions of the convenience, of the public; the five acts dwindle to three or four, and the number of scenes is cut down by more than half. Yet writers of so-called poetic drama have ignored this change of usage till the other day, when Mr. Stephen Phillips, in his very first play, took pains to require no impossible feats of modern stage-craft. A practical merit of Mr. Percy Mackaye's recently published comedy¹ consists in its possessing precisely four scenes. The play is cleverly constructed throughout, but it is in pretty bad taste, and contains little or no sincere poetry. One does not quite relish having the name of Chaucer taken in vain for the title of a romantic hero who reminds one now of the Villon of *If I Were King* and now of M. Rostand's *Cyrano*; and the sentimental affair with the Prioress and her "little pup," as it is pleasantly called, is from any reasonable point of view absurd. Nor does one quite take to the playwright's fancy of making Chaucer talk like an Elizabethan courtier: —

"Sir, with your pardon,
To me, our England is still 'Merry England!'
Which nature cirqued with its green wall of
 seas
To be her home and hearthstone; where no
 slave,
Though e'er he crept in her lap and was nursed
 of her;
But the least peasant, bow'd in lonely fief,
Might claim his free share in her dower of
 grace;
The hush, pied daisy for 's society,
The o'erbubbling birds for mirth, the silly
 sheep
For innocence. — Mirth, friendship, innocence:
Where nature grants these three, what 's left
 for envy?
These three, sir, serve for my theology."

Nothing could well be more clever than

¹ *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. By PERCY MAC-KAYE. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1903.

this is in itself, or more perfectly out of place from the point of view of either poetic or dramatic sincerity.

A similar exception must be taken to the manner of Mr. Cale Young Rice's recent experiment in poetic drama.¹ It is a careful study in the style which least needs to be cultivated by modern writers of dramatic verse. Partly in consequence, no doubt, of the artificial medium of expression employed, the reader is likely to find himself sadly unconcerned with either characters or action. The play is a product of undoubted talent and diligence, but it could not conceivably grip and hold an audience; and, of the two, it is better for a play to hail from the property-room than from the library. The *Princess of Hanover*² is also undeniably a closet-play; in plot and scenical requirement it is far too elaborate to be actually produced on the modern stage. Its style is oddly eclectic, — a striking illustration of the vagary into which talent, even great talent, is inclined to lapse. Here is a passage obviously in the Greek tragic manner: —

"Duchess. Forgive —

Princess. Thou, mother, needest
no forgiveness,
Who never sinned but of necessity.

Duchess. Compelled, I brought thee to an
abhorred bridal,
Yielding thy cherished youth to a house
of hate.

Princess. Accursed day!

Duchess. Enough of wasteful grief,
Which blasts thine own dear beauty but
confounds not
One of our enemies. Nay, rejoice, my
daughter,
Because thou hast conquered ancient en-
mity."

And here, a few pages later, a bit of pseudo-Shakespeare: —

"Königsmarck. No matter what the offense
Closed up my golden book. Let me be
hasty
To seize the opportune moment, since
your Highness

¹ *Charles di Tocco*. By CALE YOUNG RICE. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co. 1903.

Deigns to review those dim and minor pas-
sages

In her rich memory, which firmly charac-
tered

Stand in my obscure tablets, long perused
Yet no wise worn. Most humbly I be-
seech her.

On the knees of my heart, what is the
newer offense

That has estranged now, since I came to
Hanover,

One who were else unaltered?"

Mrs. Woods, as her lyrics and her former dramatic experiment, *Wild Justice*, have shown, is an intellectually imaginative and technically skillful poet; but she lacks the creative imagination which instinctively grasps and clings to its own manner of expression. In the present play she has at least one manner which may be called her own. It springs from a theory emphatically stated in her preface, the not unfamiliar theory that the rhythm of the best English blank verse is determined by stress rather than by the number of syllables. In her own application of this excellent principle Mrs. Woods seems at times to go far: —

"Aurora.

Yet, my impetuous brother,
Our shrewd Electress may have excellent
reasons

For wishing you in the Morea, at Kam-
schatka,
Anywhere, in short. Your visits to the
Princess

Pass unobserved of the world, you being
accompanied

Always by a young Prince of known de-
votion

To her. But something by the mind's fin-
ger and thumb

Not to be caught in a moment, something
impalpable

As air and full as real, may be perceptible
To this old, hard, well-judging woman."

It is really too bad to cite the authority of Shakespeare and Milton for such writing as this, which, to the ordinary ear, is not verse at all.

Mrs. Woods has not quite succeeded in developing the materials of tragedy from the annals of the somewhat hum-

² *The Princess of Hanover*. By MARGARET L. WOODS. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1903.

drum House of Hanover. Neither the Princess nor Königsmarck is endowed with sufficient dignity of character to serve as the central figure of a great dramatic action. When all is done, it is the uninspired George, with his consistent drunkenness and his interminable "what-whats," who has most engaged one's interest and sympathy.

In Maximilian,¹ blank verse is made the vehicle of an action still more modern. Unluckily, blank verse is the poetic form least amenable to reason; it has a way of appearing, after all possible pains have been taken, to have constructed itself according to the essential genius, rather than to the talented intention, of the author. So, too often, the royal chariot turns out to be nothing but a one-horse shay. To build a tragedy upon the career of the most luckless of emperors was a not unpromising enterprise; but it is still to be proved that American politics is capable of producing materials for anything graver than opera-bouffe. Not even the utmost copiousness of stage-direction can rescue the present essay from futility. Its quality may be fairly suggested by a quotation of the last few lines, and their accompanying commentary:—

(Maximilian walks towards the door, stops and endeavors to master his feelings. Then with a look of inexpressible sorrow he lifts his hand solemnly and says)

Maximilian — Oh, man! Oh, man!

(He goes out. The convent bells ring, and through the open door and the window appears the city, bathed in the morning sunlight. There is a general ringing of bells, and now very suddenly, but with a slinking movement, Lopez enters, pale and nervous: he walks about rapidly in a distracted manner, muttering to himself. Then he goes to the window and clutches at the window frames)

Lopez — I will not see it.

(He stabs himself and dies. The bells continue to ring. Enter Gen. Escobedo, who goes to the window, and not seeing Lopez's body steps upon it)

Escobedo —

Ha! the renegade —

And dead!

¹ *Maximilian: a Tragedy.* By EDGAR LEE MASTERS. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 1902.

(He looks out of the window. Enter Carlotta from the chamber and goes up to the table)

Carlotta — The bells! the bells!

(A sound of musketry)

Escobedo — *(Not seeing Carlotta)* Thus are the roots of liberty refreshed!

(Carlotta kneels, folds her arms upon the table, and bows her head in her arms as if in prayer)

CURTAIN.

III.

It has seemed worth while to lay so much stress upon the matters of structure and style as points of practical importance in considering a possible relation between modern poetry and the modern stage. If we have really no standards of poetic diction and of stage-craft which fit our time as the diction and stage-craft of Shakespeare and his contemporaries fitted the Elizabethan time, there is little hope of any such relation.

The question of theme is a pretty clear one. The poetic drama, if it continues to exist, will continue to concern itself with the ideal. We have, during the past half century, had much patter in prose, and not a little in verse, about the glorious opportunities for literature in the democracy, of commerce, of education and what not; but nobody is really deceived by it. The enslaving of electricity, the triumphs of barter, the iron tutelage of "imperialism," have somehow failed to expand the poet's chest or clear his voice. These things are business. The dramatic poet may therefore be expected still to treat the immemorial themes and, ordinarily, to reap advantage from a remote setting for his action. The merit of his work will depend mainly upon questions of form and method.

It is reasonable to suppose that both style and structure will be simple. To the modern theatre audience, even to the imaginable twenty per cent of it which is seeking a high and permanent satisfaction, the ideal will have to be presented in some concrete and decisive

form. There will be no diffusion of interest, — we have more than enough of that in practical life, — and there will be no uncertainty of effect. The fact has been illustrated very recently by the surprisingly enthusiastic hearing given to the revival of *Everyman*. Many of its hearers will be glad to possess the reprint now published.¹ A public taste which is approachable by that simple stern old morality need not be despaired of; it is really alive and ready to employ itself. It has been put off too long with imitations of Shakespeare, and with translations of foreign plays. Such pretty and melancholy hallucinations as *Pelleas and Mélisande*, such romantic extravagances as *Cyrano de Bergerac*, even such graceful parables as *The Sunken Bell* it will listen to with some forcing of the sympathy. In the end, it will demand something more easily appreciable by a solid, law-cherishing race, something simple, direct, and human.

Mr. Stephen Phillips, in his first play, actually achieved merit upon these terms. *Paolo and Francesca*, to be sure, bears marks of its origin in a sophisticated age, which, weary of its complications and subtleties, is inclined to react toward simple and stable forms of art. The simplicity of a twentieth-century Englishman cannot be quite a Greek or a mediæval simplicity. The story of *Paolo and Francesca* is not of the sort we are told the public expects. It is neither agreeable, nor sentimental, nor morbid; it is merely direct, sane, and intelligible. We can easily imagine, too, a style of less lyrical sweetness and of greater dramatic force. But the fact remains that most people who heard the drama, on both sides of the water, felt its beauty as poetry, and its effectiveness as a play. Whether Mr. Phillips will ever do anything else so good, whether he is to be the founder of a school, whether his genius is essentially dramatic, are questions of theory or of

speculation. His first play, at least, we must value as one of the first plays in modern English verse.

It cannot be doubted that the practical success of Mr. Phillips's plays has been responsible for the number of subsequent essays in poetic drama, and for the quality of some of them. More than one of the best passages in *The Princess of Hanover*, the composite character of whose diction has been noted, seems to possess something of the graceful clarity of Mr. Phillips's style: —

Princess. . . . I never was alive till now,
and afterwards

I shall be dead, but in my sepulchre .
Let me be hymning joy because I lived
Once, thus in thine arms.

Königsmarck. Live happily and longer than
thou bodest.

Here will I charm away unhappy thoughts
With one touch of my magic on thy brow,
Thus with a little rain of tender charms,
Forbid these eyes to tears."

Mr. Ewing's *Jonathan*² is written in a style of similar purity. The idyllic passages are perhaps the most successful, but the serene dignity of tone which belongs to the drama as a whole, the steady swing of the verse, which is Miltonic rather than Shakespearean, entitle it to a very respectful reading. Here are a few lines from one of David's speeches: —

"I sleep upon a patch of tender grass,
Upon the borders of a rivulet,
Where sweet composure the vexed earth surrounds,

And all the air is filled with gentle noise
Of sheep at rest, and insects humming lightly,
And rhythmic lapping of the running water,
Which seems to flow along my veins and bathe
My body with a clean and cool refreshment."

It cannot be asserted that the drama is fit to be acted; and it will be interesting to see by what difference of treatment Mr. Phillips's promised *David* and *Bathsheba*, the work of a poet who is also a master of stage-craft, will excel it in this regard.

¹ *Everyman: A Moral Play*. New York: Fox, Duffield & Co. 1903.

² *Jonathan: a Tragedy*. By THOMAS EWING, Jr. New York: Funk & Wagnalls Co. 1902.

Poetic drama is not likely soon, or ever, to recover its old supremacy on the English stage. But a beginning has now been made toward its reestablishment in a position of influence; and it is fair to suppose that in the hands of Mr. Phillips, or of somebody else, the movement will go on. And if it does not displace prose — which Heaven defend! — work of this sort may, with its noble simplicity of theme, its noble purity of line, afford a priceless standard of current dramatic values, which will sensibly affect the quality of our prose drama. There are other good things in the world beside poetry, but few things which are not the better for being in the same world with it. Certainly if we could imagine a day when poetry should have been hopelessly exiled from the boards, we could imagine the drama to be doomed as a means of art, — that is, as a real influence in modern life.

H. W. Boynton.

THE matter contained in these volumes has for the most part appeared in various publications of the Society for Psychical Research; but that fact will hardly make the appearance of the collected work less welcome, since this vast mass of material is now brought into a form which makes it possible to apprehend more clearly and estimate more justly the character and value of the late F. W. H. Myers's contributions to this new field of human inquiry.

Readers not familiar with these matters, and not versed in the technicalities of modern psychology, will be inclined to shrink from such a formidable task as the reading of these two stout volumes; but a closer scrutiny will assure them that the undertaking is not so serious; they will find the general plan of the work easy to follow and the ar-

range of its matter clear and systematic; a glossary will interpret the hard terms that may discourage at first glance some readers; syllabuses give a serviceable analysis of the successive chapters, and appendices contain abundant and interesting cases, which both illustrate the author's doctrine and are intended to establish his propositions. The work on the whole is admirably constructed, and can be successfully read by those not versed in the technicalities of such subjects.

F. W. H. Myers, whose death in January, 1901, was a distinct loss to the world, had long devoted all his rare powers to the field of psychical research in which he was a most enthusiastic and indefatigable worker, and his contributions to this branch of science had already won for him a high recognition.

The substantial value of Myers's work will remain unaffected by any fortune that may await his special theories. He has opened new fields to psychological science; he has made impossible the old limitations of that science; he has forced upon the psychologists of the future the recognition of new problems and the necessity of new solutions for old problems. He has enriched the field of scientific research by conceptions, by hypotheses, which, whether they are accepted or rejected, are destined to lead the way to other and truer conceptions.

The title of these volumes is at the same time the statement of the problem with which they deal, — the nature of human personality and the possibility of its continued existence after the death of the body. The problem itself is as old as man, and the most momentous question that has ever engaged his thought; for it is, after all, the problem of the world. These volumes are a new argument for immortality. Their originality lies in the method of approach to this old problem and in the solution offered. The old lines of speculative reasoning are abandoned; there is no appeal to supernatural revelation or to

¹ *Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.* By FREDERIC W. H. MYERS. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1903. 2 vols.

authoritative dogmas; it is a new conception of our human personality, a new interpretation of the facts of our experience that is to open the door into that world which lies beyond death.

Two convictions impel the author in his undertaking: one is, that it is both necessary and possible to have a truer conception of human personality than the state of our knowledge has hitherto permitted; the other conviction is, that it is necessary to base our hope of immortality upon surer grounds than those reasons with which we have been compelled to content ourselves. So strong has become the current of scientific thought, so dominant its temper in all circles of culture, that we can no longer let our immortality remain an unverified hypothesis, or content ourselves with the "larger hope;" nor can any evidence hope for acceptance if it is not somehow continuous with that kind of evidence on which our other beliefs repose.

But if psychological analysis of our human personality shows it to be something that no mere blood and brain can explain; if there appears in our life here the working of a faculty which is not earth-born, and not dependent on bodily conditions; if there are phenomena which, while they do not break the continuity of our present experience, at the same time strongly point to the continued life of man after the death of the body, then the old hope can appeal to the latest science for its justification. Such is the claim of the author.

What then is this human personality, this self of ours? Recent psychology is making us familiar with a conception of the soul quite different from that idea of the human ego we have for the most part entertained. We are compelled to recognize that each man is potentially at least more and other than in his customary consciousness he takes himself to be; that what goes on in his every-day consciousness and above the threshold of it, so to speak, is not all

that can, and under certain conditions does, go on within his individuality; and further, that the subliminal or submerged portion of our psychical life is in the case of some persons richer in content, better organized, wiser and saner than the supra-liminal portion.

It is no longer possible to regard the human soul as a single, simple, unchanging substance; we are rather multiplex in the structure of our egos; there exists more than one psychic personality in the life history of the same human individual.

Psychologists have known these facts for a considerable time; this subliminal region has long been recognized; but psychologists have been cautious about venturing to determine the nature and the limits of this region of psychic life. It is just here that Myers strikes out a new path, ventures a new hypothesis. That conception is the following: That which we call the self of every-day experience is in reality only a portion of a larger personality which is our true and larger self; the self of our customary consciousness is that part of our larger self which the conditions of our terrene existence have made possible. The constituents and powers of this self have been determined by a process of natural selection out of a larger possible psychic life. The other part of our total self exists and functions as a subliminal consciousness, at times manifesting itself in the supra-liminal field, as in the inspired achievements of genius; and, in the case of some individuals, this submerged self invades and takes temporary possession of the supra-liminal region, as in mediums and in alternating or secondary personalities.

The true self, the human soul, did not begin to exist with the life of the body; it will not cease with the cessation of that life. The human soul does not depend for its existence on the body, but only for its manifestations, the transmission of its thoughts to other souls; nor is the soul thus dependent

upon the body for the exercise of *all* its faculties; the subliminal self manifests intelligence and communicates thought independently of bodily functions.

This hypothesis will, to most readers, seem fanciful and romantic, a mere flight of a speculative genius, and to promise little help in the solution of the problems of our existence. But whoever reads carefully these two volumes will not deny one thing to this conception: it enabled Mr. Myers to group together in a most successful way a bewildering variety of seemingly unrelated phenomena, and this unification is no superficial affair; these facts are united by a common principle which affiliates them as truly and as intimately as does the law of gravitation the scattered masses of matter in the universe.

A successful classification of such widely separated and heterogeneous phenomena as those discussed in these volumes is itself an achievement fit to make a man's reputation, to say nothing of the strong indication it affords that the author is on the right track, and will ultimately be followed by those men who most strenuously reject his theory.

Not to follow the author into details, we note a few instances of the use he makes of this hypothesis in the explanation of such psychic phenomena as hypnotism, telepathy, phantasms of the living and of the dead, and alleged communications from such persons to the living. The hypnotic intelligence, the author maintains, is best explained if we regard it as only a "fragmentary intelligence, a dreamlike scrap of the subliminal self functioning apart from that central and profounder control;" these marvels of hypnotism are the "fragmentary expression of that more comprehensive intelligence, of a power which the supra-liminal self does not possess."

To take another instance; experiments have established as a fact the

communication by one mind of thoughts to another mind without the medium of any known sensory or physical channels; and this communication between minds is not limited to particular perceptions or ideas; one person has been able to make himself appear to another person at a distance, in the entire absence of his bodily presentation. Accept the author's hypothesis and these facts are readily explained and fall into line with the facts of genius, — hypnotism and other allied phenomena; — the hypothesis fits them all.

But the chain of phenomena does not end here. If the work of the Census Bureau can be relied upon, these veridical hallucinations are continuous in kind with experimental cases of telepathy, and tend with them to establish the author's hypothesis.

More remarkable still, — the death of the body does not seem to break this chain of evidential facts; the ghost, rightly understood, presents no essential difference, no wide departure from the phenomena of telepathy and phantasms of the living.

To take a last step in this direction: whoever has read the alleged communications made through the medium Mrs. Piper will not find it easy to reject the author's contention, that the evidence which tends to establish the continued life of the human personality after the death of the body is continuous with the evidence that establishes the fact that a human personality here on the earth can communicate his thoughts and manifest himself to other persons without the medium of the body; and however reluctant such a reader may be to accept the author's hypothesis, we think he will agree with us that it is time for professed psychologists seriously to set about putting some other explanation in its place than the charge of fraud, self-deception, or childish credulity, which they have been content to substitute for serious examination of the alleged facts.

The author of these volumes will have accomplished his substantial purpose, if he compels the science of the future to face aright this question of the human soul and its destiny.

John E. Russell.

AMONG the sins of omission which are charged against that great stupid innocent bogey the Public, lack of interest in books of travel cannot be fairly numbered. No kind of bound publication seems to be more sure of a market. Perhaps this is because the "output" is limited, — possibly six or eight books in the year, during which the historian is producing his thousands and the novelist his tens of thousands. The writer of "travels" can even afford to be solid and improving. Books like Nansen's *Farthest North* or Landor's *Through the Forbidden Country* are quite as likely to be forgotten in ten years as many narratives in which fewer things happen. Perils and privations are in fact not essential to the happiness of your true reader of travels. Description is the main thing, and the object described does just as well not to be in any sense too outlandish.

Winter India is a very good travel-book of the lighter kind. It is the work of an experienced traveler and writer of travels, a book of the pleasant, fluent, chattering variety, written frankly from the tourist's point of view. The author cares little for foreigners, and less for foreign problems; she simply likes to see things, and is clever in describing them. A good illustration of her style, which is always animated and often amusing, is afforded by the account of her first impression of Nautch dancing: —

"Six barefooted, neat-looking col-

¹ *Winter India*. By ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE. New York: The Century Co. 1903.

Through Hidden Shensi. By FRANCIS H. NICHOLS. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902.

Across Coveted Lands. By A. H. SAVAGE. VOL. XCII. — NO. 549.

ored girls in starched muslin dress skirts and velvet jackets of antiquated cut and no fit whatever, stepped forward and, in methodical march and countermarch to a nasal chorus, braided the Maypole's ribbons down to their hands; in reverse order unbraided them, and stepped demurely back in line. We were breathless with surprise.

"Was that the famous sacred temple dance? Could six octoroons, matter-of-fact young 'yaller gals,' shuffling slowly around a Maypole, ever give rise to such visions of beauty and grace as only the name of the Nautch dance conjures up? Oh, no! It was surely coming next. There would be something graceful and bewitching, something in gorgeous native costume, after this purposely tame and tedious cake-walk by colored church members in velveteen basques trimmed with cotton lace."

The author pretends to no sympathy with the people whom she is observing: "All these diverse races and peoples are picturesque to look upon, with their graceful draperies of brilliant colors and the myriad forms of turbans; but they are not an attractive, a winning, and sympathetic, or a lovable people. They are as antipathetic and devoid of charm as the Chinese, as callous, as deficient in sympathy and the sense of pity as those next neighbors of theirs in Asia, and as impossible for the Occidental to fathom or comprehend, — an irresistible, inexplicable, unintelligible repulsion controlling one."

This is very different from the spirit in which Mr. Nichols's book is written. He has not simply observed the Chinese as a tourist, but has lived with them as a friend. Consequently he does not find them "antipathetic," "callous," or "deficient in sympathy." Shensi is the most isolated of the Chinese provinces, LANDOR. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1903.

The Home-Life of the Borneo Head-Hunters: Its Festivals and Folk-Lore. By WILLIAM HENRY FURNESS, 3rd. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1902.

the home of the old race, and therefore the best possible place to study the Chinese character in its purity. Mr. Nichols entered Shensi shortly after the Boxer uprising, with no prepossession in favor of the natives: "I had all the prejudices of the foreigner when I crossed the gray plain and met the old race. They seemed then only a perpetuation of the commonplace; but as I went in and out among them they began to interest me. I found that they had achieved much, but were free from boasting; that they loved their own kind of learning; that their pride was tempered by reason and by the isolated experience of their country; that they strove to do right as they saw the right; that they did not covet, and that because they had always honoured their fathers and mothers their days had been longer in the land than had been the days of any other race on earth. I came to respect their eternity and to admire their love of their parents, their ancestors, and their past." Mr. Nichols's errand (the distribution of money collected in America for the famine-sufferers of Shensi) entailed no hazardous adventures, and his account of his personal achievements is extremely modest. Moreover, though his impression of Chinese life is surprisingly favorable, the quiet humor of his commentary frees him from suspicion of being *advocatus diaboli*, for a strong man who does not take himself too seriously may be counted upon for a sensible judgment of other people. He particularly avoids the set discussion of problems: "For the fault of the absence from these pages of both a militant and a missionary spirit, let me urge in extenuation that this narrative offers no solution of Chinese problems, points no morals, and draws no conclusions. It is an attempt at a picture of Oldest China and its people as I saw them in their land, — sowing, reaping, toiling, thinking, and misjudging the world beyond their mountains as persistently as that world misjudges them."

Mr. Landor's *Across Coveted Lands* is, it must be confessed, disappointingly dull. The word could not be used of his narrative of travels in Thibet, in which many of the recorded adventures are of a character which made one delightfully fancy that a new Marco Polo, not to say Munchausen, had arisen. In the present pair of fat volumes the reader will find a variety of facts about Persia and the outlying deserts, some of them statistics and some of them matters observed. What one misses is any sort of spontaneous enthusiasm of interest on the part of the writer. These volumes, in short, record the observations of a professional traveler and sight-seer during an overland journey from Flushing to Calcutta.

Dr. Furness's book has the advantage of dealing with a fresh theme. What most of us know about Borneo, we owe to Mr. Barnum; and it is in the nature of a shock to discover that the natives are really pretty well domesticated and very nearly hairless, a race of happy and irresponsible infants not unlike the island peoples described by Herman Melville years ago. The life of one of the inland tribes seems to him especially idyllic: "Were the choice of a residence in a Bornean tribe forced on me, I should not hesitate long in casting in my lot with the Punans. They have never thought of the morrow; no cares; no responsibilities; no possessions; no enemies, for they desire nothing that other people have, not even clothes; money is dross; and home is where they rest their blow-pipes and hang up their parangs. Night can never find them homeless; home is wherever the setting sun finds them; does rain threaten, a few poles and a few leaves make a house; let the night be clear, and a soft bed of leaves in a nook between the great flat roots of a tapang tree is luxury itself; for 'where youth with unstuffed brain [never was a Punan brain stuffed] doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign.'"

The luxury of condescension has much

to do with the pleasure of travel, but it is evident that to the larger mind, whether it is concerned with the impressions of an ancient civilization like that of Shensi, or with an ancient savagery like that of Borneo, the very finest product of the unusual contact is in the attainment of a mood quite different from that of condescension. The richer the

nature of the observer, the more certain he is to listen to the "message" (to use a cant word) which only an alien race and life can have for him. It may be loyalty, it may be light-heartedness, — there will be some quality in which he feels himself excelled; and his racial condescension will be wholesomely tempered with something very like humility.

H. W. B.

CHADWICK'S WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.¹

THOSE who revere the memory of Channing owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Chadwick. "The Star of the American Church," as Emerson called the great preacher, now shines clearly and humanly for the ordinary reader, to whom he was practically inaccessible in the three volumes of the Memoir by his nephew, or in the abridged but bulky one-volumed edition of the same, issued as a Centenary Memorial in 1880 by the American Unitarian Association. If Mr. Chadwick would now prepare a volume of some of the great addresses of Channing that are still of contemporary interest and value — such as *Self-Culture*, *On the Elevation of the Laboring Classes*, *On Preaching the Gospel to the Poor*, *The Present Age*, *Spiritual Freedom*, and perhaps *War*, *Temperance*, and *Education* — he would do still more toward bringing Channing within reach of the present generation, which needs him so much, and might thus be tempted to read him at first hand.

Channing's main significance is intellectual, spiritual, yet Mr. Chadwick gives us full details of his life and personality. It is interesting to hear that he had vigorous health and sometimes abandoned himself to unrestrained hilarity as a college boy. Austerities at

Richmond, Va., whither he went afterward as a tutor, — austerities partly forced by poverty, and partly his own choice, — lowered his animal spirits and broke his constitution. A certain amount of irritability he seems to have inherited from his mother, and Mr. Chadwick thinks that he was making public confession when in his preaching he wrote of the wretchedness caused by fretfulness and anger in social intercourse. He was an unsociable man when he began his ministry, — annoyed rather than pleased by visitors, declining, if possible, all invitations; and long afterwards Emerson spoke of his cold temperament as making him the most unprofitable companion. His conversation wanted ease and freedom, — this and his letters also easily slid into the sermon tone. Mr. Chadwick "wonders" whether with his self-absorption he did not fall at times into some inconsiderateness to others, — to his young colleague, Mr. Gannett, for instance, who would go to church on Sunday morning, without knowing till he got there whether he was to preach or not. His "self-tending" (which was necessary, since the most he could hope for was "to keep a sound mind in a weak body") sometimes went to an amusing extreme. "Why do you not go out, sir, and take a walk?" said a parishioner who found him miserable and

¹ *William Ellery Channing, Minister of Religion.* By JOHN WHITE CHADWICK. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1903.

depressed. Channing pointed a tragic finger to the vane of Park Street Church and said, "Do you see that?" "Yes," answered the parishioner, "I see it, and it has been stuck fast and pointing northeast for a fortnight." Then Channing sallied out to find the warm south wind turning the Common green. Another incident shows that Channing was capable of a little humor (as well as tartness) himself. We owe the story to Mr. Chadwick, who says he had never seen it in print:—

"Dr. Tuckerman, on one of his frequent visits, enquired for Mrs. Channing, and was informed that she had gone to Newport to open the house for the summer. 'Alone?' asked Dr. Tuckerman. Dr. Channing assented, and Dr. Tuckerman, responding, said, 'Do I understand you to say that Mrs. Channing has gone into the country *alone* to open the house for the summer?' 'That is what I said, Dr. Tuckerman.' 'Well, Dr. Channing,' said his friend, 'you will permit me to say that *I* should not think of asking Mrs. Tuckerman to go into the country *alone* to open the house for the summer.' Then Dr. Channing laughed his small, dry laugh and said, 'Very likely, Dr. Tuckerman; and, if you should, most probably *she would not go*.'"

These are human touches, but they are not at all inconsistent with Channing's spiritual greatness, with a rare inner conscientiousness and self-control (for, according to Mr. Chadwick, he made a good fight with his native irritability and sharpness of speech and manner and came off more than conqueror), with a courage which was all the greater because it was reflective and not headlong, and even with a certain sweetness which made little children run into his arms, though strong men stood in awe of him. There was something quite wonderful about his eye and voice; Emerson says that his discourses lose their best in losing them. If the discourses affect us by their elevation, their

noble ardor, their spiritual passion, as we read them, what must it have been to hear them!

There are two notes in Dr. Channing's preaching — and preaching comes pretty near being the word for almost everything he said and wrote — that give it lasting significance and distinction. The first is the spirit of intellectual freedom, the idea of the rights of the mind; the second, social idealism. To both, his new biographer does full justice. Dr. Channing's specific theological opinions, aside from his general spiritual philosophy, are not perhaps of particular interest to the present day. Many shared them in his own time, or were even more conservative than he, or, if we like the other tendency better, more radical; but this fact has not served to give them immortality or even remembrance. It was not his opinions, but the spirit in which he held them, and in which he maintained the right of others to hold different opinions; it was his magnificent assertion of the ethics of the intellect, and his own free and open mind, that in part give him his unique place in American religious history:—

"I am surer that my rational nature is from God than that any book is the expression of his will."

"I owe the little that I am to the conscientiousness with which I have listened to objections springing up in my own mind to what I have inclined and sometimes thirsted to believe, and I have attained through this to a serenity of faith that once seemed denied in the present state."

It is sentences like these, along with his vindication of the right of men like Theodore Parker and Abner Kneeland to say what they thought, though it grieved or shocked him, that mark the real greatness of the man. Mr. Chadwick does indeed tell us, as he was in duty bound, the story of the evolution of Channing's opinions; he is at much pains, and does the work with scholarly

exactness; it is interesting, too, as a matter of not very ancient history. But Mr. Chadwick himself says, "Channing's intellectual virtue was the most characteristic aspect of his life;" the present writer would only correct this by saying, "one of the two most characteristic aspects of his life."

Social idealism is indeed implicit in Christianity, but it has been a more or less elusive quantity since the definite relegation of the triumph of the social ideal to another world, that began, we may roughly say, with St. Augustine. Secular writers like Hutcheson, Ferguson, and Rousseau seem to have awakened it in Channing, though once aroused it easily blended with the traditional Christian conceptions of the Kingdom of Heaven, the original human and social significance of which scholars are now at last making us realize. Those who wish to understand this root-motive of Channing's life (and to see an impressive and indeed touching statement of it) should read the letter written to his friend, William S. Shaw, in his twentieth year, from Richmond, quoted by Mr. Chadwick.¹ In it he launches "into speculations on the possible condition of mankind in the progress of their improvement," and he finds "*avarice* the great bar to all my schemes." He thinks communism is the only corrective, and his views of human nature are such that he believes in the possibility of communism. He grants that man is selfish, but he holds that benevolence, sympathy, humanity are also natural, and that by education they instead of selfishness might become man's principle of action. We may set down his communism as a bit of youthful naïveté, but we must remember that it was not a forced or political but a voluntary scheme he believed in, that he counted entirely on education and religious enthusiasm to accomplish it, that then and always he distrusted associations not springing

¹ Pp. 48, 49 (more fully in *Life*, pp. 63-67, *Memoir*, i. 111-116).

from inner conviction and spiritual affinity, becoming indeed as extreme an individualist as Emerson was. Moreover, if man is capable of the disinterested affection in which Hutcheson had taught him to believe,—and the hour in which the conviction was borne in upon him and the clump of willows under which he was walking, book in hand, were ever afterwards sacred in his memory,—one weighty practical objection to community of property vanishes. Such disinterestedness, too, was a large part of the meaning of that dignity of human nature, that greatness of the soul, which to some is Channing's characteristic doctrine, and rightly from one point of view, since it is the common root from which his emphasis of the rights of reason and his social idealism alike sprang. Man is so great that he can transcend his prejudices and lay hold of absolute Divine truth, and so great that he can transcend his selfishness and live in universal love. It is a noble conception, covering many sins or errors of practical calculation. Nothing ever came of the twenty-year-old proposal of an educational propaganda to convince mankind that they are parts of a great whole, bound to labor for the good of the whole, but the light of the early dream never forsook him. In the next to the last year of his life he wrote to the head of the Mendon "Community" that he had long "dreamed of an association in which the members, instead of preying on one another and seeking to put one another down, after the fashion of this world, should live together as brothers, seeking one another's elevation and spiritual growth." He made earnest practical suggestions; he had his fears, but also his hopes,—he wrote Miss Peabody a little later he "never hoped so strongly and so patiently." "I should die in greater peace," he declared, "could I see in any quarter the promise of a happier organization of society." In this, as in the impassioned prayer closing the Lenox

address of a year later, we see him as Matthew Arnold says of Marcus Aurelius, stretching out his arms for something beyond, — *tendentemque manus ripæ ulterioris amore*.

Practically Channing gave the greater part of his life, aside from his unwilling excursions into the field of theological controversy, to the propagation of those idealistic social principles which were connected in his youthful mind with communism and yet are detachable from it (as a definite, formulated scheme). If his early preaching was cast in a somewhat conventional mould, this leaven was still there. The ideal of love and brotherhood was at a great distance from the actual world, but under its influence he opposed slavery and war; he reasoned about intemperance, — "one cause," he said, "of the commonness of intemperance in the present state of things is the heavy burden of care and toil which is laid on a large multitude of men;" he called for improvements in education, knowing that the preparation for all social change was there. The industrial world itself seemed far removed from the fraternal spirit, — it was broken up into classes warring with one another; "rich and poor," he said, "seem to be more and more oppressed with incessant toil, exhausting forethought, anxious struggles, feverish competition;" and again, "Business is war, a conflict of skill, management, and, too often, fraud; to snatch the prey from our neighbor is the end of all this stir." According to Mr. Chadwick, he "distrusted absolutely the competitive system of trade, and doubted a man's ability to engage in it without loss of personal integrity." This may be too strong a statement, for Channing once said, "Commerce is a noble calling;" but it is not far from the truth. His general view of our civilization was that it is on a low level; "our whole civilization," he wrote in 1841 to Sismondi, "is so tainted by selfishness, mercenariness, and sensuality, that I

sometimes fear that it must be swept away to prepare for something better."

"The present selfish, dissocial system," he declared, "must give way," — it "cannot last forever." He turned longingly, believing eyes to a new order, wherein "new ties" should take "the place of those which have hitherto connected the human race." He triumphantly expected it, saying, "A better day is coming, the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." It is the old Christian attitude over again, with its disdain of the world that now is and its joyful awaiting of a world that is to come. The ideal in the mind shall at last find a corresponding reality, — or, as an Oxford scholar, memorable for this sentence, if for no other, put it, "Conscience and the present constitution of things are not corresponding terms; it is conscience and the issue of things which go together."

One who challenges his age cannot expect to be altogether popular. Whittier speaks of Channing as having "the proudest reputation, in letters and theology, of his day." But when he came out flat-footedly against slavery, after his visit to the West Indies in 1830, the love of his people for him began to wax cold, — or, asks Mr. Chadwick, was the beginning still further back, in the assaults he had made upon the love of gain, a Northern as much as a Southern fault? When he headed the petition for the Faneuil Hall meeting, which became famous through Wendell Phillips's speech, and himself spoke there in a similar vein, more parishioners and friends fell away. "His well-bred parishioners, 'gentlemen of property and standing,' often passed him on the street," says Mr. Chadwick, "without a sign of recognition or the most indifferent." Theodore Parker did not perhaps greatly exaggerate when he gave it as his opinion that at this time a man with Channing's liberal opinions and reformatory spirit, unknown to fame, "could not find a place for the sole of

his foot in Boston, though half a dozen pulpits were vacant." But had not Channing spoken of Christianity as "so at war with the present condition of society that it cannot be spoken and acted out without giving great offense"? If one wishes to be popular, he must say fine things, but not bring them home. "People bear patiently," to quote Channing again, "what it is understood they will not practice. But if the preacher 'come down,' as it is called, from these heights, and assail in sober earnest deep-rooted abuses, respectable vices, inhuman institutions or arrangements, and unjust means of gain, which interest, pride, and habit have made dear and next to universal, the people who exact from him official holiness are shocked, offended. 'He forgets his sphere.'" It is related of Dr. James Walker that he kept so close to "personal religion" that he did not permit himself to *vote*!

I have been so interested in making this slight and no doubt partial portrayal of Channing that I have done no adequate justice to the merits of Mr. Chadwick's book. In it the reader will

find an ample and all-round portrait. It is written with Mr. Chadwick's well-known facility and felicity of phrase. One sees the poet in many a metaphor; I could only wish that he had felt free to insert his own perfect sonnet suggested by Channing's exclamation, "Always young for liberty" (after the Paris Revolution of 1830, which Channing hailed with delight, as contrasted with young Harvard's deadness to the event, and in answer to a young Harvard friend, who had said, "You seem to be the only young man I know"). One is pleased, too, at the personal touches and reminiscences, which give a delightful air of ease and freedom to the narrative. Mr. Chadwick does not conceal his own feelings and preferences. He loves the things one ought to love in these distracted days; he, too, is young for liberty and right and a higher issue of things than our present "plutocratic feudalism." It is good to have the old-time heroes and authors of our liberties, such as Parker and Channing, brought before us by a sympathetic hand like his. Every man of generous mind will thank him.

William Mackintire Salter.

THE STUDIES OF A BIOGRAPHER.¹

"WHEN I read the book, the biography famous," remarked Walt Whitman, "and is this then (said I) what the author calls a man's life . . . why, even I myself, I often think, know little or nothing of my real life; only a few hints, — a few diffused faint clues and indications." There are doubtless few meditative readers who have not at some time or other been driven by a smart, impertinent biography into this agnosticism; nor are there likely to be many

more who have not some time been led through reflection upon the shadowy, inward flow of personality to distrust even the great biographies. If there is any short and easy method with the skeptical majority, it is to commend to their reading Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer*. With his wonted modesty, — a modesty that is one of the most effective literary weapons of our time, — Sir Leslie would surely disclaim any intention of doing more than to catch and convey a few hints and indirections. Nevertheless his native genius for biography has been so trained by long delv-

¹ *The Studies of a Biographer.* By LESLIE STEPHEN. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1899-1902. 4 vols.

ing amid the myriad human records from which the great Dictionary of National Biography was composed, that his power of seizing the significant fact is accompanied by a rare gift of almost instinctive generalization, whereby the convincing, and, as it were, evidential resurrection of a man is accomplished.

Almost without exception the essays in these four volumes were written as review articles upon the appearance of some important, or otherwise considerable, biographic work. It is pretty certain that the "reviews" were not uniformly gratifying to the writers of the works under review; for Sir Leslie Stephen has a way of gracefully assembling their painfully acquired information into portraits of their subjects quite different from theirs. But this faculty which tends to their exasperation promotes our delight. He knows, none better, the trade of the biographical delver, who, as he says, "is at least laying bricks, not blowing futile soap-bubbles," but his own true work is of the imagination. He has that deep feeling, to which the unaided and unimaginative Skeptical Understanding rarely attains, that "our ancestors were once as really alive as we are now." Hence when he writes of an author, whether of old time or of to-day, his aim is to know the man rather than to "criticise" his work; indeed he willfully holds that the root of the matter is in "working with a will and defying the critics and all their ways."

But at no point is Sir Leslie Stephen more sharply distinguished from the unimaginative delver than in his skill at selecting and weaving into his narrative little human ironies from the lives and works of unread, often of unreadable authors. How good it is to know of John Byrom's forgotten "pastoral" addressed to Phebe, that "a Mr. Mills, years afterwards, kissed the book when he read it;" how engaging is the image of Boyse, "whose only clothing was a blanket with holes in it through which

his hands protruded to manufacture verses;" and what is more delightful and suggestive than to learn that "Arthur Bedford, an orthodox clergyman, had (in 1719) collected seven thousand immoral sentiments from British dramatists."

Notwithstanding these numerous and sprightly graces, there is nothing in any essay to suggest the "Sympathetic Interpreter," whose biographical writing is the most insidious of corruptions. Sir Leslie Stephen is always more concerned with character than with temperament, with ideas than with moods. He grasps the notions dominating his subjects firmly, and he expounds them lucidly, often with sweetly provoking coolness and poise. The range of his biographical comprehension as it is indicated in these Studies is very noteworthy. Viewing the gathering as a whole, we find it curiously divided. There is a group of men of imagination, spontaneity, and somewhat wayward impulse, studied with a certain sympathetic enthusiasm, and yet with his tongue in his cheek, so to say: Froude, Donne, Stevenson, Arthur Young, Wordsworth in his youth, Emerson, Ruskin; then comes a quartette of queer doctrinaires, dry-workers, vain men, Byrom, Godwin, Trollope, Boswell, all portrayed with nothing less than affection; Shakespeare, Scott, Milton, Gibbon, the heavy-metalled authors, are studied with a realizing understanding and a happy absence of breathlessness; while Tennyson and Jowett, hesitant believers, who, as Sir Leslie thinks, subjugated reason to a wish, are rather rudely, though subtly, mocked at. In none of the above cases is there any lack of intellectual comprehension, but perhaps he is in most brilliant touch with the kindly, half-cynical moralists, fervent skeptics, whimsical and witty reformers, in short, with men like Holmes, Pascal, and Bagehot; and he is all for Johnson. To complete the catalogue, mention must be made of some half-dozen more dis-

cursive essays on such tempting themes as National Biography, In Praise of Walking, or The Evolution of Editors.

It were a pleasant adventure to traverse some or all of these papers, to resay their good things, perhaps, very mildly and meekly, to disagree with some of them; how fain, for example, would one fence with him, for a passado or two, as to The Evolution of Editors. Sir Leslie Stephen, the reader must be regretfully informed, is but little impressed by the Divinity which doth hedge an Editor; indeed, he scientifically traces his evolution out of Grub Street, and boldly asserts that even in the proud consciousness of your full-blown editor the sense of genius is not always constant, and in that profound the vision of Grub Street, an awful possibility, darkly rises. But, as must always be the case with any book that is a book, the author is more interesting than his subjects, or than any of his pronouncements. It will be better to leave the adjudication of moot points to the reader's leisure, and see what result a humble application of our author's method to his own writings will yield us.

The most personal and characteristic trait in all these collected essays is the continual play of a kind of ironical casuistry. On every page we see a keen and brilliant intellect seeking to ease the burden of the mystery, or of sad conviction, by the exercise of witty logic.

"A conscience is," he says, speaking of Rugby, "no doubt a very useful possession in early years. But when a man has kept one till middle life, he ought to have established a certain *modus vivendi* with it; it should be absorbed and become part of himself, — not a separate faculty for delivering oracular utterances. The amiable weakness of the Rugby school was a certain hypertrophy of the conscience." Or take his wicked fling at Matthew Arnold: "And I have often wished, I must also confess, that I too had a little sweetness and light, that I might be able to say such nasty things of my enemies."

But perhaps the best example of this ironical casuistry is in a hypothetical reply which he frames to certain contentions of Pascal's: —

"According to you the slightest belief is a sufficient reason. Then why try to hold an absolute belief? After all, if there be such a God as you suppose, He may choose — it is not a very wild hypothesis — to damn me for lying or deliberate self-deception. If, as we are supposing, He has not supplied me with evidence of a fact, He may be angry with me for deliberately manufacturing beliefs without evidence, — for believing absolutely what I can only know to be probable; He may do so, — if we may venture to attribute to Him a certain magnanimity, — even if the fact considered be the fact of His own existence. You contemplate a Deity who wishes to be believed to all hazards, even if He has not given reasons for belief, even therefore if the demand imply the grossest injustice. What is the chance that God, if there be a God, acts on this principle, and not on the opposite principle?"

Here is a faculty which would have adorned a Jesuit's chair; but it is to be noted that Sir Leslie's casuistry is always, as has been said, ironical, and but rarely the vehicle of his own convictions. He professes himself — ironically perhaps — a "Lockist," yet he contrives to avoid falling in with any philosophic sect, and always maintains an individual point of view, whence, Montaigne-like, he may poke fun at the fallacies of all. He assumes the rôle of *filius terra*, who was anciently appointed to make sport of persons in high places, lest they become overweening. Cambridge was his university, and, as he more than once reminds us, Cambridge has always been a little distrustful of Oxford with her "mighty voices," spiritual guides, and Platonic dreamers. Lockist as he is, he is never cold to any unaffected enthusiasm for an ideal, — of Emerson as the typical American

idealist he is keenly appreciative, — but in the long run his true sympathy is with the more generous sort of utilitarian. A man's deepest predilection is pretty sure to crop out in his day-dreaming; there is in the essay on Gibbon a whimsically lyrical passage about the mid-eighteenth century which is significant: —

"When I indulge in day-dreams, I take flight with the help of Gibbon, or Boswell, or Horace Walpole, to that delightful period. I take the precaution, of course, to be born the son of a prime minister, or, at least, within the charmed circle where sinecure offices may be the reward of a judicious choice of parents. There, methinks, would be enjoyment, more than in this march of mind, as well as more than in the state of nature on the islands where one is mated with a squalid savage. There I can have philosophy enough to justify at once my self-complacency in my wisdom, and acquiescence in established abuses. I make the grand tour for a year or two on the Continent, and find myself at once recognized as a philosopher and statesman simply because I am an Englishman. I become an honorary member of the tacit cosmopolitan association of philosophers, which formed Parisian salons, or collected around Voltaire at Ferney. I bring home a sufficient number of pictures to ornament a comfortable villa on the banks of the Thames; and form a good solid library in which I write books for the upper circle, without bothering myself about the Social Question or Bimetallism, or swallowing masses of newspaper and magazine articles to keep myself up to date. I belong to a club or two in London, with Johnson and Charles Fox, the authors and the men of fashion, in which I can 'fold my legs and have my talk out,' and actually hear talk which is worth writing down. If I do not aspire to be one of the great triumvirate of which Gibbon was proud to be a member, I fancy at least I can allow

my thoughts to ripen and mellow into something as neat and rounded as becomes a fine gentleman."

If we read with this a more seriously intended complementary and correcting passage concerning Arnold's poetic melancholy, we shall be not far away from our sturdy essayist's central thought: —

"The universe is open to a great many criticisms; there is plenty of cause for tears and for melancholy; and great poets in all ages have, because they were great poets, given utterance to the sorrows of their race. But I don't feel disposed to grumble at the abundance of interesting topics or the advance of scientific knowledge, because some inconveniences result from both. I say all this simply as explaining why the vulgar — including myself — fail to appreciate these musical moans over spilt milk, which represent rather a particular eddy in an intellectual revolution than the deeper and more permanent emotions of human nature."

For all his ironical casuistry and mocking wit, it is always these deeper and more permanent emotions of human nature which warm and vitalize Sir Leslie Stephen's writing. His cool, familiar manner, so express and admirable, tells of turbulence subdued; and reveals rather than hides the mellow soundness of the writer. He is the chief biographical craftsman of English Literature, and the Dictionary of National Biography is a practical achievement which must have brought its first editor a fuller joy "than the conquest of Persia to the Macedonian." But there are valid standards judged by which these occasional essays are more memorable than the Dictionary or than the *magnum opus* on the English Utilitarians. Though cast in the form of Biographical Studies, they are really discursive moral essays in which, through delightful, unaffected discourse, sanity, sincere truth, right feeling, the things that are eternally worth while, are seen for what they are. F. G.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

It was with something of a shock that I read not long ago in a delightful contribution to the Club that the writer called himself a "fringer" upon literature. At a first reading I passed over that humble phrase with perfect complacency, thinking that of course one who claimed merely to be a friend of some young authors might fairly enough consider himself as a mere hanger-on to the skirts of My Lady Literature. But presently I began to grow uneasy. Just what, after all, could he mean, I wondered. Was he not making this very disclaimer in the pages of the Contributors' Club? Nay, was he not in that case a contributor to the Atlantic? Could it then be that any one who had ever had anything approved by that august tribunal might continue to regard himself, save in a very Uriah-like ecstasy of humility, in the light of a fringer? Each of these inquiries sounded in my ears more loud and insistent than the last, until the closing phrase was pitched at a desperate and rather defiant shout. For I very well knew what they were all leading up to; they were leading up to *me*. What about me, then? I was forced to consider the matter. Am I, then, I wondered reluctantly, who myself have had the satisfaction of speaking from this very rostrum, I, who have fancied because I had tasted the ineffable joys of a "first acceptance" in these columns that I was leading the "literary life," am I then but a fringer too? It seemed that I must be, and the assurance was bitter as hemlock.

I had entirely to reconstruct my theory of myself. For ever since that golden day which marked my first acceptance I have walked the earth a new being. The shining halo of "author" — invisible to others, perhaps, but a

burning consciousness to me — has blazed upon my brow. On the highway, in the street-car, in all the public ways, I have carried about with me the radiant knowledge that I am a writer for the magazines. Never did the famous mayor of that little French village feel more heavily than I the burden of his incognito! Do I observe a traveler in the railway-carriage about to cut his new copy of the Atlantic, *my* Atlantic, I can hardly restrain myself from saying, "Pray, my dear sir, let me commend to you that charming little department in the back — the Contributors' Club I believe they call it — [Oh, exquisite unconsciousness!] where you will find an excellently wise and witty little article which you are sure to enjoy. I can cordially recommend it, I — ahem — wrote it myself." Does a stranger jostle me, a waiter use me with rudeness, a porter abstain from brushing my coat in the face of my obvious quarter, I but hug my dignity the closer and think to myself, "How differently would these *canaille* treat me if they only knew who I really am." "Ladies and gentlemen," I inwardly harangue the audience of which I chance to be one, "little do you think as you listen so eagerly to the gentleman yonder upon the platform, that you have in the very midst of you the author of that brilliant little paper which you so enjoyed in last month's Atlantic." All this, you see, it means to have had an essay accepted by the Contributors' Club. And such are the godlike joys I must give over now I find I am declined into a fringer.

However, like everything else, being a fringer has its compensations. I have been studying them out since I found I was one, and have discovered three. Compensation Number One is fame; a fame, moreover, not to be belittled by criticism, for, thanks to the admirable

contrivance of this department, nobody knows exactly which production is yours. So your friends go about the world saying, "You know Smith, of course? Well, he writes for the Atlantic." Or better still, because still more vast and full of possibilities, simply, "He writes." He writes! People do not say that, *bien entendu*, without meaning likewise "he publishes," and in this day of prostrate adoration before the printed word who could desire a more dazzling advertisement?

Compensation Number Two is the unearned increment. After your friends have learned that you have had one effort accepted by the Club, they will naturally look for more, and will credit you with many excellent things (because they are "so like you") which you did not write, and could not have written to save your life. There is a slight drawback, you will perceive, to Compensation Number Two. It is a little painful to have to explain that the one you wrote is not yonder brilliant performance they have laid at your door, but this little scrubby one which they did not like. Still, when you can get out of explaining, the unearned increment is by no means to be despised.

Compensation Number Three is the education of the emotions. Being a fringer furnishes at small outlay all the palpitations of a *grande passion*, and if we share the belief of the Latin races that the unpardonable stupidity is not to have *felt*, then we shall be grateful for this exercise of the sensibilities. Most writers have been fringers first and authors afterward, but some poor souls have "commenced author" in very sooth, and these are to be commiserated. Two young friends of my own (for, like that other fringer who, whether he likes it or not, is responsible for these present reflections, I too have "literary friends") make it their boast that they have never had a manuscript refused. It should be their despair. One avenue of emotion is as effectually closed to

them as to the poor clods who have never "written." What! never to have speculated upon the fate of a manuscript, never to have said to one's self, "Now by to-day it will have reached the editor, by next week he may have read it, the week after I may begin to scan the mails." I suppose the only speculation of this kind which enters their Olympian minds is, "Well, it must be about time for my check." Think of having to regard the postman as a mere messenger-boy employed to deliver checks, instead of as a modern, gray incarnation of Nemesis!

For my part, when I see him coming I am in as many minds about meeting him as a girl with her lover. I have tried all methods of approach, and believe in the time-honored rule that applies to the way of a maid with a man: Never show him how much you care! To meet him with hungry, outstretched hand at the door is only too apt to inspire him to fill it with that undesired largesse, the homing manuscript. Better not to look out of the window for him, I find, better not to listen for the bell, better surely not to descend breathlessly in the wake of his double ring to see what may now be awaiting you on the table. (Too often it will be a long, narrow, ah! how ominous, fat, white envelope.) Best of all, probably, to contrive to be out of the house entirely at mail times, and try not to think about it on the way home. Even when arrived thither, do not rush to scan the letter-tray, nor ask with a fine assumption of carelessness, "Did I happen to have any mail?" The gods are not deceived, you must go the whole measure. Sit down in a corner with a book, all more personal literature forgetting, until some one suddenly remembers to say, "Oh, by the way, Henry, there is a letter for you." And if you have faithfully observed all these rules, that *may* be the letter you long to see.

But all these lover-like precautions and diplomacies are unknown to suc-

cess; how gray, how gray must be the literary life!

"'Tis better to have loved and lost" —

'Tis better, perhaps, to be a fringer and have a few emotions. So, the ecstasies of first love may be made to last a lifetime; but success resembles the assured and unillusioned habitudes of marriage. Does the married lover preserve his lady's letters? Does the successful author guard the *billets-doux* of publishers? Yet I dare swear that every fringer that ever was has kept each scrap of writing from his editor, even those humanely anæsthetic notes which seek to mitigate rejection. Oh, Ernest Dowson and his decadent companions, whom Mr. Arthur Symons has celebrated and Mr. Andrew Lang has derided, are welcome to their hashish dreams; this is *my* "favorite form of intoxication."

MANIFOLD are the songs that celebrate our holidays and anniversaries, plentiful are the pages filled with suitable selections and appropriate refrains commemorating this great day or that remarkable occasion. Lives there a holiday so humble that it has not its host of eulogists? Is there a memorable time that has escaped due recognition?

Yes, one, — and that of such incalculable importance that it should stand preëminent among red-letter days: a day the value of which none may ignore; the vast significance of which all must acknowledge; a day that plays a vital part in every life and makes or mars the history of every soul. It is a petty day of judgment. A day that tests our passions, and tries our strength and patience, and teaches us the worth of all other red-letter days, none of which may dare rival this one in might and majesty.

It is a strange omission that the "Day After," supreme and epoch-making period of time, should have failed to receive the homage which is its just prerogative.

The Day After the feast, we run slight risk of overrating its value. The Day After the ball, we can sit down to analyze our partners. The Day After the wedding begins a new régime, for better or for worse. The Day After the funeral, the bereaved realize that the beloved one has departed.

That is the day that tests, and tells, and laughs, and weeps, and registers its date upon the soul.

The battle surely tries the general's skill and strength, but the Day After reveals his character and greatness.

The coronation is a mighty spectacle, but the Day After we learn the measure of the king.

Upon a summer day we shout the wondrous victory of Manila, but the Day After perchance we may deplore the burden of the Philippines.

What mean those two great words "success" and "defeat" save in the light of the Day After?

The angel with the flaming sword drives Adam and Eve from Paradise, and then begins the story of the world.

A climax is much oftener a beginning than an ending. We follow a series of great events up to that instant of triumph or despair, and then we end abruptly; such a conclusion is verily artistic!

The curtain falls as Phyllis murmurs "yes," but still the audience wonders if the glad ending will really prove so, when tested by the clear prosaic daylight that is to come.

Ah, vital day of days, we are incapable of measuring our other days except by you!

Breathing your calm tranquillity, we learn regret and thankfulness. In your judicial presence we recognize success and failure, which in the rush of swift events and stirring action we are unable to distinguish.

And at the end, we speak of "Death" with lowered tones and dim forebodings, yet 't is not Death we fear, but the Day After.

I HAVE lately been private secretary and literary adviser to a Great Person. She is a woman known all over the world, loved, admired, and misunderstood by more kinds of people than drink tea. The world is so good to her that it is ungrateful to quarrel with its ways, but it has given me a hard time. What is more important, the Great Person has had a hard time too, and I hope for her sake that there will be among those who read this one or two who have been intending to give her trouble, and who will forthwith learn better.

The worst enemy to the Great Person is the autograph collector. Now, the collector who buys with good money autographs that are already on paper, or who begs from his friends, or who knows celebrities well enough to ask them to their faces for their signatures, may be, and I am sure is, a great nuisance. But he is not a foe to society. The collector who asks a person who has never heard of him for a letter or for a signature "on the inclosed card" is a selfish parasite. My Great Person works ten hours a day. Not to speak of the unknown petitioners who ask merely for a signature and those more cunning beggars who ask questions adroitly inviting her to write more than a bare autograph, — not to speak of the mob of strangers, — if she answered all the genuine friendly letters and the meritorious requests for help, she would not have time left to add anything to the greatness which causes her to be pestered now.

What hypocritical apologists these brazen collectors are! "You will no doubt be surprised to receive a request from one who is a perfect stranger to you." No, not surprised, — the morning's mail contains no surprises, — but wearied, sometimes angry. These are the emotions of the secretary, not of the Great Person. She is sweet, easily taken in by a false plea for help, and all too honest. She will not even keep

the stamp inclosed for reply. I record with satisfaction that a wealthy beggar (she wrote on expensive paper gloriously embossed with a golden monogram) who asked for a photograph and inclosed two stamps got only one back on the outside of the reply I wrote. The other stamp is spoil more precious than its poor two cents' worth; it is the fine of justice, the prize of the hard-laboring secretary who must reply to these buzzing parasites.

How politely the secretary writes to the daily swarm of beggars who ask, not for bread, not for drink, nor for any necessary thing, but for a valuable curio, for one of the idle trumperies of life to grace a rich man's cabinet. "—— regrets her inability to comply with the many requests she receives for autographs, samples of her dress, books, pictures, locks of her hair, photographs, pens she has used, poems, belt-buckles, and shoe-strings." The secretary signs this gracious and comprehensive refusal in dull patience. This is the letter he writes in his mind: —

"If you are young, you still have a chance to learn that you have no right to take the time and the strength of one who is of service to the world, or to annoy her much respected and valuable secretary. You are trying to rob society. If you are grown up and hardened in evil ways, if you are a professional collector of great men's letters and relics, you ought to be" —

For another kind of bore who has cost me much labor, and all but soured my sweet temper, I have some pity. This kind of bore is born, not made. I mean the amateur poet, who writes execrable verse to the Great Person. I have burned a hundred and fifty of these poems in six months. None of them was funny enough to print. Most of them were simply bad. In some there was unconscious pathos, for through the crude limping phrases there shone, not the cold conceit of the amateur writer, but the sincerity of a great inarticulate

affection. Most of the rest were written to win a reply, and in these the workmanship was usually better than in the more genuine tributes; unhappily, good workmanship too often goes with conceit and selfishness, whereas he who would sing an honest hymn to his idol confounds the grammar of the English language.

These poor poets, like the autograph collectors, should be cured, not for the sake of the great people they annoy, but for their own sakes. Here, however, protest is in vain: nothing will cure the amateur poet.

THIS is intended only for the middle-aged. Others will not read it. I say middle-aged advisedly, rather than thirty or forty or fifty years, because there seems to be a difference of opinion as to the exact figures. I have a young friend who puts middle-age at thirty. She affirms that sixty is a high average of mortality, and that thirty is, therefore, middle-age, and that women would be a good deal more sensible if they faced the fact courageously, and lived up to it, and dressed up to it, and stopped calling one another girls, which, she declares, is "perfectly sickening." She will not hear of placing the beginning of middle-age a day beyond thirty; and I suspect that she thinks the woman of forty is already upon the downward path of old age. However, as I said before, she is young, very young, several years younger than I am, and her opinion may change with advancing years. Opinions have a way of changing with the years, I notice. Old Age skips nimbly away as we approach. Just as our outstretched fingers touch his garment, a hand is laid upon our eyes and we fall asleep, not knowing that we have come upon him unawares. So, too, middle-age has a way of evading approach, slipping from thirty to forty, and from forty to fifty, with placid disregard of fact and of logic. Surely thirty is not middle-age, — nay,

A Middle-Aged Woman.

then, forty; but some live to be a hundred, — why not halve it? It is easy and natural to think in centuries, and to figure in round numbers. "Threescore years and ten?" Ay. But that was long ago, — the average of mortality is increasing, — and fifty is a comfortable number. Let us put off the evil day as long as we may. For some morning we shall awake to middle-age, — all of us. A few only will escape, the few chosen of the gods.

And now at last, after this long pre-
amble, I am able to say what I started out to say, namely, that I am a middle-aged woman. Pray do not think hardly of me. I am still respectable. I enjoy music, and I play golf with my son. Occasionally I beat him. But I am middle-aged. How do I know it? By the same token that you would know it, were I to have the pleasure of meeting you, by the fact that the hard days of life are past. The long, level plain of the upland stretches before me. By and by I shall descend the hill that lies beyond. But that is far in the distance. Now, at last, for a stretch of level road, for the days of the upper air. It has been a hard climb. Surely one may take deep, full breaths and look before and behind and around. When I first woke to the consciousness that I was here at last, I looked about me, and I saw my neighbors, each in her little tent of her chosen task. I saw what was expected of me if I would be as others are.

My neighbor on the right is a middle-aged woman, too. She has been a good mother and a kind neighbor, and every day till she came to middle-age was filled to the brim. Now her children are all in college or in business. But do not think that time hangs heavy on her hands. I never run in for a moment's chat that I do not find her at work. Yesterday she was piecing and turning an old carpet from the attic — for the servant's room. To-day it is probably an overcoat, and to-morrow it

may be an undershirt. Or I may find her mounted on a chair, her skirt pinned carefully about her, looking over the things that have accumulated on the top pantry shelf. Things too good to throw away and too bad to keep, — the chocolate pot with the broken nose and the plate in two pieces that might be stuck together with white lead, — no, it's not worth it, — but it seems almost too bad to throw it away, — it was always such a pretty plate, — it would do at least for cookies if it were mended carefully, and the plate goes back to the top shelf, — to wait another day of reckoning and indecision. My hostess dusts her fingers and climbs down from the chair, a little stiff in the joints, — from middle-age, — and greets me with a joyous smile. It is the smile of righteousness. The smile that the attack on the top shelf never fails to bring to the face of a worthy and care-driven housekeeper. The smile that my neighbor will smile to the end of her days, — happy sister! It is only a little while since the days were so full that she could mount to the top shelf but once a year, perhaps not that. It hung over her always, the top shelf. And the day when at last it could be cleaned was marked with a white stone. Now the months are sprinkled with shining, white stones, the graveyard of a life. But she will never know. I shall not tell her, though I shout it aloud to the whole world; and I cherish a hope that I may keep it from her to the last.

We have been neighbors many years. We climbed the hill together. Our children had the same joys and the same sorrows and the same diseases. We went through scarlet fever together — a double quarantine — and croup and diphtheria. What one had, the other had. There was no escape for them or for us. My neighbor, as a young woman, was very beautiful, a kind of regal beauty that made one glad at heart — and proud. I thought of it the other day as she dusted her fingers and

climbed down from her chair by the pantry shelf. I have watched the beauty go — and the dreams — from her face. It was the scarlet fever winter that wrought the worst. It left her a middle-aged woman, contented if the sink drain was clean and the cellar well aired. She has always been a good housekeeper. Her home is her kingdom. Her husband and her children are well cared for. But sometimes when I lie awake at night, my heart aches for the regally beautiful creature that began to climb the hill with me, — the woman whose mind stirred, whose laugh flashed along the way. And when I look at her husband, — the rotund, the well-preserved John, — and at her children, wooden and conscientious and selfish, for the most part, I become a violent woman's-righter.

Not many rights do I ask, — oh, Protectors of the Poor, — only the right to one's soul. Not my soul, — I, as you may have suspected long since, am *not* a good housekeeper. I have no top pantry shelf; and if I had one, there would probably be nothing on it. And my husband hath a lean and hungry look, and I am very proud of him. As for my children, they must speak for themselves, — they usually do. No, it is not for myself alone that I ask the rights of a human being; but for that other soul that started with me on the way. The rotund John is *not* an equivalent. I will have none of him. In the name of her lost soul, I ask it, and for those others, whose tents are pitched along the upper plain, far as the eye can reach. For all of us, — squaws of civilization, each in her little tent, with our pots and pans and our bead-work, with church work and clubs and pantry shelves for consolation, with the smile of achievement on our lips and the dust of dead dreams blown about in our souls, — for all of us, I ask it, — oh, ye men born of woman, — the right to a vital and self-respecting and beautiful middle-age.